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THE NEW YORKER

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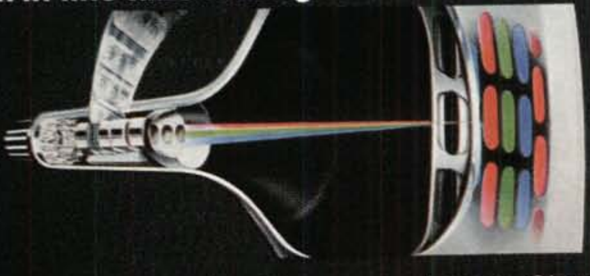

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

## THE THEATRE

### PLAYS AND MUSICALS

**The Brownsville Raid**—Charles Fuller's strong, tragic drama (with considerable comedy and mystery as well) is based on an actual event—the dishonorable discharge, by President Theodore Roosevelt in 1906, of three companies of crack, experienced black troops for purportedly shooting up the town of Brownsville, Texas. This production celebrates the tenth birthday of the Negro Ensemble Company, and Douglas Turner Ward, its artistic director, appears in the leading role. With Bill Cobbs and Graham Brown, among other good actors. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 30.)

**California Suite**—Four sketches about the occupants (at different times) of Suite 203 at the Beverly Hills Hotel. Tammy Grimes, George Grizzard, Jack Weston, and Barbara Barrie are all excellent, and Neil Simon is as witty as ever. Starting Monday, Jan. 17, Marge Redmond will replace Miss Barrie. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays and Saturdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**The Club**—Eve Merriam's musical entertainment is set in a gentlemen's club in 1903, but the company consists of seven women, lightly disguised in top hats, white tie, and tails, who sing and dance to authentic, indelicate songs of the period. As feminist projects go, this one is unusually good-humored, and the performance—the singing, and especially the dancing—under Tommy Tune's direction is proficient and exhilarating. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The Cockeyed Tiger**—Elly Stone in a musical with a book by Eric Blau, who, with Nicholas Meyers, also wrote the music and lyrics. Preview Wednesday, Jan. 12. Opens officially on Thursday, Jan. 13. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

**Comedians**—An English playwright, Trevor Griffiths, tells a sad and funny story about some working-class men who are hoping to become professional standup comics. The odds, we see, are strongly against them. Milo O'Shea and Jonathan Pryce head an excellent cast, and Mike Nichols has directed with his usual acuteness and suavity. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Dirty Linen & New-Found-Land**—A pair of short comedies by Tom Stoppard, imported from London. Francis Bethencourt, Cecilia Hart, and Remak Ramsay are among those in the cast. Directed by Ed Berman. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6742. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Divine Comedy**—A play by Owen Dodson. Opens Thursday, Jan. 13, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 23. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Free.)

**Equity Library Theatre**—Shakespeare's **twelfth night** will be the fourth in this season's series of eight productions. Preview Wednesday, Jan. 12. Opens officially on Thursday, Jan. 13, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 23. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.

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For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

**Fiddler on the Roof**—Zero Mostel back in his original role as Tevye, quarrelling cheerfully with God and a vexing wife and many daughters. Jerome Robbins' choreography is as notable as ever. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide: When the Rainbow Is Enuf**—The marvellous poems and prose of an American writer, Ntozake Shange, are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The result is an evening of great beauty, humor, and dramatic strength, for which the director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit. Choreography by Paula Moss, who, along with the author, appears on the stage. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Guys and Dolls**—A satisfactory production of this sturdy old warhorse of a musical. It is neither improved nor marred by the absurdity of its having an all-black cast. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

**Hold Me!**—An entertainment by Jules Feiffer, taken from his material of the past twenty years. With Geraldine Brooks and Paul Dooley. Opens Thursday, Jan. 13, and will run through Monday, Jan. 31. (Subplot Cabaret, American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 246-3730. Thursdays at 9; Fridays and Saturdays at 10; and Sundays and Mondays at 8.)

**Ipi-Tombi**—An all-black musical that originated in South Africa and has been playing in London and other cities. Conceived and directed by Bertha Egnos. Opens Wednesday, Jan. 12. (Harkness, Broadway at 63rd St. 581-6000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Nightclub Cantata**—An entertainment conceived, composed, and directed by Elizabeth Swados, using the poetry and prose of, among others, Sylvia Plath, Pablo Neruda, Carson McCullers, and Miss Swados herself. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tues-

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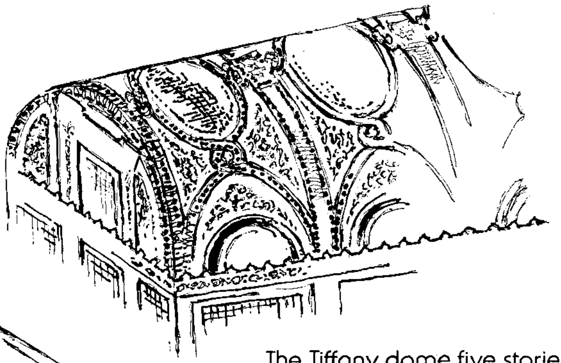

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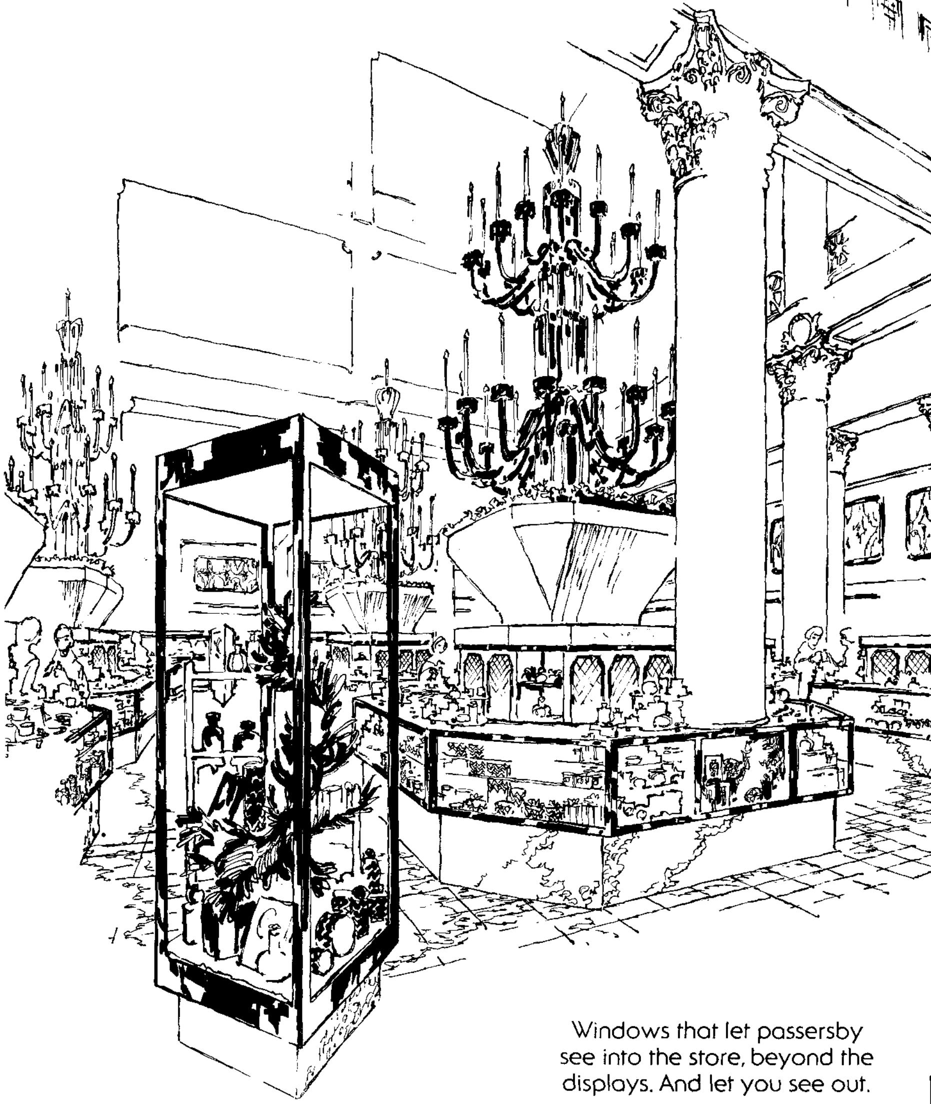

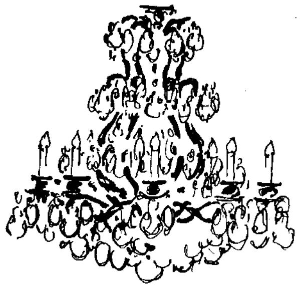

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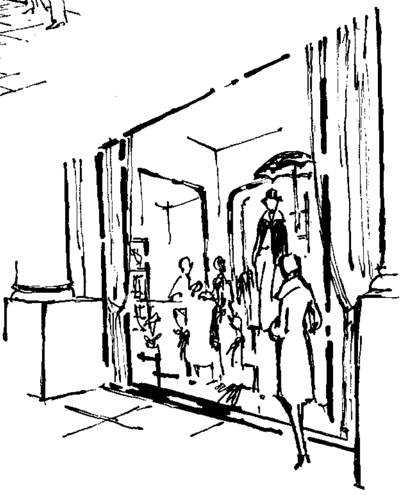

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 5:30 and Sundays at 3.)

**The Night of the Iguana**—Tennessee Williams on youth, age, sex, and death. An imperfect but very interesting play, in a satisfactory production. In the cast are Richard Chamberlain, Sylvia Miles, Dorothy McGuire, and William Roerick. Settings by H. R. Poindexter and direction by Joseph Hardy. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Oh! Calcutta!**—A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The Rehearsal; or, Love's Reward**—Philip Kerr is very good as an embittered, profligate drunk in an otherwise deplorable revival of Jean Anouilh's play. (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinée Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, Jan. 16.)

**The Robber Bridegroom**—A musical that pretends, not very successfully, to be a mingling of country humor and age-old folklore. The cast is pleasing, and the dancing is first-rate. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Sexual Perversity in Chicago and Duck Variations**—David Mamet's pair of truly funny comedies, each of them with an undercurrent of sadness. They had a short run Off Off Broadway a year ago. The first deals, in scenes as brief as blackouts, with the fragile affair between a couple of innocents who are all but shredded by their former homosexual partners. The second is, strictly speaking, a poem in the guise of the desultory, meandering conversation of two old Jewish men pottering around a park bench. Albert Takazauckas directed the capable cast. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Sly Fox**—George C. Scott, Jack Gilford, Bob Dishy, Hector Elizondo, and John Heffernan, all in rip-roaring, farcical high spirits. The author is Larry Gelbart, standing on the shoulders of rare Ben Jonson. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Streamers**—This play, set in an Army barracks in Virginia in 1965, completes David Rabe's trilogy on the Vietnam war. Though not quite up to Mr. Rabe's "Pavlo Hummel" on the same theme, it is very strong. The production, under Mike Nichols' direction, is excellent, with especially good performances by Peter Evans and Terry Alexander. There is considerable onstage bloodshed. (Newhouse, 150 W. 65th St. 787-8080. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

**The Threepenny Opera**—A marvellous production of the Brecht-Weill classic, based on a new translation by Ralph Manheim and John Willett. Philip Bosco is Captain Macheath, and Ellen Greene is a passionate, dangerous Jenny. Richard Foreman, as director, has been faithful to Brecht and to himself. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 787-8080. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 23.)

**The Trip Back Down**—John Cullum and a superb cast in a sad and funny play by John Bishop. Directed by Terry Schreiber. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Women Behind Bars**—A revival of the Tom Eyen comedy, set in the old Women's House of Detention in the Village. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 777-0140. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

**Your Arms Too Short to Box with God**—Rousing song and dance, inspired by the New Testament and turned into frisky show biz by Vinnette Carroll. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

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**Long Runs**—**bubbling brown sugar:** Harlem in the twenties, when it was part of the nightclub merry-go-round. A scrapbook of great songs and lively dancing by a cast both old and young. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30.)... **chicago:** Purportedly about some tough folk in the Windy City in the twenties. A musical that defies even the great Bob Fosse to make it merry. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **equus:** Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting melodrama about a boy who mutilates six horses in the very act of worshipping them. With Anthony Perkins and Ralph Seymour, directed by John Dexter. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **the fantasticks:** 6,961 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.... **godspell:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)... **grease:** A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **the magic show:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **my fair lady:** An immaculate revival of the enchanting Lerner-Loewe musical. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **pippin:** A great big gorgeous show, built upon a tiny and trivial book. The chief miracle worker is the director and choreographer, Bob Fosse. With Northern J. Calloway, Michael Rupert, Eric Berry, and Antonia Ellis. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays and Saturdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **same time, next year:** A comedy as neatly put together as a Cartier watch and with scarcely more heart. Sandy Dennis and Ted Bessell are the cast. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **shenandoah:** A musical about the Civil War, but really about show biz. With William Chapman. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... ***vanities:*** *In three acts, three* Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **the wiz:** A black musical version of that well-remembered movie "The Wizard of Oz." The stars of the occasion are Tom H. John, who did the sets, and Geoffrey Holder, who did the costumes and also directed the show. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

## MISCELLANY

**Ice Show**—"Ice Capades," with a company headed by Dorothy Hamill and Freddie Trenkler. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays at 7:30; Wednesdays at 2 and 7:30; Thursdays and Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 11, 3, and 8:30; and Sundays at 1:30 and 5:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 23.)

## DANCE

**New York City Ballet**—Tentative schedule (and *really* tentative, because of labor negotiations)—Wednesday, Jan. 12, at 8: "Swan Lake," "Saltarelli," "Pas de Deux," and "The Concert."... ¶ Thursday, Jan. 13, at 8: "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Chansons Madécasses," "Hommage à Bournonville" (première), and "An Evening's Waltzes."... ¶ Friday, Jan. 14, at 8: "Harlequinade" and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 15, at 2: "La Sonnambula," "Saltarelli," "Pas de Deux," and "Symphony in Three Movements."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 15, at 8: "Harlequinade" and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto."... ¶ Sunday, Jan. 16, at 1: "Hommage à Bournonville" and "Union Jack."... ¶ Sunday, Jan. 16, at 7: "La Source," "Agon," "Pas de Deux," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 2."... ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 18, at 8: "Episodes," "Hommage à Bournonville," "Tzigane," and "Stars and Stripes."... ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 19, at 8: "Ma Mère l'Oye," "Dances at a Gathering," and "Fanfare."... ¶ Thursday, Jan. 20, at 8: "Coppélia."... ¶ Friday, Jan. 21, at 8: "An Evening's Waltzes," "The Cage," "Sonatine-Ravel," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 22, at 2: "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," "Hommage à Bournonville," "Concerto Barocco," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 22, at 8: "An Evening's Waltzes," "Square Dance," "Sonatine-Ravel," "Tzigane," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 2." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 20.)

**American Ballet Theatre**—"Coppélia": Wednesday through Friday, Jan. 12-14, at 8; Saturday, Jan. 15, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Jan. 16, at 2 and 7:30.... ¶ "Giselle": Wednesday through Friday, Jan. 19-21, at 8, and Saturday, Jan. 22, at 2 and 8. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Closes Sunday, Jan. 30.)

**Merce Cunningham and Dance Company**—A one-week engagement—Tuesday, Jan. 18, at 7, and Thursday, Jan. 20, and Saturday, Jan. 22, at 8: "Summerspace," "Solo," "Rebus," and an unnamed work (première).... ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 19, and Friday, Jan. 21, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 23, at 2: "Torse," "Signals," "Sounddance," and "Square-

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game." (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550.)

## NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

●

**COOKERY**, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Stride piano playing, which flourished in Harlem in the twenties, was a joyous, narrow form of music—it was jazzed up ragtime, really—and possibly its final first-generation performer is Baltimore-born **JOE TURNER**, who is no relation to the great singer and who has spent most of his career abroad. Turner has little originality—he bows repeatedly to Fats Waller and Willie the Lion and James P. Johnson—but he is a cheerful, buoyant, old-fashioned performer. Probably the best thing about him is his singing, which, oddly enough, summons up the voice and accents and sad legato attack of Jelly Roll Morton. Weeknights from eight to one. Blues pianist **SAMMY PRICE** plays on Sundays. Dining.

**MICHAEL'S PUB**, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—When the pianist **DICK HYMAN** brought his new and nameless quintet—Dick Hyman's Perfect Repertory Band?—into Michael's Pub a year or so ago, it concentrated on recreating the jazz of the twenties as it was played and/or written by such as Louis Armstrong, Scott Joplin, James P. Johnson, and Jelly Roll Morton. (The personnel of the P.R.B. remains the same—**PEE WEE ERWIN** on trumpet, **BOB WILBER** on soprano saxophone and clarinet, **MILT HINTON** on bass, and **BOBBY ROSENGARDEN** on drums.) Now Hyman has moved forward a decade, and the group is freshening up Duke Ellington ("Stompy Jones," "Old Man Blues," "Dooji-Wooji"), Fats Waller ("On the Bumpy Road to Love," "Paswonky"), Artie Shaw ("Back Bay Shuffle"), Art Tatum ("Body and Soul"), Gene Krupa ("I Hope Gabriel Likes My Music"), and Armstrong ("Jubilee") as well as offering its own versions of "I Gotta Right to Sing the Blues," "Them There Eyes," and "Gone with the Wind." What cheerful, lyrical, to-the-point music it was and is, and how fine that Hyman and his men treat it with respect and intelligence and a total lack of pretentiousness! The group swings very hard, and it dazzles when Hyman gets off one of his uncanny Fats Waller or Tatum or Teddy Wilson solos and when Wilber picks up his soprano, which he plays with a passion and lyricism and melodic intensity that have moved him to the front rank of jazz improvisers. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

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**ALI'S ALLEY**, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—A former music loft that has been converted into a full-fledged, if unpretentious, bar and soul-food night club, owned by the gifted drummer and Coltrane alumnus **RASHIED ALI**. Ali and his quintet are here Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, tenor saxophonist **FRANK FOSTER** presides over the Loud Minority, a *very* loose, spirited, head-turning musical monolith (twenty-two free-lance musicians, some young and promising, others older and fulfilled). Watch out, Thad and Mel (see Village Vanguard, below). Music from about ten. Dinner. Closed Sundays.

**BAR NONE**, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—Sort of thirties chophouse. The pianist **DARDANELLE** is on hand from seven until midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Her playing is genteel Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortless, and delightful.

**BOOMER'S**, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—A cheerful and unassuming West Village bar and restaurant that has for the past few years been presenting some of the best contemporary jazz players. Guitarist **ROLAND PRINCE'S** quartet works on Wednesday, Jan. 12; Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 13-15, tenor saxophonist **JUNIOR COOK** will head up his exciting quintet; on Sunday, Jan. 16, pianist Peggy Stern, bassist Walter Booker, and drummer Billy Higgins will be on the stand; Monday through Wednesday, Jan. 17-19, trumpeter John McNeil will bring in a quartet; and on Thursday, Jan. 20, saxophonist George Adams and his quartet will take charge. Music from about nine-thirty.

**BOTTOM LINE**, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Here's the lineup: Folksinger Mary Travers will be onstage Friday through Sunday, Jan. 14-16; Monday through Wednesday, Jan. 17-19, **CHARLES MINGUS** will guide his fine quintet; and on Friday, Jan. 21, folk-rock singer Tom Rush will come in. Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner.

**BRADLEY'S**, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Exemplary pianists and their bassists are usually sequestered here, performing duets that are barely—if at all—amplified, in hectic, buzzing surroundings. **JIMMY ROWLES** and his bassist play Mondays through Saturdays; on Sundays, pianist **BARRY HARRIS** takes a turn. Music from ten most nights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

**CARLYLE HOTEL**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—**TEDDI KING** is singing in the Café Carlyle Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten. Dinner and supper.... **MARIAN MCPARTLAND** winds up her stay in the Bemelmans Bar Saturday, Jan. 15; on Monday, Jan. 17, **TEDDY WILSON**, who did wonders for Benny Goodman, Billie Holiday, and many others over the past forty years, will claim the keyboard. Music from nine-thirty to one, except Sundays.

**C.B.G.B. & O.M.F.U.G.**, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—A long, narrow, rustic bar, lined overhead with rows of neon beer signs that hang from the ceiling. Onstage are mostly local, primitive rock bands. There are no discreet sound checks, no roadies, no extensive record-company backing, no seating section for the music business, and, often, no place for *anyone* to sit. Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 13-15, Talking Heads will perform its offbeat, repetitive, harpsichord-like harmonies; its simple, limited rhythms; and its near-falsetto, chantlike, oops!-I-just-stubbed-my-toe vocals. Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 20-22, John Cale, guitarist, pianist, electric violist, and a founding member of the Velvet Underground, will be working with his new band. Music from about nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

**EDDIE CONDON'S**, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The audiences are largely characterized by coats and ties and cigars, and they come here (and to Jimmy Ryan's, just thirty paces west) to hear traditional small-band jazz. The house band, which begins after nine-thirty, is a low-keyed and controlled sextet headed by bassist Red Balaban. On Tuesday, Jan. 18, saxophonist Turk Morrow will sit in with the regulars. On Sunday, Jan. 16, the **BILLY TAYLOR** trio will perform from eight. Dinner.

**GREGORY'S**, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—The resident swing threesome—pianist **BROOKS KERR**, drummer **SONNY GREER**, and clarinettist-saxophonist **RUSSELL PROCOPE**—is here Wednesdays through Sundays. Mondays and Tuesdays, pianist **AL HAIG** works with bassist Jamil Nasser and Chuck Wayne. Music from ten to three. On Sunday, Jan. 16, vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASSON**, guitarist **AL GAFA**, and bassist Earl May will join forces from five-thirty to nine-thirty. Mondays through Saturdays, Gene Roland, Loumell Morgan, and Morris Edwards hold sessions from six to nine-thirty.

**HOPPER'S**, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Jazz and chandeliers. Pianist **BILL EVANS**, bassist **EDDIE GOMEZ**, and drummer **ELIOT ZIGMUND** perform through Saturday, Jan. 15; Monday through Saturday, Jan. 17-22, **GERRY MULLIGAN** will be on hand with a trio. Mondays through Thursdays, at nine-thirty and eleven, and three times on Fridays and Saturdays, at nine-thirty, eleven, and twelve-thirty. No music Sundays.

**JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** upholds tradition on West 54th Street, aided by the resident blowers—pianist Johnny Morris, drummer Eddie Locke, clarinettist Joe Muranyi, bassist Ted Sturgis, and trombonist Bobby Pratt. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

**MIKELL'S**, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An often crowded upper West Side jazz-and-soul café. Various groups assemble on the canopied bandstand all week. Music from ten to three. Dinner.

**OTHER END**, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—**NAT ADDERLEY**, an earthy cornettist and raconteur, is here through Sunday, Jan. 16, with a fine rhythm-and-blues-flavored quintet. When he's not humorously describing the background for one of his tunes or battering out his own solos, Adderley stands by, nodding his head in time and proudly watching the young sidemen in his band at work. On Wednesday, Jan. 19, singer Mercedes Hall will come in. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

**RAINBOW ROOM**, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—**SY OLIVER** is at the helm of an orchestra Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

**RENO SWEENEY**, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—David Forman, a young, raspy-voiced, derivative singer (sometimes he sounds like Randy Newman—and we really don't need *another* Randy Newman—other times like an R. & B. falsetto) and composer, performs his tunes with his band through Saturday, Jan. 15. Sunday and Monday, Jan. 16-17, will be turned over to singer and pianist Bobby Scott. And on Tuesday, Jan. 18, singer Jane Olivor will begin five nights of work. Shows at nine and midnight. Dining. **BLOSSOM DEARIE** presents concert-style sets Thursdays through Saturdays, from five-thirty to seven, in which she plays piano and sings "I'm Hip," "Peel Me a Grape," and "The Pro Musica Antiqua" in a small, fragile, and very direct voice.

**STORYVILLE**, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—A dark but somehow cheerful big square sprawling room that, with its heavy, distressed-wood furniture and ceiling beams, resembles a college dining commons. **HARRY (SWEETS) EDISON** and **EDDIE (LOCKJAW) DAVIS**, who are being billed as Sweets and Jaws, are in charge of a quintet through Saturday, Jan. 15. On Monday, Jan. 17, trumpeter **JOE NEWMAN** will arrive with guitarist **TED DUNBAR**, drummer David Lee, Jr., and bassist Bob Cranshaw. Music from ten to two-thirty. Closed Sundays.

**STRYKER'S**, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—Deceptively sleepy-looking from the outside, this small, dark, and pleasant upper West Side bar sees various first-rate jazz groups pass through every week. **DAVE MATTHEWS'** twelve-piece band meets on Mondays; on Tuesdays, tenor saxophonist **AL COHN** and guitarist **JOE PUMA** team up with bass accompaniment; **LEE KONITZ**, always worth hearing, is on hand with a nonet on Wednesdays and Thursdays; and Fridays and Saturdays are reserved for **CHET BAKER** and his neo-cool-jazz apprentices. Music from nine-thirty.

**SWEET BASIL**, 88 Seventh Ave., S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—The jammed-together tables and chairs are usually filled in this animated

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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restaurant. The week goes like this: on Sundays, guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** does solo work; on Mondays, **JACK WILKINS**, probably the most exciting young guitarist in town, works with bassist **EDDIE GOMEZ**; and Tuesdays through Saturdays **RON CARTER** heads his current quartet—pianist **KENNY BARRON**, drummer **BEN RILEY**, and bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS**. Carter has lately taken up soloing on the piccolo bass, which produces a considerably less full and, for some listeners, a less satisfying sound than his usual double bass. Buster Williams' solos appease those listeners. Music from nine Mondays through Thursdays, from ten on Fridays and Saturdays, and from eight on Sundays.

**Tramps**, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (260-0370)—This small, inoffensive cabaret has become a local performing center for hip, offbeat, music-hall-inspired originals, such as **STORMIN' NORMAN AND SUZY**, the broadly talented, funny, spirited, and—thank goodness—unself-conscious young Boston quintet. The group will finish on Saturday, Jan. 15. On Sunday and Monday, Jan. 16-17, Diana Marcovitz, an eccentrically witty singer and pianist, will be on hand. And on Wednesday, Jan. 19, **MILLSENBLUM**, a singing and songwriting duo—Galen Blum, a funny and theatrical singer, and David Mills, her supporting guitarist—from the Catskills, will return to these quarters. Shows at ten and midnight.

**Village Gate**, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—The music has been moved downstairs in this Village landmark, which draws both tourists and knowledgeable jazz partisans. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 14-15, comedian-activist **DICK GREGORY** will alternate with **RAHSAAN ROLAND KIRK**, who is a reed section all by himself, and his quintet. Music from about ten.

**Village Vanguard**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—The air quality in this world-famous jazz institution is unacceptable, but go anyway. Drummer **JACK DE JOHNETTE** and his fiery quartet are here through Sunday, Jan. 16; on Tuesday, Jan. 18, intense and vertiginous **MC COY TYNER** will descend the stairs with his sextet. On Mondays, **THAD** and **MEL (JONES** and **LEWIS)** blast forth with their fifteen colleagues. Music from ten.

**West Boondock**, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A soul-food *boîte* with a friendly staff, hundreds of gold Christmas ornaments hanging (year-round) from the ceiling, a near-impenetrable layer of sawdust on the floor, and some glowing piano-bass duos. Music begins at eight.

**West End Café**, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The old hangout for beatniks and Columbia students is now a bricked-and-boarded cafeteria and music room. Mondays and Tuesdays, Franc Williams is in charge of a quartet that features pianist Dill Jones and trombonist and electric-guitar pioneer Eddie Durham; on Wednesdays, **JO JONES** commands a quartet; and on Thursdays and Fridays, George Kelly, who played with the Savoy Sultans in the forties, leads a group called the Jazz Sultans. Saturdays and Sundays are usually session times for the likes of **EARLE WARREN**, Paul Quinichette, and a rhythm section. Music from nine to one.

### JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

**Interludes**—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, Jan. 12, at 5:45: **TOMMY TUNE**. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 19, at 5:45: **TESSIE O'SHEA**.

**Bob Greene's World of Jelly Roll Morton**—With Eubie Blake and Cathy Chamberlain. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Saturday, Jan. 15, at 8:30.)

**Lyrics and Lyricists**—The first in a series of five programs in which lyricists (in this case Mitchell Parish) discuss their work, sometimes with the assistance of their professional friends. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd St. Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Jan. 16, at 8.)

**The Crusaders** and **Roy Ayers Ubiquity**—Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 21, at 8.

**Maynard Ferguson's Orchestra** and **Buddy Rich and His Killer Force**—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, Jan. 22, at 7:30.

## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

### GALLERIES—UPTOWN

**Elizabeth Bart**—Collages composed of abstract shapes cut out of solid-color paper and occasional snippets from magazines, all set down with the confidence and authority of a Byzantine mosaicist and with a spontaneity that is all her own. Through Feb. 5. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

**Norris Embry**—Expressionist paintings in mixed mediums. Through Feb. 12. (Gruenebaum, 25 E. 77th St.)

**Lyonel Feininger** (1871-1956)—Drawings and watercolors of his favorite subjects—labyrinthine walled cities and towering racing yachts—drawn with his characteristic crackling line and enlivened with his geometric planes of pure color. Through Jan. 29. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

**Dian R. Friedman**—Top-flight draftsmanship is the essence of this show of figurative works, mostly on paper, in oils, watercolors, and crayons. Interspersed among the set pieces—dancers, women in frilly costumes, and reclining nudes—are several portraits (de Gaulle and Churchill among them), and quick studies of horse-show scenes. Through Saturday, Jan. 22. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

**Gillian Jagger**—Free-flowing sculptures evocative of cooling lava, accompanied by photographic slides of African scenes, where the artist discovered a relationship between volcanic crust, dried-up mud flats, the gnarled bark of trees, the cracked hides of elephants, and the crinkled skin of African man. Through Feb. 4. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

**James Lechay**—Semi-abstract landscapes of Hong Kong's countryside. Also still-lifes and figures. Through Jan. 29. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

**Bruno Lucchesi**—Small sculptures, mostly in bronze or terra-cotta, and all in what might be called the vernacular style: a woman shaking out a rug, for instance, or stretched out on a sofa in a luxurious yawn, or with a child sprawled all over her lap. Through Saturday, Jan. 15. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

**Rodger Mack**—Abstract bronze and nickel-bronze sculptures cast by the artist himself. Through Jan. 29. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

**Mario Micossi**—Etchings, watercolors, and gouaches done in Italy. Through Jan. 29. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

**Tony Rosenthal / Walter Darby Bannard**—Large-scale abstract steel sculptures. Through Feb. 1. / Color-field paintings. Starts Saturday, Jan. 15. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

**Mariette Rousseau-Vermette and Silvia Heyden**—Abstract tapestries. Through Feb. 3. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

**Steven Sloman**—Large black-and-white abstract paintings with an allover design. Through Feb. 5. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

**Vincent Smith**—African scenes and fantasies painted in raw colors laced with sand and pebbles by a black artist who was born in Brooklyn and has recently spent a good deal of time exploring the land of his ancestors and blending the techniques of modern art with the themes of primitive people. Through Jan. 28. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Open Mondays.)

**David Smyth**—An aluminum, sheet-rock, and wood representation of French windows, as well as abstract paintings and drawings. Through Feb. 5. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

**Aztec Stone Sculpture**—Long since deprived of a society that believed in them, these squat, brooding deities are now biding their time, waiting for another turn in the wheel of fortune. There are seventy-seven carvings in all, some of them merely decorative and not especially religious. Through Jan. 30. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

**Group Shows**—At the **ELKON**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings and sculptures that were first exhibited at the gallery in the sixties by Agnes Martin, Isaac Witkin, and others. Through Feb. 2. . . . **NICHOLLS**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Cartoons and other works by Charles Addams, Peter Arno, George Booth, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Arthur Getz, Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, Mary Petty, George Price, Charles Saxon, Ronald Searle, William Steig, James Stevenson, Richard Taylor, and Barney Tobey. Through Jan. 29. . . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Most of the work being shown is by members of the varsity team—Picasso, Braque, Léger, Modigliani—and includes a strange full-length portrait of a little girl in her Sunday best, lying on a sofa, by Pascin, and a glass box with a Surrealist peep show, incorporating a series of drawings set up like theatrical scenery, by Dali. Through Feb. 5. . . . **STONE**, 48 E. 86th St.: Tabletop models of country scenes by Darryl Abraham, realist paintings by Jay Songero, and figurative drawings by Richard Hickam. Through Jan. 29.

### GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

**Joseph Binder** (1898-1972)—A small retrospective of clean-cut, bright-colored posters, as simplified as an arrow in form and message, by this Viennese-born master of the craft, plus some of his abstract paintings and pastels. Through Friday, Jan. 14. (Austrian Institute, 11 E. 52nd St.)

**Paul Cadmus**—On one large, crowded canvas, roughly eight feet long, entitled "Subway Symphony," which is the centerpiece of this show, the artist manages to incorporate all seven of the more familiar deadly sins and add a few of his own; to give you an idea, in the left foreground a hardhat wearing a Nixon button glowers at a black man who has his arms around a provocative blonde. Preparatory drawings and individual personifications of the seven big sins are also on exhibit. Through Saturday, Jan. 22. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

**John Ferren** (1906-70)—A group of abstract color works known as "vase paintings," all dated 1956. Through Feb. 3. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

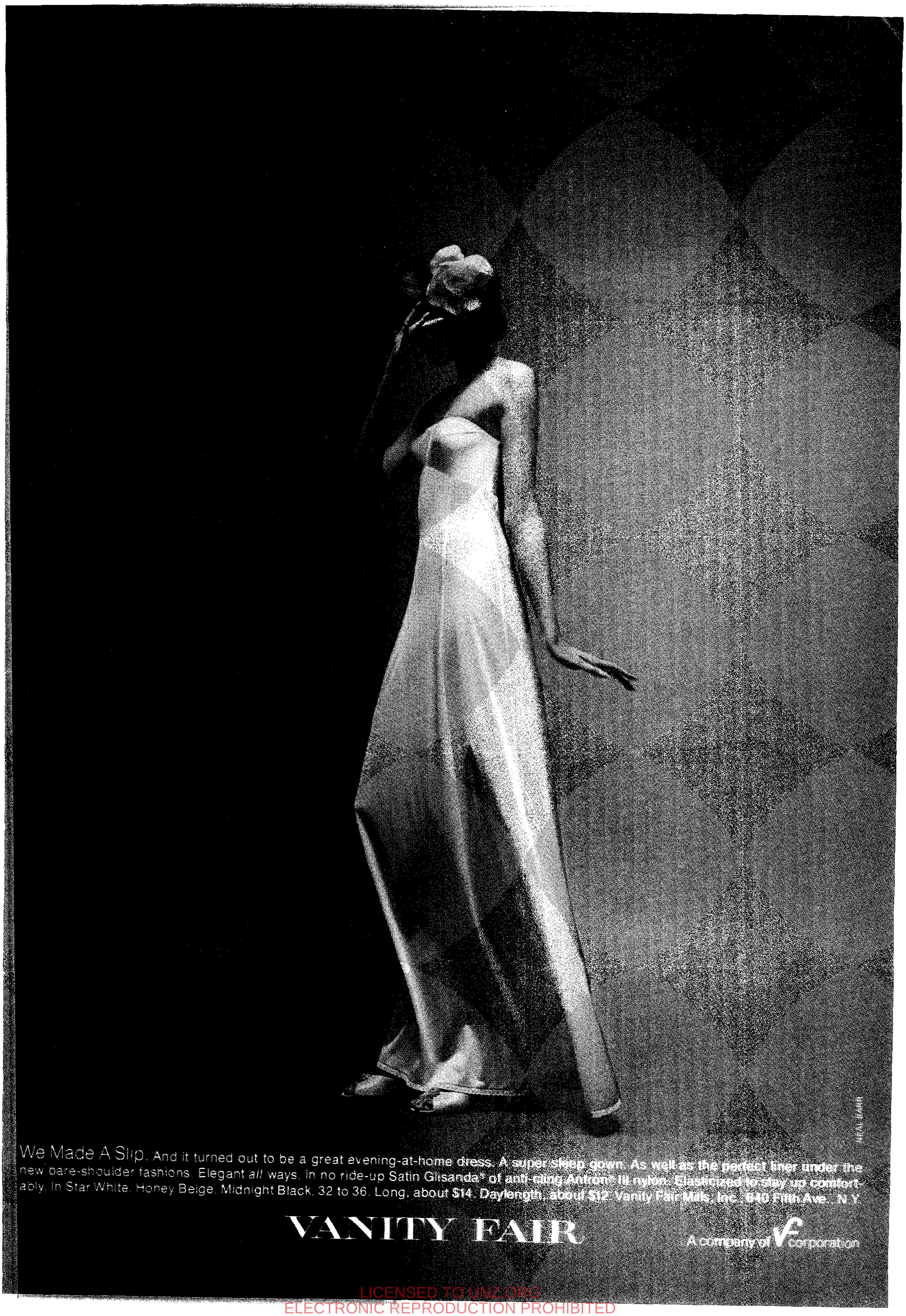
**Joseph Fiore/Lawrence McCabe**—Realist paintings of rolling countryside in Maine and Pennsylvania, and a few excursions to the edge of, but not very far into, the urban world. / Abstract sculpture made of hand-cut aluminum sheets, sometimes painted black and reminiscent, in construction and general style, of the silhouettist's scissored art. Through Thursday, Jan. 20. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

**Rube Goldberg** (1883-1970)—Primeval conceptual art by this funny-paper genius, whose proposals for nutty inventions filled the comic strips he drew over a period of sixty years; thirty original strips are included in this show, along with memorabilia in the form of photographs, citations (one of them a Pulitzer Prize), and oddments associated with the man. Through Feb. 5. (Truman, 38 E. 57th St.)

**Stephen Greene**—Vestiges of the morbid symbols (coffins, crutches, skulls) that once haunted this artist's more representational paintings can still be discerned in these recent abstract drawings if one searches hard enough, but the new works, done on paper in various mediums, have such freshness and immediacy that it hardly seems worth the bother. Through Jan. 29. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

**Lee Hall**—Abstract oils in which shifting masses of earth colors seem to be opening up and about to reveal something of great promise—a glimpse of the pearly gates, perhaps, or maybe just the dawn of a new day. The artist, a woman, is president of the Rhode Island School of Design. Through Saturday, Jan. 22. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

**Mon Levinson**—A new supply of this artist's pa-



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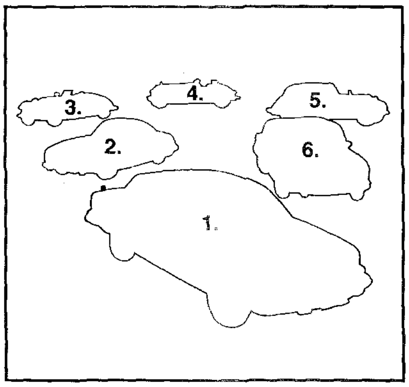

*1: 450SEL (1977); 2: 300SL Gullwing (1955); 3: 500K Special Roadster (1935); 4: Super-charged SSK (1929); 5: 540K Cabriolet B (1936); 6: 600 (1969).*

**Mercedes-Benz Technical Specifications**

| MODEL | ENGINE | DISPLACEMENT (CU. IN.) | WHEELBASE (IN.) | OVERALL LENGTH (IN.) | CURB WEIGHT (LBS.) |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **240D** | 4 cyl. ohc (fuel injected) | 146.7 | 110.0 | 190.9 | 3210 |
| **300D** | 5 cyl. ohc (fuel injected) | 183.4 | 110.0 | 190.9 | 3515 |
| **280E** | 6 cyl. dohc (fuel injected) | 167.6 | 110.0 | 190.9 | 3530 |
| **280SE** | 6 cyl. dohc (fuel injected) | 167.6 | 112.8 | 205.5 | 3905 |
| **450SEL** | V-8 ohc (fuel injected) | 275.8 | 116.7 | 209.4 | 4080 |
| **450SL** | V-8 ohc (fuel injected) | 275.8 | 96.9 | 182.3 | 3815 |
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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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| 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 |

per works that have been dipped in various liquids—tea, coffee, ink, and acrylic. Through Jan. 29. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

**Oscar Magnan**—Constructivist paintings; first one-man show in New York. Through Feb. 3. (Alonzo, 30 W. 57th St.)

**Michael Mazur**—A series of jungle scenes of Ossabaw Island, Georgia, are among the recent drawings in this twenty-year retrospective of Mazur's works on paper. Through Feb. 4. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

**Betty Parsons**—Small-scale constructions of found wood, and a group of abstract oil paintings by the veteran dealer who has discovered and nurtured talents in so many others. Through Feb. 3. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

**Larry Rivers / Sorel Etrog**—Drawings dating from the early fifties to the present. / Bronze and stone sculptures, most of them based on the figure. Through Feb. 5. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

**Tim Scott**—Abstract steel sculptures. Through Jan. 27. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

**John Seery / Hans Hofmann** (1880-1966)—Large abstract paintings. / Landscape paintings of Provincetown. Through Jan. 26. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

**Christopher White**—A private calligraphy scrawled (and sometimes gouged) on a thick, muted acrylic surface marks the work of this West Virginia artist, recently out of Harvard, who has shunned the academic art schools and taught himself to paint. Through Saturday, Jan. 22. (Parsons-Dreyfuss, 24 W. 57th St.)

**William Zorach** (1889-1966)—Sculptures and drawings of women. Through Feb. 12. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

**Group Shows**—At the **frumkin**, 50 W. 57th St.: This show, made up of works done ten years ago, so that gallerygoers may have a yardstick for measuring the development since then of the artists involved, includes realist studies of nudes by Jack Beal, Alfred Leslie, Willard Midgette, and Philip Pearlstein (his paintings seemed softer then), and an outrageous, ribald "reinterpretation," by Peter Saul, of the late Thomas Hart Benton's Tom Sawyer mural in the St. Louis post office. Through Jan. 28. (Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.) . . . **hammer**, 51 E. 57th St.: Mary Cassatt, Eastman Johnson, and Rockwell Kent are three of the painters whose work is included in this show of Americans. Through Saturday, Jan. 22. (Open Mondays.) . . . **heidenberg**, 50 W. 57th St.: Kinetic sculptures, Optical paintings, and graphics by a group that includes Victor Vasarely and Jesús Rafael Soto. Through Jan. 29. . . . **jackson**, 521 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by five artists: Fritz Bultman, Dennis Byng, Paul Jenkins, Gio Pomodoro, and Clayton Pond. Through Jan. 29. . . . **janis**, 6 W. 57th St.: Among the nice surprises that follow one after another in this show of European masters—Matisse, Klee, Magritte, Malevich, and so on—are a couple of tender watercolors of flowers (a chrysanthemum and an amaryllis) by Mondrian before he went all squares. Through Saturday, Jan. 15.

## GALLERIES—SoHo

**Natvar Bhavsar**—Large, fairly narrow panels covered with veils of color, sometimes dark and brooding and sometimes light and misty, by this India-born artist, who often assigns Indian musical or astronomical names to his works. Through Feb. 12. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

**Ivan Biro / Helen Soreff**—Abstract wood sculptures that combine forms of accordion-type pleats. / Textured abstract paintings. Through Jan. 26. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

**Tom Boutis**—Square canvases that usually incorporate an interior square outlined by strips left bare except for the sizing. Through Jan. 27. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Opens at 11:30.)

**Bill Conlon**—Abstract paintings. Through Feb. 2. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway.)

**Frank Culotta / Larry Blizard**—Rubber-band-and-Plexiglas sculptures. / More drawings documenting the life of the banana. Through Jan. 26. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

**Solomon Ethe**—This artist builds up a pale-blue background with oil paint, usually over a barely visible grid pattern, and breaks into it in a variety of ways—with groups of circles, a large triangle, a combination of triangles and circles, or merely with a flick or two of bright color. Through Jan. 29. (Neill, 136 Greene St.)

**Joel Fisher**—Last year, this artist was demonstrating convincingly that making paper was as far as an artist need go. This year, he *starts* with his handmade paper—small squares of it—which he searches for a "found" design: a tiny, embedded filament curled up or laid out flat in an attractive, threadlike line. He draws an enlarged copy of this line on the same sheet with a Magic Marker, frames the result, and hangs it up. Now he makes a repeat pattern of the line and paints it on the wall, covering the foyer and one whole side of the gallery, and threatening to spread into the rooms beyond. Other motifs, derived the same way, are cut from large sheets of the same paper and arranged along the other walls. And so ad infinitum, no doubt. Through Feb. 2. (Protetch, 157 Spring St.)

**Dale Henry**—In a show entitled "Body of Work," this artist returns to his earlier paintings, excavates what might be called the theme, and transfers it to a new, rock-hard surface, where it occupies a small rectangle of space. The placement of such rectangles and the creation of the hard surface are his main interests now, he says. Through Saturday, Jan. 15. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

**Dennis Kardon**—A large abstract triptych, sixteen feet long, called "Locus," which somehow evokes the feeling of an isolated airport and is done in bold, straight-edge planes of flat color, is the centerpiece of this show, which also includes related drawings. Through Jan. 29. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

**Terence La Noue / John Okulick**—Drawings in mixed mediums, some with latex circles applied to the paper. / Wall constructions of natural-wood sticks fastened in the middle with rope. Through Feb. 3. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

**Keith Long**—Splintery-looking wooden wall constructions that have a consciously crude quality; each piece is set off by a perfectly carved feather. First one-man show in New York. Through Jan. 26. (Yu, 393 West Broadway.)

**Gordon Moore**—Vertical abstract canvases. Through Feb. 8. (Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince St.)

**Robert Sievert**—Paintings of nature along with some portrait work. Through Jan. 27. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Opens at noon.)

**Andy Warhol**—Recent work. Through Jan. 29. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

**Group Show**—A selection by the poet-critic Gene Baro, entitled "Alternatives," consists of paintings and sculptures done during the sixties that had a significance for the future although (or maybe because) they lay outside the then mainstream of Pop and Op; among the nineteen artists are Don Judd, Ellsworth Kelly, Carl Andre, Kenneth Noland, and Frank Stella. Through Jan. 29. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

## OTHER GALLERIES

**Lawrence Calcagno**—New abstract paintings in which our welkin, represented by a misty wall of solid color, seems to have been pockmarked with small, colorful craters, some of which occur in rows and some at random. Through Jan. 28. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Opens at noon.)

**Jackie Ferrara**—This artist's pyramidal structures, made of heavy timbers, which loom so effectively within the confines of a gallery, unfortunately seem to be overwhelmed in Hammarskjöld Plaza by the high-rise architecture surrounding them. Through Feb. 20. (Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

**Robert Weaver**—Original drawings and paintings for this artist's widely admired magazine and advertising illustrations, sometimes accompanied by the reproductions, which indicate that his main concern is with the way his work looks on the printed page, rather than the way it looks framed and hung on the wall. Through Friday, Jan. 21. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30.)

## PHOTOGRAPHY

**Harry Callahan**—A retrospective show of two hundred and fifty of his photographs has been mounted by the Museum of Modern Art. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

**Roy DeCarava / Kay Bell Reynal**—Pictures of Harlem and other city views. / Fashion photographs from the forties, along with portraits of people in the arts from the same years. Through Feb. 12. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

**Janie Eisenberg**—Forty photographs, half of them devoted to New York City bigwigs—Felix Rohatyn, Patrick Cunningham, Mayor Beame—and the other half to non-bigwigs. Through Saturday, Jan. 15. (Crossroads at Chess City, 2639 Broadway, at 100th St. Daily, noon to midnight.)

**Benno Friedman / Harold Jones**—More than fifty toned-and-colored silver prints from his ongoing flower series. / Recent still-lifes and landscapes done in and around Tucson, Arizona. Through Feb. 5. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

**Jan Groover**—Conceptual color prints of New York, taken in sequence. Through Jan. 29. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

**Lewis W. Hine** (1874-1940) / **Baron De Meyer** (1869-1946)—More than two hundred small-scale prints documenting child-labor conditions in this country at the turn of the century. / A selection that includes twenty portraits and costume studies of Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney. Through Jan. 29. (Helios, 18 E. 67th St.)

**Peter Hujar**—Recent photographs. Through Feb. 15. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

**Consuelo Kanaga**—A retrospective made up of photographs that date from 1924 to 1974 and that include studies of Southern blacks in the thirties and forties is currently at the Brooklyn Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

**Karen Mantlo / Abby Robinson**—Photographs taken in New York City streets. / Semi-abstract portraits. Through Jan. 30. (Midtown Y Gallery, 344 E. 14th St. Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

**Tina Modotti** (1896-1942)—The Museum of Modern Art is showing a small selection of her works taken in Mexico, about half of which are vintage prints; the remainder were printed from old negatives by Richard Benson. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

**Ben Rose**—A selection of fifty manipulated color prints. Through Feb. 12. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

**Bert Stern**—Photographs of, among others, Marilyn Monroe, Louis Armstrong, and Grandma Moses. Through Jan. 29. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

**Dennis Stock / Mike Disfarmer**—Dye-transfer and black-and-white prints whose themes are taken from nature. / Photographs of townspeople and cotton farmers in Heber Springs, Arkansas, made during the Second World War. Through March 13. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays.)

**Group Shows**—At the **french embassy**, 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St.: A survey of contemporary French photography includes works by Edouard Boubat, Henri Cartier-Bresson, Martine Franck, and Marc Riboud. Through Feb. 2. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **kimmel-cohn**, 41 Central Park W., at 64th St.: Vintage prints and gravures by, among others, Atget, Brassaï, and Genthe. Through Feb. 12. . . . **museum of the city of new york**, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.: More than two hundred prints, most of them of people at work, that were taken by a commercial-photography firm in New York City at the turn of the century. Through Jan. 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . **PRAKAPAS,** 19 E. 71st St.: P. H. Emerson, Berenice Abbott, James Van DerZee, and Paul Strand are among those included in a showing of vintage photographs that covers the last hundred years. Through Jan. 29.

### MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

**Metropolitan Museum,** Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A sumptuous exhibit of clothing and accessories from Russia that focusses on the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries and ranges from regional peasant costumes to the wedding dress of Catherine the Great. . . . ¶ A big exposition of Andrew Wyeth's works, half of it centered on the Kuerner farm in Pennsylvania and the other half centered on the Olson house in Maine, with the works arranged so that one can follow an idea from the earliest sketch (or inspiration) on through the finished painting. Through Feb. 6. . . . ¶ An exhibit of drawings, prints, and illustrated books by artists who worked in seventeenth-century Rome, among them Poussin, Rubens, and Bernini. Through Sunday, Jan. 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

**Museum of Modern Art,** 11 W. 53rd St.—A selection of early-twentieth-century European paintings from Swiss collections features such major artists as Braque, Bonnard, Matisse, Léger, van Gogh, Modigliani, and Klee. Through March 1. . . . ¶ A hundred prints and a few illustrated books selected from among acquisitions made during the last three years. Through Feb. 20. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Harry Callahan. Through Feb. 8. . . . ¶ Tina Modotti. Through April 3. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

**Guggenheim Museum,** 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A small show of oils and works on paper (all done before 1930) by Piet Mondrian. Through April 14. . . . ¶ Frankenthaler, Albers, Newman, and Warhol are four of the artists in an exhibition that surveys American painting since 1945. A separate showing of Arshile Gorky's works (dated 1944-48) is on view. Through Sunday, Jan. 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

**Whitney Museum,** 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—"Calder's Universe," a retrospective exhibition that includes samplings from almost every phase of his output—toys, tapestries, tools, graphics, drawings, on up to herculean stabiles as big as the Whitney can accommodate (and excellent photographs of some it can't). Through Jan. 30. . . . ¶ A historical survey of watercolors and drawings by American artists includes pen-and-ink drawings by Audubon, pastels by Arthur Dove, and watercolors by Mark Rothko. Through Jan. 23. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 10, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6. Additional exhibition hours during January: Open Fridays until 10.)

**Brooklyn Museum,** Eastern Parkway—The twentieth biennial exhibit of contemporary prints, along with works by artists who were represented in previous years. Through Jan. 30. . . . ¶ "Anamorphoses: Games of Perception and Illusion in Art" has more than a hundred examples of art works intentionally distorted by the artist but that appear in full form when viewed from a particular angle or when reflected in a prism, cone, or cylinder. Through Feb. 13. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Consuelo Kanaga. Through Feb. 6. (The museum is open Wednesdays through Sundays. Hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5. The Kanaga show opens at 1:30 on Fridays and Saturdays.)

**American Museum of Natural History,** Central Park W. at 79th St.—A new, permanent Hall of the Sun has opened in the Planetarium. Divided into three sections, the exhibit includes an eight-foot globe of the sun and films made of the sun both from earth and from outer space. (The museum is open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5. The Planetarium exhibit is open Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 5, and Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Asia House,** 112 E. 64th St.—A survey of wood sculptures and decorative art objects from China and Japan dating from the fifth century B.C. to the nineteenth. Buddhist statues, carved lacquerware, burial figures, and folk carvings are among the pieces on exhibit. Starts Thursday, Jan. 13. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**China House,** 125 E. 65th St.—An exhibit of Chinese folk art, including both utilitarian and decorative objects, dating from the fifteenth century through 1900. Through Jan. 30. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

**Cooper-Hewitt Museum,** Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The opening show of the Smithsonian Institution's National Museum of Design consists of a host of separate exhibits whose theme is the efficacy of design. Through Feb. 6. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

**Grolier Club,** 47 E. 60th St.—"Books as Troublemakers": close to two hundred volumes that have been successful in raising general hell—starting revolutions, assassinating characters, and all the rest. John Cleland, Charles Darwin, Adolf Hitler, Margaret Sanger, Walt Whitman are some of the authors. Through Feb. 5. (Open daily except Sundays. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

**Morgan Library,** 29 E. 36th St.—A hundred and twenty-five drawings from Cambridge University's Fitzwilliam Museum, dating from the sixteenth century through the nineteenth, and offering unfamiliar works by such familiar hands as Leonardo, Michelangelo, Raphael, Tiepolo, Watteau, and Rubens in the main exhibition room, and Rembrandt, Ingres, Goya, and Cézanne in the Cloister—the long hallway to the rear. . . . ¶ Among the ancient Near Eastern treasures in the East Room are a number of small royal seals, which might be considered the forerunners of printing as we know it; photographic enlargements bring out their beauty in a way that would have entranced their original owners. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Both shows through Feb. 13.

**Museum of American Folk Art,** 49 W. 53rd St.—"A Child's Comfort," an exhibit of quilts made from 1830 to the present in sizes to fit infant- and doll-size beds. Through Feb. 4. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

**New-York Historical Society,** 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—An immense showing—more than nine hundred items in all—entitled "Two Hundred Years of American Illustration" and incorporating original works from every celebrated illustrator you've ever heard of—Pyle, Wyeth, Christy, Flagg, Gibson, Dunn, plus a few specials like Audubon, John Held, Jr., and James Thurber. Through Feb. 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

## MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830, for Avery Fisher Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

### OPERA

**Metropolitan Opera**—Wednesday evening, Jan. 12: "Tosca," with Grace Melzia Bumbry, Giuseppe Giacomini, Sherrill Milnes, and Renato Capecchi; conducted by Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 13: "Faust," with Jeannette Pilou, Cynthia Munzer, Stuart Burrows, William Walker, and Bonaldo Giaiotti; Georges Prêtre. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 14: "Die Zauberflöte," with Benita Valente, Rita Shane, Stuart Burrows, Theodor Uppman, Paul Plishka, Allan Monk, and Nico Castel; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 15: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Beverly Sills, Nicolai Gedda, Ryan Edwards, and Ezio Flagello; Richard Woitach. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 15: "Salome," with Grace Melzia Bumbry, Barbro Ericson, Robert Nagy, Guillermo Sarabia, Frank Little, and Manfred Schenk; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Jan. 17: "Die Zauberflöte," with Benita Valente, Rita Shane, Stuart Burrows, Donald Gramm, Paul Plishka, Allan Monk, and Nico Castel; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 18: A new production of Meyerbeer's "Le Prophète," with Marilyn Horne, Renata Scotto, James McCracken, Jerome Hines, Frank Little, Morley Meredith, and Raimund Herincx; Henry Lewis. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 582-7500.) . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 19: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Cristina Deutekom, Nicolai Gedda, William Walker, and Ezio Flagello; Richard Woitach. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 20: "Salome," with Grace Melzia Bumbry, Barbro Ericson, Robert Nagy, Guillermo Sarabia, Frank Little, and Manfred Schenk; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 21: "Tosca," with Teresa Kubiak, Barry Morell, Sherrill Milnes, and Renato Capecchi; Richard Woitach. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 22: "Die Zauberflöte," with Benita Valente, Rita Shane, Stuart Burrows, Donald Gramm, Paul Plishka, Morley Meredith, and Nico Castel; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 22: "Le Prophète," with Marilyn Horne, Renata Scotto, James McCracken, Jerome Hines, Frank Little, Morley Meredith, and Raimund Herincx; Henry Lewis. (Evenings at 8. Matinées Saturday, Jan. 15, at 2, and Saturday, Jan. 22, at 1:30.)

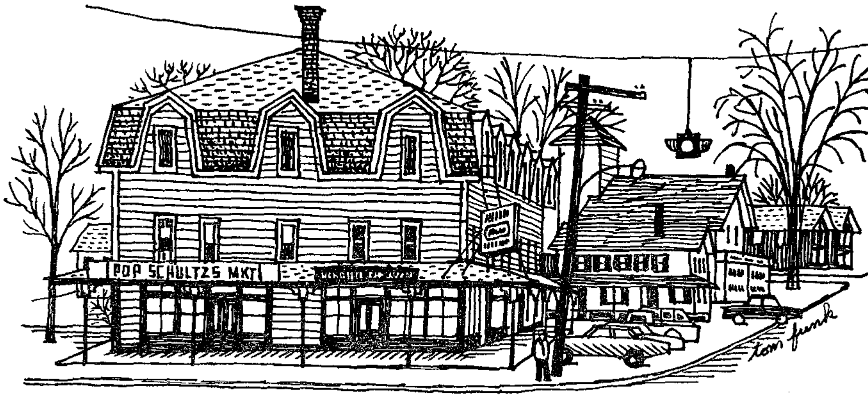
**The Plays of Daniel and Herod**—Performances of two twelfth-century musical dramas. The cast includes Lee Richardson, narrator; Sheila Schonbrun, soprano; Ray DeVoll, tenor; Daniel Collins, countertenor; Judith Davidoff, vielle; Frederick Renz, harpsichord; and the Boys' Choir of the Church of the Transfiguration. "The Play of Daniel": Friday and Saturday, Jan. 14-15, at 8:30, and Sunday, Jan. 16, at 5:30. . . . ¶ "The Play of Herod": Saturday, Jan. 15, at 5:30. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. For information about tickets, call 678-6886.)

**Bronx Opera Company**—Two performances of Verdi's "La Traviata," in English. Staged by David Drisin, with the Bronx Opera Orchestra and Repertory Chorus directed by Michael Spierman. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 14-15, at 8. For information about tickets, call 733-2100.)

### ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

**New York Philharmonic**—At Avery Fisher Hall, Pierre Boulez conducting—Thursday, Jan. 13, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 14, at 2; Saturday, Jan. 15, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Jan. 18, at 7:30 (no soloists); and Thursday, Jan. 20, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 21, at 2; Saturday, Jan. 22, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Jan. 25, at 7:30 (all with Jessye Norman, soprano).

**Brooklyn Philharmonia**—Lukas Foss conducting



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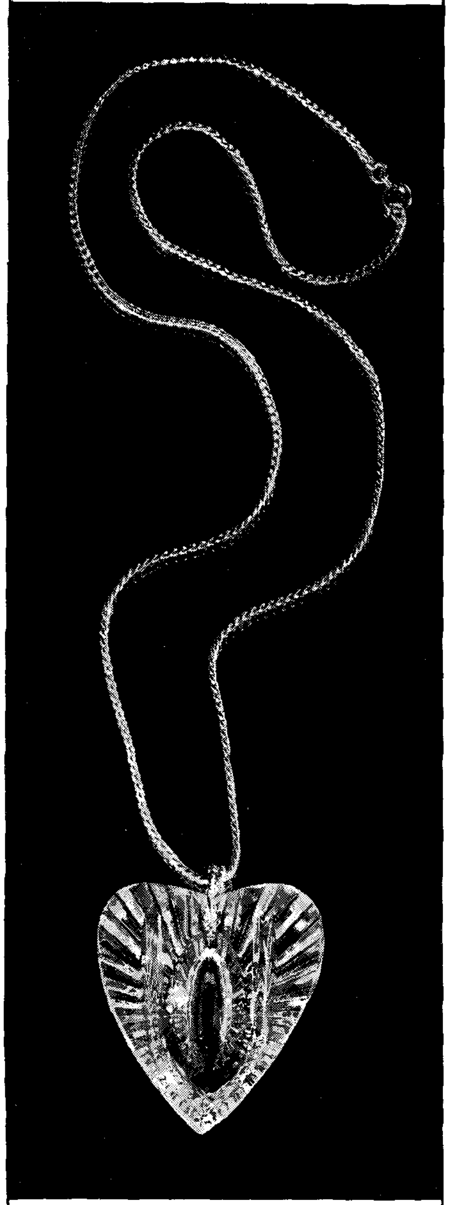

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an all-Mendelssohn program, with Ruggiero Ricci, violin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 14-15, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 16, at 2.)

**All-Mozart Concert**—Charlotte Bergen conducting a symphony orchestra, with Malcolm Frager, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 15, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

**Musica Aeterna Orchestra**—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Emanuel Ax, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Jan. 15, at 8.)

**American Symphony Orchestra**—Sergiu Comissiona conducting, with Sylvie Carbonel, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Jan. 16, at 3.)

**Swedish Chamber Orchestra of Örebro**—Göran Nilson conducting, with Staffan Scheja, piano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Thursday, Jan. 20, at 8.)

**St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble**—Michael Feldman conducting, with Gerard Schwarz, trumpet; Michael Best and Robert Jones, tenors; and others. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, Jan. 21, at 8.)

**Robert DeCormier Singers**—Robert DeCormier directing a program of music by four women composers: Vally Weigl, Julia Smith, Alice Parker, and Merle Montgomery. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Jan. 17, at 8.)

## RECITALS

**Elizabeth Suderburg**—Soprano, in an all-Bartók recital. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 12, at 8.)

**Da Capo Chamber Players**—With Judith Raskin, soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 12, at 8.)

**Juilliard String Quartet**—The first in a series of three Mozart-Beethoven-Schubert programs. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Jan. 13, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

**Y New Music**—Contemporary music for two pianos and percussion, performed by Alan Marks, Ursula Oppens, Etsuko Tazaki, Gilbert Kalish, and James Freeman, piano; and Richard Fitz, Gordon Gottlieb, and Raymond desRoches, percussion. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, Jan. 13, at 8.)

**Gidon Kremer**—Violin. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Jan. 14, at 8.)

**Eugenia Zukerman and Pinchas Zukerman**—Flute and violin, with Samuel Sanders, piano, and Timothy Eddy, cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Jan. 14, at 8.)

**Nina Tichman**—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Jan. 15, at 2:30.)

**Paula Robison and Kenneth Cooper**—Flute and harpsichord. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 15, at 3.)

**New York Renaissance Band**—A program called "Masterworks of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries," with Jeffrey Gall, countertenor. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 15, at 8.)

**Benjamin Luxon**—Baritone, presenting Schubert's song cycle "Die Schöne Müllerin." (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Sunday, Jan. 16, at 2:30.)

**Lionel Rogg**—Organ. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Jan. 16, at 2:30.)

**Gerald Goodman**—Harp. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 18, at 8.)

**American String Quartet**—With Claus Adam, cello. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. 737-0700. Tuesday, Jan. 18, at 8.)

**Claudio Arrau**—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 19, at 8.)

**Eugenia Earle**—Harpsichord, in a program entitled "Music of the Court of France," with Robert White, tenor, and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 19, at 8.)

**Mildred Miller**—Mezzo-soprano, in an all-Schumann recital postponed from Jan. 4. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Jan. 19, at 8.)

**Speculum Musicae**—A program of contemporary chamber music, with Phyllis Bryn-Julson, soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Jan. 20, at 7:30.)

**Festival Winds**—The third in a series of four programs presenting the cycle of Mozart's music for winds. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Jan. 21, at 8.)

**Richard Dyer-Bennet**—Tenor, in Schubert's song cycle "Die Schöne Müllerin." (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 22, at 3.)

**Elena Gilels**—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Jan. 22, at 8.)

**Anthony Newman**—Organ and harpsichord. (Walt Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 859-1180. Saturday, Jan. 22, at 8.)

**Janos Starker and Shigeo Neriki**—Cello and piano, in a sonata recital. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Jan. 22, at 8.)

## MISCELLANY

**Osipov Balalaika Orchestra**—Victor Dubrovsky conducting. A company of seventy-five, including dancers and singers of the Bolshoi, Kirov, and Kiev Theatres. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 14, at 8.)

**"New Music and All That Jazz"**—Sydney Hodkinson conducting the Eastman Musica Nova in a program of twentieth-century chamber music, and Rayburn Wright conducting the Eastman Jazz Ensemble, with Bill Dobbins, piano, and Ramon Ricker, saxophone. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Jan. 16, at 8.)

**Rajko Hungarian Gypsy Orchestra and Dancers**—Béla Berki conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 22, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 23, at 3.)

## SPORTS

(The box-office number for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., is 516 794-9100.)

**Professional Basketball**—At Nassau Coliseum—Nets vs. Atlanta, Friday, Jan. 14. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Portland, Wednesday, Jan. 19. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Washington, Friday, Jan. 21. (Games begin at 8:05.)

**Hockey**—At Nassau Coliseum—Islanders vs. Washington Capitals, Saturday, Jan. 15, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Minnesota North Stars, Tuesday, Jan. 18, at 8:05.

**Racing**—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, May 21. The Interborough Handicap, Saturday, Jan. 15, and the Aqueduct Handicap, Saturday, Jan. 22. . . . BOWIE, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, March 19. The Bowie Handicap, Saturday, Jan. 15.

**Trotting**—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Feb. 26. . . . MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK, East Rutherford, N.J.: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, July 30.

## ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

**Poetry Readings**—Larry Fagin and Jamie MacInnis reading from their own works. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Wednesday, Jan. 19, at 8:30. Admission by contribution.)

**National Boat Show**—The sixty-seventh annual display of inboards, outboards, sailboats, dinghies, cruisers, canoes, and everything that goes with them. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Saturdays, Jan. 15 and 22, from 10 to 10; Sundays, Jan. 16 and 23, from noon to 7; and Monday through Friday, Jan. 17-21, from noon to 10.)

**Auctions**—At Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday, Jan. 14, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings; from many owners. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 15, at 2: English furniture, clocks, and decorations; from various collectors. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 19, at 2: Jewelry, from a number of owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, Jan. 15. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 20, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese ceramics, snuff bottles, and other works of art; from the collection of Marjorie Inman and from other sources. Exhibition starts Friday, Jan. 14.

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

FIRST NEW YORK RUN
ACADEMY AWARD RUN
PARK

## THE MOVIE HOUSES

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| | | | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 |
| 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | | |

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

### EAST SIDE

**Art,** 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"The Front."

**St. Marks Cinema,** 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through Jan. 13: "Two-Minute Warning" and "Family Plot."
From Jan. 14: "Carrie" and "Burnt Offerings."

**Gramercy,** Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"Seven Beauties."

**Murray Hill,** 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Rocky."

**34th St. East,** 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Voyage of the Damned."

**Eastside Cinema,** 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Pink Panther Strikes Again."

**Sutton,** 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Network."

**Trans-Lux East,** 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
To be announced.

**Fine Arts,** 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
Through Jan. 15: "The Pink Telephone."
From Jan. 16: "Get Charlie Tully."

**Plaza,** 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through Jan. 16: "The Seven-Per-Cent Solution."
From Jan. 17: "Pumping Iron."

**Baronet,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"A Star Is Born."

**Coronet,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Bound for Glory."

**R.K.O. 59th St. Twin I,** 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"The Enforcer."

**D. W. Griffith,** 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
To be announced.

**Cinema I,** 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Last Tycoon."

**Cinema II,** 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Through Jan. 18: "Rocky."
From Jan. 19: "Harlan County, U.S.A."

**Columbia I,** 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Nickelodeon."

**Columbia II,** 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Nickelodeon."

**Beekman,** 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Lumière."

**68th St. Playhouse,** 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Marquise of O . . ."

**Loews Tower East,** 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Silver Streak."

**72nd Street East,** 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Jan. 13: "Two-Minute Warning."
From Jan. 14: "Carrie."

**Trans-Lux 85th St.,** Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Pink Panther Strikes Again."

**U. A. East,** 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Enforcer."

**Loews Orpheum,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"King Kong."

**Loews Ciné,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Voyage of the Damned."

**86th St. East,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Rocky."

**R.K.O. 86th St. Twin I,** Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Through Jan. 18: To be announced.
From Jan. 19: "Shoot" and "The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea."

**R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2,** Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Special Delivery."

### WEST SIDE

**Waverly,** 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Small Change."

**8th St. Playhouse,** 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"Marathon Man."

**Greenwich,** Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Jan. 18: "The Pink Panther Strikes Again."
From Jan. 19: "Rocky."

**Quad Cinema,** 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "The Thief of Paris."
Theatre 2: "Jonah Who Will Be 25 in the Year 2000" and "Chloé in the Afternoon."
Theatre 3: "Edvard Munch."
Theatre 4: Two X-rated films by Russ Meyer—"Up" and "Supervixens."

**Guild,** 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Jan. 13: "Across the Great Divide."
From Jan. 14: "Carrie."

**Ziegfeld,** 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"A Star Is Born."

**Festival,** 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"The Shaggy D. A."

**Playboy,** 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Jan. 18: "The Bingo Long Traveling All-Stars & Motor Kings" and "W.C. Fields and Me."
From Jan. 19: To be announced.

**Little Carnegie,** 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Mikey and Nicky."

**Paris,** 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Cousin, Cousine."

**Paramount,** B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Network."

**Embassy 72nd St.,** B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"Small Change."

**Loews 83rd Triplex,** B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "The Enforcer."
Theatre 2: "The Pink Panther Strikes Again."
Theatre 3: "Marathon Man."

**New Yorker,** B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"The Front."

**Thalia,** B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through Jan. 18: "Le Chat" and "Male of the Century."
From Jan. 19: "The Stranger" and "The Third Man."

**Olympia,** B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Jan. 13: "In Search of Noah's Ark."
From Jan. 14: "Carrie" and "Burnt Offerings."

### REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

**Bleecker St. Cinema,** 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Jan. 12: "A Brief Vacation" (1975), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica, with Florinda Bolkan, Renato Salvatori, and Daniel Quenaud; and "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis" (1970), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica, with Lino Capolicchio, Dominique Sanda, and Helmut Berger.
Jan. 13: "Two or Three Things I Know About Her" (1967), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Marina Vlady; and "Tout Va Bien" (1972), in French, directed by Jean-Pierre Gorin and Jean-Luc Godard, with Yves Montand and Jane Fonda.
Jan. 14: "And Now for Something Completely Different" (1972), selected skits from the BBC-TV series "Monty Python's Flying Circus;" and "Bedazzled." (†)
Jan. 15: "The Music Lovers" (†) and "Savage Messiah." (†)
Jan. 16: "Footlight Parade" (†) and "Gold Diggers of 1935." (†)
Jan. 17: "8½" (†) and "Contempt." (†)
Jan. 18: "Come Back, Africa" (†) and "Boesman and Lena." (†)
Jan. 19: "Fury" (1936), directed by Fritz Lang, with Spencer Tracy, Sylvia Sidney, Edward Ellis, and Walter Brennan; and "The Ox-Bow Incident." (†)
Jan. 20: "Marat/Sade" (1967), directed by Peter Brook, performed by the Royal Shakespeare Company; and "The Balcony" (1963), directed by Joseph Strick, with Shelley Winters, Peter Falk, Lee Grant, Jeff Corey, and Kent Smith.

**Carnegie Hall Cinema,** 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Jan. 12: "The Talk of the Town" (1942), directed by George Stevens, with Cary Grant, Jean Arthur, and Ronald Colman; and "Once Upon a Time" (1944), directed by Alexander Hall, with Cary Grant and Janet Blair.
Jan. 13: "The Long Voyage Home" (1940), directed by John Ford, with Thomas Mitchell, John Wayne, Mildred Natwick, and Barry Fitzgerald; and "Summer Holiday" (1948), directed by Rouben Mamoulian, with Mickey Rooney, Walter Huston, and Gloria De Haven.
Jan. 14: "State of Siege" (1973), in French, directed by Costa-Gavras, with Yves Montand; and another feature, to be announced.
Jan. 15: "Grand Hotel" (1932), directed by Edmund Goulding, with Greta Garbo, John Barrymore, Joan Crawford, and Wallace Beery; and "Dinner at Eight" (1933), directed by George Cukor, with Jean Harlow, Marie Dressler, and John Barrymore.
Jan. 16: "Camelot" (1967), directed by Joshua Logan, with Richard Harris, Vanessa Redgrave, David Hemmings, and Franco Nero; and "Brigadoon." (†)
Jan. 17: "California Split" (1974), directed by Robert Altman, with George Segal and Elliott Gould; and "The Gambler" (1974), directed by Karel Reisz, with James Caan.
Jan. 18: "The Grapes of Wrath" (1940), directed by John Ford, with Henry Fonda and Jane Darwell; and "Wild Boys of the Road." (†)
Jan. 19: "Mr. Lucky" (†) and "Once Upon a Honeymoon." (†)
Jan. 20: "Long Day's Journey Into Night" (1962), directed by Sidney Lumet, with Katharine Hepburn, Ralph Richardson, Jason Robards, and Dean Stockwell.

**Elgin,** 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Jan. 12: "The Wolves" (1971), in Japanese, directed by Hideo Gosha; and "Stray Dog" (1949), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune.
Jan. 13-15: "Buffalo Bill and the Indians" (1976), directed by Robert Altman, with Paul Newman; "The Producers" (1968), directed by Mel Brooks, with Zero Mostel, Dick Shawn, and Gene Wilder; and "M*A*S*H" (1970), directed by Robert

Altman, with Donald Sutherland, Elliott Gould, Tom Skerritt, and Sally Kellerman.

Jan. 16-18: "The Adventure of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother" (1975), directed by, and with, Gene Wilder; "And Now for Something Completely Different" (1972), selected skits from the BBC-TV series "Monty Python's Flying Circus;" and "Take the Money and Run" (1969), directed by, and with, Woody Allen.

Jan. 19: Two Japanese films.

From Jan. 20: To be announced.

**Regency,** B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Jan. 12: "Heller in Pink Tights" (1960), directed by George Cukor, with Sophia Loren, Anthony Quinn, and Margaret O'Brien.

Jan. 13-15: "Adam's Rib" (1949), directed by George Cukor, with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Judy Holliday, Tom Ewell, and David Wayne; and "A Bill of Divorcement" (1932), directed by George Cukor, with Katharine Hepburn and John Barrymore.

Jan. 16-18: "Two-Faced Woman" (1941), directed by George Cukor, with Greta Garbo, Melvyn Douglas, Ruth Gordon, and Constance Bennett; and "The Philadelphia Story" (1940), directed by George Cukor, with Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart, and Cary Grant.

From Jan. 19: "Born Yesterday" (1950), directed by George Cukor, with Judy Holliday, William Holden, and Broderick Crawford; and "It Should Happen to You." (†)

**R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2,** 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)

Jan. 12: "Five Easy Pieces" (1970), directed by Bob Rafelson, with Jack Nicholson; and "Carnal Knowledge" (1971), directed by Mike Nichols, with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret.

Jan. 13-15: "The Producers" (1968), directed by Mel Brooks, with Zero Mostel, Dick Shawn, and Gene Wilder; and "Start the Revolution Without Me" (1970), directed by Bud Yorkin, with Gene Wilder, Donald Sutherland, and Hugh Griffith.

Jan. 16-17: "Funny Face" (1957), directed by Stanley Donen, with Audrey Hepburn, Fred Astaire, and Kay Thompson; and "On a Clear Day You Can See Forever." (†)

Jan. 18-19: "Straw Dogs" (1972), directed by Sam Peckinpah, with Dustin Hoffman and Susan George; and "The Wild Bunch" (1969), directed by Sam Peckinpah, with William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, and Robert Ryan.

From Jan. 20: "Chloé in the Afternoon" (†) and "Claire's Knee." (†)

**Theatre 80 St. Marks,** 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Through Jan. 13: "Chained" (†); and "A Woman's Face" (1941), directed by George Cukor, with Joan Crawford, Melvyn Douglas, and Conrad Veidt.

Jan. 14: "Higher and Higher" (†) and "Step Lively." (†)

Jan. 15-17: "The Sunshine Boys" (†) and "We're Not Dressing." (†)

Jan. 18: "Diabolique" (†) and "Panique." (†)

Jan. 19-20: "The Philadelphia Story" (1940), directed by George Cukor, with Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart, and Cary Grant; and "Adam's Rib" (1949), directed by George Cukor, with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Judy Holliday, Tom Ewell, and David Wayne.

## FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

**Museum of Modern Art,** 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Jan. 13 at 2:30: "Mauvaise Graine" (1934), in French, directed by Billy Wilder, with Pierre Mingand and Danielle Darrieux; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Jan. 13 at 8:30: "The Passion According to Berenice" (1976), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Jaime Humberto Hermosillo, with Martha Navarro, Pedro Armendariz, Jr., and Emma Roldan; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Jan. 14 at 2:30: "Letters from Marusia" (1975), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Miguel Littin, with Gian Maria Volonte and Diana Bracho; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Jan. 14 at 6: "Mauvaise Graine.". . . ¶ Jan. 15 at noon: "The Golden Voyage of Sinbad" (1974), directed by Gordon Hessler, with John Phillip Law. . . . ¶ Jan. 15 at 2:30: "The General's Daughter" (1976), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Marcela Fernandez Violante, with Jorge Russek; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Jan. 15 at 5: "Letters from Marusia.". . . ¶ Jan. 16 at noon: "The Golden Voyage of Sinbad.". . . ¶ Jan. 16 at 2:30: "The Passion According to Berenice.". . . ¶ Jan. 16 at 5: "Old Ironsides" (1926), directed by James Cruze, with Esther Ralston and Wallace Beery. . . . ¶ Jan. 17 at noon: "To America" (1976), directed by DeWitt Sage, Jr., and Julian Krainin, for CBS-TV. . . . ¶ Jan. 17 at 2:30: "Walking On . . . Walking" (1976), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by A. Federico Weingartshofer, with Ernesto Gomez Cruz, Patricia Reyes Spindola, and Salvador Sanchez; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Jan. 17 at 6: "The Mushroom Taster" (1976), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Roberto Gavaldon, with Isela Vega and Ofelia Medina; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Jan. 18 at noon: "To America.". . . ¶ Jan. 18 at 2:30: "The Bricklayers" (1976), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Jorge Fons, with Katy Jurado and Ignacio Lopez Tarso; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Jan. 20 at 2:30: "Spies" (1928), a German silent film, directed by Fritz Lang, with Gerda Maurus and Rudolf Klein-Rogge; English inter-titles. . . . ¶ Jan. 20 at 6: "Las Poquianchis" (1976), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Felipe Cazals, with Diana Bracho and Jorge Martinez de Hoyos; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Jan. 20 at 8:30: "Pafnucio Santo" (1976), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Rafael Corkidi, with Pablo Corkidi and Gina Morett; English subtitles. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing. Tickets for the showings at 8:30 will not be accepted before 8.)

**Whitney Museum,** 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (794-0630)—Through Jan. 16: A program of four films examining architectural structures and construction. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus Friday evening, Jan. 14, at 6:15 and 8). . . . ¶ Starting Jan. 18 at 7: A program of films by Benni Efrat. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for time-schedule and ticket information.

**Anthology Film Archives,** 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Kubelka, Keaton, Landow, Gehr, Chaplin, Riefenstahl, Rossellini, Herzog, and others. Showings Jan. 12-13 at 7 and 9; Jan. 14 at 7 and 8:30; Jan. 15 at 7 and 9; Jan. 16 at 8; and Jan. 18-20 at 7 and 9.

**Film Forum,** 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—"The Goalie's Anxiety at the Penalty Kick" (1972), in German, directed by Wim Wenders; English subtitles. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30.

## IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

**Across the Great Divide**—An adventure film, with Robert Logan and George Flower. Directed by Stuart Raffill. (Guild; through Jan. 13.)

**Bedazzled** (1967)—A funny demonstration of the folly of striking bargains with the Devil. Directed by Stanley Donen, and starring Dudley Moore, Peter Cook, and Eleanor Bron. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 14.)

**The Bingo Long Traveling All-Stars & Motor Kings**—With Billy Dee Williams, James Earl Jones, and Richard Pryor; directed by John Badham. (Playboy; through Jan. 18.)

**Boesman and Lena**—A film up to Beckett's plays, written by the remarkable South African writer Athol Fugard. We are in the company of two coloreds who make a small living out of selling empty bottles. They are loathing, scurrilous, locked in intimacy, each other's ball and chain and best friend. The woman says, "I want my life. Where's it?" It is time, the apartheid country feels, for them to throw themselves away. But "How do you do that when it's yourself?" (Reviewed in our issue of 5/10/76.) (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 18.)

**Bound for Glory**—As Woody Guthrie, David Carradine has an ornery intransigence that gives the film a core, and the re-creation of the late thirties is superbly lighted and shot (by Haskell Wexler). There's real love in the director Hal Ashby's staging of the incidents, and the entire film shows taste and good will. Though it doesn't build dramatically—it straggles just when you want it to soar—it's by no means a negligible piece of work. (12/13/76) (Coronet.)

**Brigadoon** (1954)—M-G-M was having an economy drive, and this adaptation of Lerner and Loewe's musical fantasy, which was scheduled to be shot on location in Scotland, was instead done in the studio. Also by executive decree, the director, Vincente Minnelli, had to do it in CinemaScope—which, for dance in studio settings, was disastrous. Gene Kelly and Van Johnson play the two Americans hunting in the Scottish Highlands who stumble into Brigadoon, a magical village that went to sleep in 1754 and wakes for a day each century. Kelly falls in love with a local girl (Cyd Charisse), while Johnson maintains a cynical attitude. Probably the material was too precious and fake-lyrical to have worked in natural surroundings, either, but the way it has been done it's hopelessly stagy. The movie has one sensational sequence, when the action gets away from that damned idyllic village and Kelly and Johnson go to a jangly, noisy, Manhattan night club with Elaine Stewart; you can feel Minnelli's relief at being able to do something funny and bitchy after staging all those wholesome scenes with grinning men in tartans. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 16.)

**Burnt Offerings**—With Karen Black, Oliver Reed, and Burgess Meredith; directed by Dan Curtis. (St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; starting Jan. 14.)

**Carrie**—The best scary-funny movie since "Jaws"—a teasing, terrifying, lyrical shocker, directed by Brian De Palma, who has the wickedest baroque sensibility at large in American movies. Pale, gravel-voiced Sissy Spacek gives a classic chameleon performance as a repressed high-school senior whose energy is released only telekinetically, and Piper Laurie plays her deep-voiced, sexy fundamentalist mother. With John Travolta, Nancy Allen, Amy Irving, and William Katt. (11/22/76) (St. Marks Cinema, 72nd Street East, Guild, and Olympia; starting Jan. 14.)

**Chained** (1934)—Joan Crawford and Clark Gable and a superabundance of M-G-M's big, turgid, melodramatic emotions. It's all somewhere between camp and plod. Clarence Brown directed; the cast includes Otto Kruger, Stuart Erwin, Akim Tamiroff, Una O'Connor, and Mickey Rooney. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Jan. 13.)

**Le Chat** (1971)—Pierre Granier-Deferre's film (written by him and Pascal Jardin from Georges Simenon's novel) shows us two malign temperaments (Jean Gabin and Simone Signoret) regretting the aging of their own particular flesh; it amounts to a skillful but limited and unkind exercise compared to Simenon's achievement in describing two locked souls fearing their common mortality. In French. (6/30/75) (Thalia; through Jan. 18.)

**Chloé in the Afternoon** (1972)—Will the squeamish, married hero (Bernard Verley) break down and go to bed with bohemian Chloé (Zouzou), or won't he? The author-director, Eric Rohmer, a specialist in the eroticism of nonsexual affairs, is a lapidary craftsman who works on a very small scale. This movie is, in its way, just about perfect, but it's minor, and so polished that it practically evaporates a half hour after it's over. In French. (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2; starting Jan. 20.)

**Claire's Knee** (1970)—The air is thick with summer and leisure in Eric Rohmer's serene story of a vacationing diplomat (Jean-Claude Brialy) who says he is interested only in women's minds and then has an "undefined desire" to stroke a young girl's knee. There's a rather enigmatic woman novelist who stands in for the director and makes ponderous remarks, but Rohmer's quiet, complacent movie-novel game is pleasing, and a captivatingly gawky teen-age actress, Beatrice Romand, who plays a subsidiary role, looks like a Pisanello princess. In French. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2; starting Jan. 20.)

**Come Back, Africa** (1960)—Cinema journalism on what it's like to be black in South Africa. Lionel Rogosin's film centers on a man who has left his farm and is trying to make a living in Johannesburg. Clumsy, but some rarely seen material. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 18.)

**Contempt** (1964)—Jean-Luc Godard's strange, beautifully filmed, sometimes maddening movie about a director (played by Fritz Lang) shooting "The Odyssey," and a woman (Brigitte Bardot) who is contemptuous of her husband (Michel Piccoli). With Jack Palance. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 17.)

**Cousin, Cousine**—Jean-Charles Tacchella's cheerful film about a big family and two Rabelaisian apostates within it. In French. (Paris.)

**Diabolique** (1955)—Henri-Georges Clouzot's grisly horror thriller set in a provincial school. The headmaster (Paul Meurisse), his wife (Vera Clouzot), and his mistress (Simone Signoret) work together and at cross-purposes to reduce their number by a third. Scary, but so calculatedly sensational that it's rather revolting. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 18.)

**Edvard Munch**—Peter Watkins' nearly three-hour film about the Norwegian painter of 1863-1944, who prefigured Expressionism. Working with non-actors, he has devised a technical method that makes the film seem to be happening in the here and now. Munch is played by Geir Westby, and the love of Munch's life—the anonymous Mrs. Heiberg of his journals—by Gro Fraas, a noble-faced beauty. In Norwegian, with English narration by the director. (9/20/76) (Quad Cinema.)

**8½** (1963)—Fellini's celebrated autobiographical fantasy about the life of a movie director. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 17.)

**The Enforcer**—Clint Eastwood playing Inspector Harry Callahan, for the third time. Directed by James Fargo. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, U.A. East, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

**Family Plot**—Hitchcock's fifty-third film, made in his seventy-seventh year, is perhaps his most sparkling and most good-natured, full of sly jokes. Barbara Harris, never more fully used, contributes a very funny study in feminine hysteria—one of Hitchcock's favorite topics—as a pretty, permanently famished clairvoyant who nearly throttles her boyfriend (Bruce Dern) when their car's brake fluid has been nefariously interfered with. The villains are posh jewel thieves, played by Karen Black and William Devane. Highly recommended, and not at all scary; just larky. (4/19/76) (St. Marks Cinema; through Jan. 13.)

**Footlight Parade** (1933)—One of the more celebrated early Warner Brothers musicals—silly, but from time to time irresistibly wonderful. The young James Cagney dances and shows off his Olivier-like eyes, Joan Blondell is tough and honest, Dick Powell sings some good songs, and Ruby Keeler dances while bending down anxiously to watch her leaden feet. Directed by Lloyd Bacon, choreography by Busby Berkeley. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 16.)

**The Front**—The writer, Walter Bernstein, had a nifty comedy idea—to make a movie about the blacklisting in the entertainment industry during the McCarthy era, centering on a political innocent who fronts for blacklisted writers—but he didn't develop its comic potential. Woody Allen gives the film its only spark in the role of Howie, a restaurant cashier and small-time bookie who becomes a front. But the pacing of the director, Martin Ritt, is off, the sequences don't flow, and the film seems sterile, unpopulated, and flat. (10/4/76) (Art, and New Yorker.)

**Get Charlie Tully**—With Dick Emery, directed by Cliff Owen. (Fine Arts; starting Jan. 16.)

**Gold Diggers of 1935**—Dick Powell is hired by Alice Brady to escort her daughter, Gloria Stuart, while Gloria's fiancé, Hugh Herbert, completes his book on snuffboxes. Guess what happens. The score is good, even though the picture is terrible—in a pleasant sort of way. Busby Berkeley, who usually only choreographed, did the direction, too, and he wasn't very skillful. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 16.)

**Harlan County, U.S.A.**—The coal miner's strike in Kentucky during the early nineteen-seventies. Directed by Barbara Kopple. (Cinema II; starting Jan. 19.)

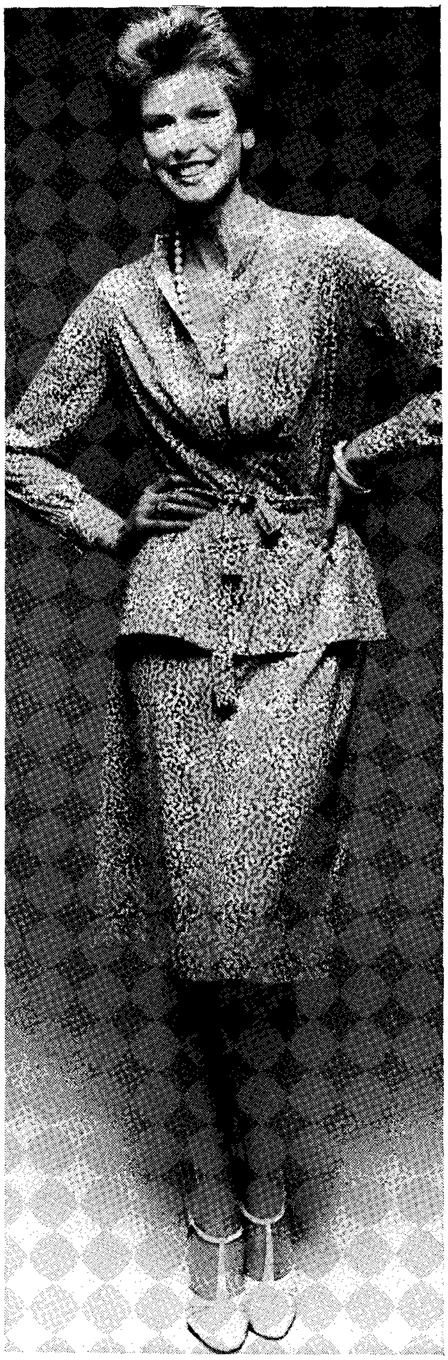
**Higher and Higher** (1944)—Frank Sinatra in a slack R.K.O. adaptation of the Rodgers and Hart Broadway musical; the performers (Michèle Morgan, Mel Tormé, Marcy Maguire, Victor Borge, Jack Haley, Leon Errol, Barbara Hale, Paul and Grace Hartman) are trapped in an inconsistent, unengaging script. Sinatra shines, however, and sings some Harold Adamson and Jimmy McHugh songs, including "I Couldn't Sleep a Wink Last Night." (Only one Rodgers and Hart number survives.) Tim Whelan directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 14.)

**In Search of Noah's Ark**—With Brad Crandall, directed by James L. Conway. (Olympia; through Jan. 13.)

**It Should Happen to You** (1954)—Judy Holliday in a pleasantly erratic satirical comedy; the targets—advertising, TV, and urban gullibility—are rather easily pinked, but the scenarist, Garson Kanin, and the director, George Cukor, don't loiter over them for long. The heroine, who yearns for celebrity, takes her life savings and places her name in giant letters across a billboard in Columbus Circle. Before long, she is as inescapably in the public eye as one of the Gabors. She also tosses about in romantic indecision: Should she give her heart to an honest documentary filmmaker (Jack Lemmon) and say farewell to the big time, or should she surrender herself to the sudsy embraces of a soap manufacturer (Peter Lawford)? With Connie Gilchrist, Melville Cooper, and Michael O'Shea, who is particularly funny as a seedy entrepreneur. (Regency; starting Jan. 19.)

**Jonah Who Will Be 25 in the Year 2000**—A whirling political comedy about the seventies' lunatic fringe of people in their twenties and thirties, each with his own answers to the problems of society. The director, Alain Tanner, and his co-writer, John Berger, are willing to entertain possibilities for social rebirth even if they're cracked or pickled. This picture has a miraculous combination of irony and wit, like Buñuel's "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie." With Miou-Miou, Jean-Luc Bideau, and Raymond Bussières. In French. (10/18/76) (Quad Cinema.)

**King Kong**—Colossal, silly, touching, a marvellous Classics Comics movie (and for the whole family). It can stand in one's affections right next to the original version. John Guillermin directed, from Lorenzo Semple, Jr.'s,



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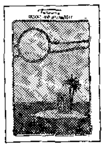

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script; with Jeff Bridges, Jessica Lange, and Charles Grodin. (1/3/77) (Loews Orpheum.)

**The Last Tycoon**—Harold Pinter adapted Fitzgerald's unfinished novel about Hollywood, and Elia Kazan directed the picture, which was produced by Sam Spiegel and stars Robert De Niro as Monroe Stahr. With Jack Nicholson, Tony Curtis, Robert Mitchum, Jeanne Moreau, Ray Milland, Donald Pleasence, and Dana Andrews. The result is so enervated that it's like a vampire movie after the vampires have left. (11/29/76) (Cinema I.)

**Lumière**—Jeanne Moreau wrote, directed, and stars in this elevated daydream about the life of an actress. The picture is delicately dissociated; it nibbles around the edges of its subject. And it shares a weakness of many other high-flown junk movies: it is less interested in pace than in culture. In French. (12/20/76) (Beekman.)

**Male of the Century**—Directed by Claude Berri (who made "Marry Me! Marry Me!" and "The Two of Us") with characteristic good humor and drollness. The hero—played by Berri himself, sporting a heavy black mustache like a Victorian bather's—is a male chauvinist in a small-scale trouser-selling business. His truck proudly bears the slogan "The Pants King," and he treats his wife (Juliet Berto) with the same airy sovereignty. When she is kidnapped in a bank holdup, his chief worry is that one of the gangsters is going to make love to his beautiful piece of property. A charming, anecdotal film, full of wry sagacity. In French. (6/21/76) (Thalia; through Jan. 18.)

**Marathon Man**—William Goldman's book—a visceral thriller about a Nazi ring of thieves in New York—seemed a lead-pipe cinch to make audiences almost sick with excitement (the way "The French Connection" did); it's "Death Wish" with a lone Jewish student (played by Dustin Hoffman) getting his own back from the Nazis. But the director, John Schlesinger, opts for so much frazzled cross-cutting that there isn't the clarity needed for suspense. The only emotion one is likely to feel is revulsion at the brutality and general unpleasantness. With Laurence Olivier, Roy Scheider, and Marthe Keller. (10/11/76) (8th St. Playhouse, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

**The Marquise of O . . .**—Eric Rohmer's word-for-word, gesture-for-gesture transcription of the 1808 Heinrich von Kleist novella manages to miss the spirit just about completely. A bold, funny story becomes a formal, tame film—it's like a historical work re-created for educational television. Edith Clever is skilled and likable as the Marquise, but the droopy Bruno Ganz is miscast as the rapist Count. In German. (10/25/76) (68th St. Playhouse.)

**Mikey and Nicky**—With Peter Falk and John Cassavetes, directed by Elaine May. (Little Carnegie.)

**Mr. Lucky** (1943)—A wartime comedy-melodrama, with Cary Grant as a draft-dodging gambler out to bilk a charity organization. He meets a wholesome society girl (Laraine Day) and reforms. It's meant to be breezy, and Grant does get a chance to use Cockney rhyming slang, but the script is soggy. He looks uncomfortable in the role of a brash heel, and his mugging doesn't help. H. C. Potter directed competently; the cast includes Florence Bates, Charles Bickford, Kay Johnson, Paul Stewart, and Vladimir Sokoloff. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 19.)

**The Music Lovers** (1971)—Ken Russell seems to have invented a new genre of pornobiography. In this film, Tchaikovsky is the chief victim of Russell's baroque vulgarity. With Richard Chamberlain and Glenda Jackson. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 15.)

**Network**—Television, Paddy Chayefsky says, is turning us into morons and humanoids; people have lost the ability to love. The cast of this messianic farce includes Faye Dunaway, William Holden, Peter Finch, Robert Duvall, and Ned Beatty, and they all take turns yelling at us soulless masses. Sidney Lumet directed. (12/6/76) (Sutton, and Paramount.)

**Nickelodeon**—With Ryan O'Neal, Burt Reynolds, Tatum O'Neal, and Brian Keith; directed by Peter Bogdanovich. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Columbia I, and Columbia II.)

**On a Clear Day You Can See Forever** (1970)—Barbra Streisand, fitfully alive, in a musical about reincarnation. A fey notion, gussied up with Cecil Beaton gowns and Vincente Minnelli staging, and weighed down by Alan Jay Lerner's atrocious script. With Yves Montand at his worst. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2; Jan. 16-17.)

**Once Upon a Honeymoon** (1942)—Embarrassing anti-Nazi comedy melodrama, set in Europe, that attempts to show the public the evils of Nazism while sugarcoating the message. Ginger Rogers is an American burlesque queen married to an Austrian baron (Walter Slezak) who is a Nazi agent. Cary Grant is the American radio correspondent who shows her the miseries that her husband and his friends are causing. With Albert Dekker, Albert Basserman, and Hans Conried. Directed by Leo McCarey. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 19.)

**The Ox-Bow Incident** (1943)—A Western set in Nevada in 1885 that is also an attempt at a poetic tragedy about mob violence. Two cowboys (Henry Fonda and Harry Morgan) ride into a small, lonely cattle town and become involved in the hysteria of a lynch mob. Three innocent men (Dana Andrews, Anthony Quinn, and Francis Ford) are hanged, while we see not only their fear and despair but the varied motives of the members of the posse who take justice into their hands. It's easy to be put off by the studio sets and lighting and by the forties approach to a "serious" subject, but the director, William Wellman, has made the characters so vivid that after many years people may still recall Frank Conroy as the sadistic Southern major, and the rapid changes of expression of William Eythe, as his son. With Harry Davenport, Leigh Whipper, and Jane Darwell as the raucous old lady who enjoys the excitement. Lamar Trotti's script omits some of the more interesting ambiguities of the Walter Van Tilburg Clark novel. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 19.)

**Panique** (1947)—Julien Duvivier's psychological thriller is a devastatingly effective job of visual storytelling. Michel Simon is the stranger in a Paris suburb who is framed for murder; Viviane Romance and her lover, Paul Bernard, are the ones who trap him. The sordid, intriguingly nasty movie—taken, inevitably, from a Simenon novel—has some pretensions toward being a parable of sadistic injustice; on that level, it can't be taken very seriously. But in terms of how the sequences are planned, and how they build, it's an unusual, near-perfect piece of film craftsmanship. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 18.)

**The Pink Panther Strikes Again**—The fourth in the series, with Peter Sellers as Chief Inspector Clouseau (he's had a promotion) and Herbert Lom as former Chief Inspector Dreyfus. Blake Edwards directed. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Eastside Cinema, Trans-Lux 85th St., and Loews 83rd Triplex. . . . ¶ Greenwich; through Jan. 18.)

**The Pink Telephone**—With Mireille Darc, Michel Lonsdale, and Pierre Mondy; directed by Edouard Molinaro. In French. (Fine Arts; through Jan. 15.)

**Pumping Iron**—About the art and sport of bodybuilding, with Arnold Schwarzenegger. Directed by George Butler and Robert Fiore. (Plaza; starting Jan. 17.)

**Rocky**—A low-budget winner—a romantic fable about a Philadelphia palooka who gains his manhood, written by and starring muscle-bound Sylvester Stallone, who is repulsive one moment, noble the next. The picture is poorly made, yet its naïve, emotional shamelessness is funny and engaging. John G. Avildsen directed; with Talia Shire, Carl Weathers, Burt Young, and Burgess Meredith. (11/29/76) (Murray Hill, and 86th St. East. . . . ¶ Cinema II; through Jan. 18. . . . ¶ Greenwich; starting Jan. 19.)

**The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea**—From the late Yukio Mishima's book. Sarah Miles plays a beautiful young widow cursed with an angelic-faced son who is a member of a club of sadistic schoolboys. The boys not only cut up a cat alive but calmly murder the sailor—Kris Kristofferson—whom the boy's mother means to marry, because they feel that his decision to become a landlubber husband has broken his sacred compact with the sea. This very Japanese and violent idea of a religious pact has been transferred to, of all places, Dartmouth, in Devon, with its tea shops and benign, mannerly colonels. (4/26/76) (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; starting Jan. 19.)

**Savage Messiah** (1972)—Another of Ken Russell's unstable satires on romantic artists: it's Henri Gaudier-Brzeska's turn this time. Russell makes prankish, venomous jokes about the Vorticists, the suffragettes, and sensual art lovers. As the hero, Scott Antony is like a young, even less talented Rock Hudson or Stewart Granger, but as his platonic lover, Sophie Gaudier-Brzeska, Dorothy Tutin is a brilliant shrew—comic, high-powered, and erotically nasty. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 15.)

**Seven Beauties** (1976)—Lina Wertmüller's Everyman jamboree, full of garbled ideas, cruelty, moist wistfulness, pious moralizing, and appeals to coarse prejudices. With Giancarlo Giannini. In Italian. (2/16/76) (Gramercy.)

**The Seven-Per-Cent Solution**—A civilized light entertainment, with Nicol Williamson's Sherlock Holmes and Alan Arkin's Sigmund Freud pooling their deductive skills to solve the mysterious kidnapping of one of Freud's patients (Vanessa Redgrave). Chief among the performers, who seem to be having an actors' holiday, is Laurence Olivier, in high form as the criminal mastermind Prof. Moriarty; the others include Robert Duvall as Dr. Watson, Joel Grey, Anna Quayle, Samantha Eggar, Georgia Brown, Jeremy Kemp, and Charles Gray. Nicholas Meyer adapted his 1974 best-seller; Herbert Ross directed. (11/1/76) (Plaza; through Jan. 16.)

**The Shaggy D.A.**—From the Disney studios, with Dean Jones, Tim Conway, and Suzanne Pleshette. Directed by Robert Stevenson. (Festival.)

**Shoot**—With Cliff Robertson and Ernest Borgnine, directed by Harvey Hart. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; starting Jan. 19.)

**Silver Streak**—Some studio executive must have looked at the script, seen that most of the action was on board the train from Los Angeles to Chicago, and said, "Who the hell travels by train?" The movie starts by offering excuses for why the characters are on board. Jill Clayburgh, Gene Wilder, and Richard Pryor are nineteen-seventies performers trapped in this fake thirties mystery-comedy, which is so inept you can't even get angry: it's like the imitations of sophisticated entertainment that high-school kids put on. Arthur Hiller directed, lamely; Colin Higgins wrote the script, which features pathetic double entendres. This movie also includes a callously unfunny gag—a plane buzzing a flock of sheep. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews Tower East.)

**Small Change**—Truffaut's series of sketches on the general theme of the resilience of children turns out to be that rarity—a poetic comedy that's really funny. There's a serious side (the story of a mistreated boy) that's a failure, and Truffaut's view of childhood innocence has elements of middle-class preciousness, but the jokes make the film worth seeing. In French. (10/4/76) (Waverly, and Embassy 72nd St.)

**Special Delivery**—With Bo Svenson and Cybill Shepherd, directed by Paul Wendkos. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

**A Star Is Born**—The Streisand-Kristofferson musical version—sentimental, without being convincing for an instant. Those in the mood for an emotional extravaganza can swoon, weep, and giggle, too. Directed by Frank Pierson. (1/10/77) (Baronet, and Ziegfeld.)

**Step Lively** (1944)—An R.K.O. musical version of the John Murray and Allen Boretz stage farce "Room Service," which had already been filmed (to generally dismal results) with the Marx Brothers in 1938. This time, instead of the gang of characters running back and forth in one hotel room, they run clockwise and counterclockwise, through many hotel rooms. The star is Frank Sinatra, so calmly self-possessed that whenever the pack closes in he lies down on a bed or a dance floor and the thundering feet pass over him. Between times, he sings some Sammy Cahn and Jules Styne songs, including "As Long As There's Music." His cool head saves him in a movie that would be enough to eclipse the career of an ordinary singing star. With Gloria De Haven, Adolphe Menjou, Anne Jeffreys, Walter Slezak, Eugene Pallette, and George Murphy, who, directed to be idiotically rambunctious, sinks in this morass. Tim Whelan is the director. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 14.)

**The Stranger** (1946)—Directed by Orson Welles and starring Welles as a Nazi in New England who comes to perhaps the most garish of all bad ends. A well-made thriller, though somewhat poky, with Edward G. Robinson and Loretta Young. (Thalia; starting Jan. 19.)

**The Sunshine Boys** (1975)—Neil Simon's extended sketch about two quarrelsome vaudevillians (Walter Matthau and George Burns) who, eleven years back, broke up after forty-three years together and haven't spoken to each other since; they're brought together to appear on a TV special. It's all one-liners; Matthau keeps blasting us with his bullhorn voice; Burns is more restful, giving a rhythmed formality to his tortoise-like old trouper. The director, Herbert Ross, is an unintentional minimalist; he doesn't bring enough invention to the material, and it's just shouting, when it needs to be beautifully timed routines. With Richard Benjamin. (11/17/75) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 15-17.)

**The Thief of Paris** (1967)—Jean-Paul Belmondo in Louis Malle's slow-paced, romanticized view of the state of mind of a nihilist thief in late-nineteenth-century France. This thief hates the bourgeoisie, yet is so successful he becomes part of it. Malle shows none of the seaminess of thievery; this is a study of compulsion, and though it's well shot by Henri Decae, it lacks substance and is tedious. With Geneviève Bujold. In French. (Quad Cinema.)

**The Third Man** (1950)—Orson Welles, the Vienna sewers, and the famous, maddening zither tune. Directed by Carol Reed from Graham Greene's script and novel. Trevor Howard is a stylish Englishman who instructs Joseph Cotten in life's darker truths. A thriller of highest class. (Thalia; starting Jan. 19.)

**Two-Minute Warning**—With Charlton Heston, John Cassavetes, Martin Balsam, Beau Bridges, and Marilyn Hassett; directed by Larry Peerce. (St. Marks Cinema, and 72nd Street East; through Jan. 13.)

**Voyage of the Damned**—This movie is based on the actual 1939 voyage of the S. S. St. Louis with nine hundred and thirty-seven German-Jewish refugees aboard, yet there is not a single moment in the star-packed epic that carries any conviction. As the lines drone on—paced with a sledgehammer—you may feel you could die for a little overlapping dialogue. But with this material you can't even have the frivolous pleasure of derision. Seeing Faye Dunaway cast as a Jewish woman who can't turn her husband on, you should be able to laugh, but how can you? As the ship's captain, Max von Sydow acts with some distinction; most of the others—Oskar Werner, Malcolm McDowell, Katharine Ross, Janet Suzman, Maria Schell, Victor Spinetti, Julie Harris, Wendy Hiller, Orson Welles, James Mason, et al.—are crippled by the banal lines, written by Steve Shagan and David Butler, and the atrocious direction of Stuart Rosenberg. (34th St. East, and Loews Ciné.)

**W. C. Fields and Me**—Arthur Hiller's poor and humorless film, based on Carlotta Monti's biography of the same name, written with Cy Rice. She lived with the dyspeptic, mumbling, brine-pickled Fields for fourteen years, but the film is such a genteel libel of the man we know from his films that it is best approached with a pair of tongs. Rod Steiger can be a good actor, but not in the part of this Senecan and grandiloquent comic—and not saddled with this immobilizing makeup, which gives him a thin ration of yellowed fake straw for hair, a mouth twisted as if Fields had spent his working life recovering from a stroke, and a nose that looks like a horse's badly darned feed bag. (4/12/76) (Playboy; through Jan. 18.)

**We're Not Dressing** (1934)—Light, easygoing Paramount musical comedy about the wreck of a yacht on a desert island, taken (very loosely) from J. M. Barrie's "The Admirable Crichton," one of the most serviceable of screen sources. Bing Crosby is the sailor; he doesn't bat the spoiled heiress, Carole Lombard, around the way the hero of the shrill "Swept Away" does. The other passengers are lecherous Ethel Merman (who sings "It's Just an Old Spanish Custom"), and Ray Milland and Leon Errol as rich prigs. The island, fortunately, isn't deserted; Gracie Allen and George Burns turn up, as naturalists living there. Norman Taurog directed; the Harry Revel and Mack Gordon songs include "Love Thy Neighbor" and "She Reminds Me of You." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 15-17.)

**Wild Boys of the Road** (1933)—The freight-hopping excerpt, which has become a standard of anthology films, gives the impression of a very powerful Depression melodrama, but there's a load of sentimentality, too. William Wellman directed; with Frankie Darro, Rochelle Hudson, Arthur Hohl, Sterling Holloway, Robert Barrat, Minna Gombell, Ward Bond, and Willard Robertson. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 18.)

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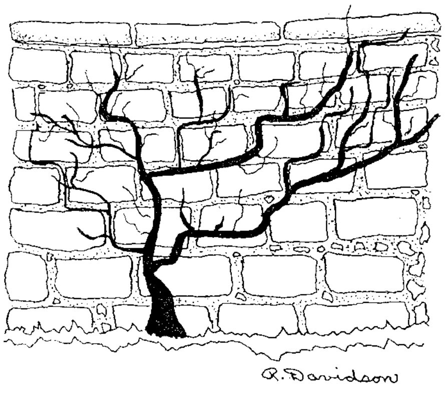
# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

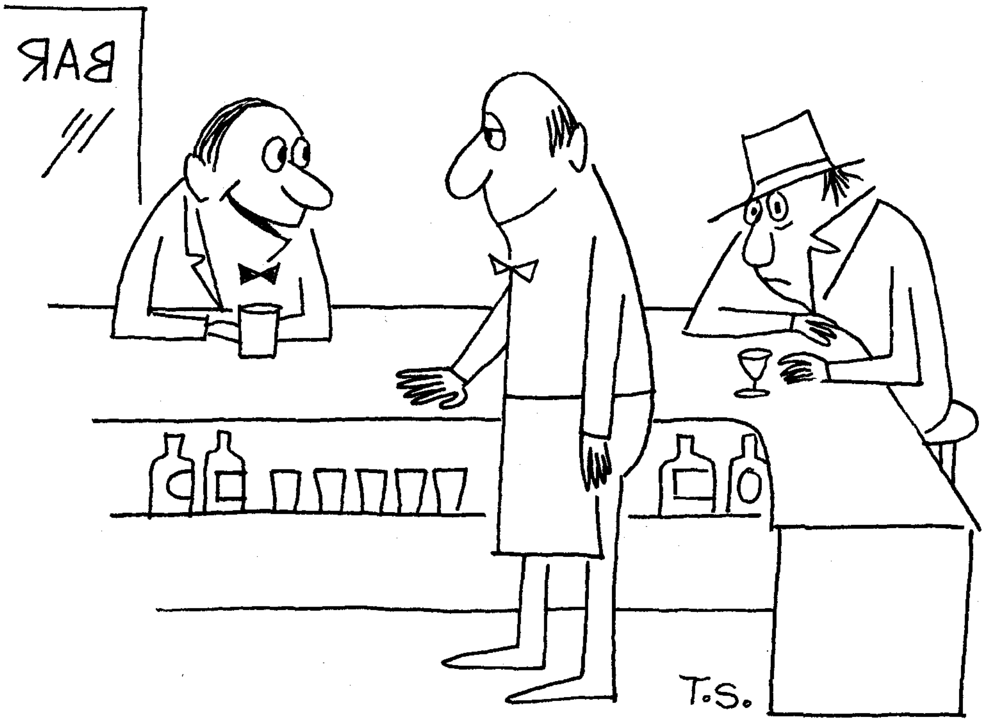
WE'VE just received a message from a friend—a very young woman, born into a world of air transportation. She writes:

Half past ten at night on the first of January, 1977, at the Amtrak train station in Cleveland, waiting to catch the eleven-five to New York. But the eleven-five will be at least an hour late, so I join the rest of the roomful of travellers in cursing the people who run the trains. At twelve o'clock, the train actually arrives, and everyone tries to get on first and so possibly install herself or himself in a window seat. I manage to get a window seat, but my overhead light doesn't work and I am not able to read. For the first ten minutes that I am in my seat, the seat beside me remains vacant. I throw my coat in it, so that it will look as if the occupant just went for a stroll into another car, and then I put on a tremendous frown, hoping to look so unpleasant no one will say to me, "Is anybody sitting here?" This way, if I feel like it later on, I can curl up and sleep comfortably. My little ruse doesn't work: a young woman comes along and asks, "Is anybody sitting here?" She sits down, and I look out the window. It has been snowing for days, so there is much snow on the ground, and it is white and beautiful and the night is clear and beautiful. I look at the woman seated next to me. She has open on her lap a large textbook, and I can see that it has something to do with natural childbirth and progressive child care. The woman turns to me and asks me my destination. When I tell her, she says, "That's where I am going, too," and then "Do you know that it took them three hours to get from Toledo to Cleveland?" And, without knowing what the normal time is for getting from Toledo to Cleveland, I join her in criticizing the people who run the railroad.

At half past two in the morning, the train makes its first stop since leaving Cleveland—at Erie, Pennsylvania—and many people get off, but I don't see anyone boarding. From the train, I can see nothing with color in Erie, Pennsylvania, except, in the distance, two glowing golden arches. The woman who was sitting next to me has gone off to find a double seat she can sleep in. I decide to walk around. The car ahead of mine is in complete darkness. All the blinds are drawn, and all the people are sound asleep. It is very snug and warm in this car. Later, the conductor tells me that the lights in this car don't work at all, whereas the heating works too well. I walk up to the dining car, which is four cars away and open only for lounging. There are two waiters in the dining car, and the moment they see me they start saying almost crude things to me. I am not flustered at all—I just look at them and start barking like a dog. They shut up and leave the car. To myself I say, "Those two men are lucky I am not God." The train, which is going much faster than before, seems to be the only thing alive at this early hour of the morning. I go back to my seat to try to sleep. I take a pillow from an overhead rack. The pillowcase is white, but it looks and feels exactly like Handi-Wipes. I fall asleep, and this is what wakes me up: a man going through the car saying over and over, in a singsong way, "First call for breakfast." I like the way he says this so much that I would like to be able to push a button and have that very man appear and say those very words whenever I want. This is the first time I can actually feel myself having a good time on the train. And then I remember how much I like trains: that I like trains because they seem to be one of the more civilized ways to travel with a lot of other people; that I like to say to people, "I'm going by train," just because of the way it sounds; and that being on a train makes me feel important, and the nice thing about this feeling of importance is that no one need ever know about it and so ruin it for me. I go off to have breakfast, and find waiting on me the two waiters who were so rude the night before. And now they are addressing me as "Ma'am" and "Miss." For breakfast, I want to have pancakes, but when I see that they are regular-size pancakes, and not the silver-dollar size, I order French toast. The French toast arrives—three huge triangular hunks of crustless bread soaked in eggs and milk and then deep-fried. I eat it, and in a way it is the worst French toast I have ever eaten and in a way it is the best French toast I have ever eaten. It is the worst French toast because it is just plain not good food. It is the best French toast because the time is half past seven in the morning and I am on a train that is on its way out of Buffalo and heading for New York.



I get to New York fourteen and a half hours after boarding in Cleveland. I know that people can go to Europe and transact business and return in that span, and I think that's very nice. But I have had a neat old time just sitting at the train window looking at snow-covered farmhouses, frozen rivers, and miles and miles of snow-covered roads as they went by. And I have enjoyed myself so much that at the end of my trip I forgive the people at Amtrak for not running the trains on time, for not having good food, for not having the nicest waiters, and for just generally not being on the



*"That was very encouraging, Ed. I think I'll have another."*

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ball, and the next time I go anywhere I want to go by train.

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## *Von Sydow*

MAX VON SYDOW, with whom we had a quick lunch the other day, has the longest face in movies since Stan Laurel. Von Sydow has done a comic turn or two on the Swedish stage, but on the screen, unlike Laurel, he has never played his face for laughs. Indeed, ever since 1956, when, at twenty-seven, he appeared in Ingmar Bergman's "The Seventh Seal" as a knight returned from the Crusades, von Sydow has been film's most reliable totem of dignity, gravity, and a kind of lonely wisdom. (His tendency to be cast in this sort of role reached its apogee in 1965, when he broke into Hollywood picturemaking as Jesus Christ in "The Greatest Story Ever Told.") It doesn't hurt that he's six feet four inches tall, of course, or that he is one of the best actors in the world, but the face is really what does it. On the screen, the cheekbones divide it crosswise, like a hinge, so that it seems to enfold the viewer from above and below.

At lunch, the von Sydow face had plenty of dignity, but the lonely wisdom seemed more like calm intelligence, and the gravity had apparently taken the day off. Von Sydow, tanned, relaxed, and dressed in shades of brown and mustard, was in town for the opening of a new movie he is in, and he was looking forward to a visit, later in the day, from his son Clas, who is twenty-three and a senior at Harvard. (He has another son, Henrik, nineteen years old, who is a university student in Sweden, and he himself lives in Rome.) The new movie is "Voyage of the Damned," an elaborate production with a large cast, including—besides von Sydow—Faye Dunaway, Oskar Werner, Malcolm McDowell, Orson Welles, James Mason, and about a dozen others whose names and faces any alert moviegoer would recognize. The film is based on an episode that occurred in 1939, shortly before the war began, when the Nazis allowed nine hundred and thirty-seven Jews to leave Hamburg on a German cruise ship, the St. Louis, bound for Havana. The trip was planned as a propaganda ploy, for the Nazis, feeling certain that the passengers would not be allowed ashore, hoped to demonstrate what they regarded as the hypocrisy of the outside world's concern for the German Jews. The St. Louis sailed north after being turned away from Cuba, and, shockingly, she was forbidden by the American authorities to enter any United States port; they sent a Coast Guard cutter to intercept her and escort her away. For a while, it looked as if the refugees might have to go back to Germany, but at the last minute they were accepted by Britain, France, the Netherlands, and Belgium; most of those in the last three countries died when the countries were overrun by the Nazis. The film has the aesthetics of a soap opera, but von Sydow turns in a fine, restrained performance as Gustav Schroeder, the ship's captain, who was not in on the hoax and was chosen by the Nazis precisely because he was politically independent of them. "There are two great differences between the captain as he was and as I play him," von Sydow told us. "The first is that the *real* Captain Schroeder was a *tiny* man. He was the smallest captain in the German merchant marine. I was sorry that there was nothing I could do about that, because I think it is good to see a physically small man being very strong. The second is that the real Captain Schroeder did everything he could to make the passengers feel comfortable from the very beginning. In the movie, in order to build suspense, that revelation is delayed. In reality, even before the voyage the captain invited any members of the crew who did not want to accompany this group of passengers to sign off, and he told those crew members who remained that any discrimination or lapse in standards would be punished. He circumvented the shipping company's orders to cut down on luxuries. He insisted that everyone be treated as if it were an ordinary tourist voyage. And, as the film shows, he was very concerned that the passengers reach safety, even to the extent of secretly planning to start a fire and abandon ship off the coast of England. After the war, because of his involvement in this affair, he was tried by the Allies, but he was acquitted, and was ultimately given a medal by the West German government."

As a boy, von Sydow said, he, like other Swedish children, was insulated from the war by his country's neutrality. "But after Denmark was invaded, and the refugees started coming in, we understood well enough what was going on," he continued. "Planes sometimes tried to get over to Sweden from the fighting. And I remember clearly when the prisoners from the concentration camps were brought through." Von Sydow is himself partly of German extraction. His great-grandfather moved to Sweden from the town of Sydow, in northern Pomerania, which is now in Poland. The name is pronounced "su′dōv," with the "u" pronounced as in French. Von Sydow grew up in Lund, the seat of one of Sweden's two great universities. He was an only child, and his father was a professor of Scandinavian and Irish folklore. "My father was a good storyteller," von Sydow said.

"Every day, he told me a folktale or, when I was older, read from a novel for half an hour to my mother and me. He didn't perform, but he read very well." Von Sydow found his vocation when he was a junior in high school, he said. He and a friend established their own theatre group and began to put on plays by Strindberg and Lagerkvist. Von Sydow's parents wanted him to go to the university, but he wanted to be an actor. "I was a year younger than the others getting out of high school," he said. "Finally, it was decided that I would try to get into the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts, affiliated with the Royal Dramatic Theatre. My parents thought, If he gets in, O.K. If not, he's young enough to try something else. Besides, the new president of the Royal Dramatic Theatre was an art professor from Lund, and a friend of theirs." Von Sydow got in, and appeared in two movies, both directed by Alf Sjöberg, before his graduation. In 1955, he began his association with Ingmar Bergman, eleven years his senior, when both were members of the Municipal Theatre of Malmö. (Bergman directed von Sydow as Brick in a production of "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof.") Von Sydow has appeared in eleven of Bergman's films. He spoke to us of Bergman with passionate respect. We asked him what he had learned from his mentor, and he said, "I learned a good working discipline and a certain economy of expression."

"What do you mean by a good working discipline?"

"Trying to know what you are supposed to do. Trying to cut out all the foolishness. Trying to simplify, and put the accent in the right places. Trying to economize on facial expressions, using them fully only when they are really needed. Knowing how to build up tension. Another thing I learned from him is not to take the classics too seriously. Many times, when you see a classic being performed, the actors look as if they were in a museum, or in church. Bergman knows how to bring a classic down to everyday life, to joke about it. He is not afraid."

### *Spuds (Contd.)*

OUR readers'-service course in potatoes, which a few weeks ago featured a lecture by Cecil D. Andrus, the Governor of Idaho—now Secretary-designate of the Interior—continues with a reading of excerpts from the minutes we took at a daylong year-end seminar on carbohydrates conducted at the new United Nations Plaza Hotel by the Potato Board, a Denver, Colorado, institution of higher carbohydratological learning. The session got under way, in the Dag Hammarskjöld Room, with a few remarks by Robert L. Mercer, executive vice-president of the board. "I am a potato man," he said, in a no-nonsense way. He presented Ronald M. Deutsch, a Californian who is the author of the forthcoming "Food Counter's Guide" and other instructive books, who was to serve as master of ceremonies, and who addressed his auditors as "you guys," though in fact the persons in attendance, numbering thirty or so, were almost exclusively female—food editors and writers, including a couple of alert observers from *Weight Watchers Magazine*. Mr. Deutsch, an unabashed potato man himself, said that carbohydrates constitute the only efficient fuel there is for the functioning of the human brain; he coupled that observation with the reflection that President Nixon's White House lunches often consisted of cottage cheese and ketchup. Mr. Deutsch undertook to scotch three nasty rumors: that hypoglycemia—low blood sugar—comes from overindulgence in carbohydrates; that one should discard the innards of potatoes and eat only the skins; and that children's temper tantrums are induced by carbohydrates. Mr. Deutsch concluded with an unsparing attack on Dr. David Reuben, who has written everything everybody presumably wants to know about both sex and diet, and who currently appears to be one of the blackest bêtes noires in nutrition circles. "You do *not* have to give up sex in favor of picking celery strings out of your teeth," said Mr. Deutsch.

While we were trying to figure that one out, Dr. T. S. Danowski, an endocrinologist and nutritionist at the University of Pittsburgh, took the floor. He talked at highly technical length about reactive hypoglycemia, saying that many factors contribute to low blood sugar after eating but that there is invariably a delay in the corrective responses of the body, no matter what the patient has eaten. Dr. Danowski also thought it ill-advised that a certain anti-carbohydrate physician appeared to be

spending money that ought to be devoted to research on buying dogs that walk on two legs.

While we were mulling *that* over, Mr. Deutsch introduced the next speaker—Zachary I. Sabry, a Canadian biochemist and nutritionist, who, the m.c. declared, had studied the eating habits of compatriots ranging from Eskimos to Québécois separatists and thus had a broader overview of the North American diet than just about anybody else around. Dr. Sabry said he would try to put carbohydrates in perspective. With the caveat that this was an oversimplification, he asserted that at least ten per cent of the ideally balanced American diet should be obtained from proteins, no more than thirty per cent from fats, and the rest from carbohydrates. Then he launched an attack on potato chips vis-à-vis boiled potatoes. Did we know that—before adjusting for water—one hundred grams of boiled potatoes contain only sixty-five calories, as opposed to five hundred and seventy-five for the same weight of chips? "We messed up the product in making something else," he stated. He said that it was important to persuade consumers to discourage manufacturers from turning out such stuff. "The responsibility lies with you as communicators," he said. "You have in your hands the balance of diet in North America." We felt uncommonly set up.

Next, all hands trooped into the Trygve Lie Room for cocktails. A woman from *Family Circle* said she didn't know how long she could stay. "I'm supposed to be doubling with a birth-control thing at the Ford Foundation," she explained. A man sporting a necktie with chemical symbols on it—another biochemist and nutritionist, David Kritchevsky, who was slated to speak after lunch—told us, "I used to be considered an expert on fibres in the diet. Then along came Dr. David Reuben. In his 'Save Your Life Diet,' he promises you eternal life. If you want a book that does that, you'd do better to try the Bible. It's cheaper, and it's got racy passages. I reviewed his book for the *Journal of Nutrition Education*, but my last paragraph had to be removed on advice of counsel."

At lunch, in the U Thant Room, we found ourself between an Idaho Potato Commission woman and a Potato Board woman. During the prosciutto and papaya, Ms. Potato Board said that Ron Deutsch had been most helpful in the board's "misunderstood-potato" campaign, and had also written a book on the sexual responses of women. There seemed to be some connection between potatoes and sex which we never quite grasped. During the broiled filet of sole, with carrots, broccoli, and boiled potatoes, Ms. Idaho said that she had lost ten pounds last summer while eating huge quantities of baked potatoes. "I fool myself by covering them with cottage cheese and chives, which I mix in a blender and which come out tasting like sour cream," she said. She added that potato chips, which had been so properly put in their place earlier, were not as a rule made from Idaho spuds. "I *think* potato-chip potatoes come from the East Coast," she said.

"We've got to persuade the all-American male that eating a twelve-ounce steak is wrong," said Ms. Potato Board during the fruit and cheese.

"Particularly when preceded by a shrimp cocktail," said a Weight Watcher down the table. "It's a crime."

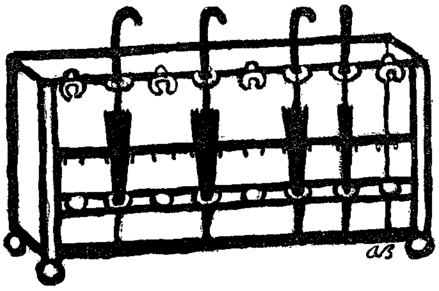
"I know a restaurant that offers a seventy-two-ounce steak," Dr. Sabry chimed in. "If you can finish it, you get it for free. Otherwise, you have to pay a fifty-dollar fine."

We asked him where the place was.

"I won't tell you," he said, "except that it's somewhere in Canada."

## *The Reading*

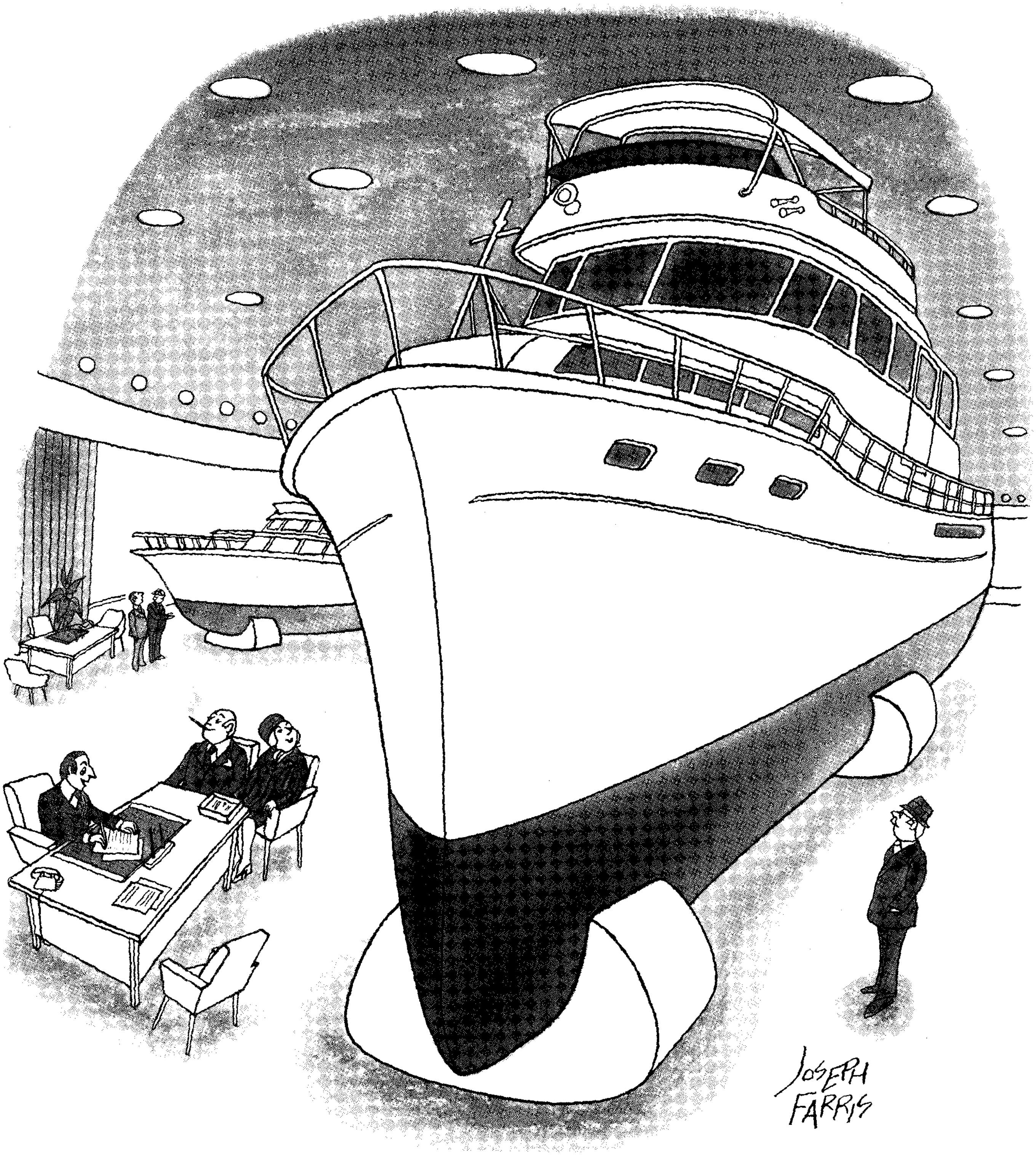
THE third annual non-stop reading of "The Making of Americans," Gertrude Stein's nine-hundred-and-twenty-five-page family chronicle, began promptly at noon on Friday, December 31st, in the Paula Cooper Gallery, a large, white-walled ground-floor room in SoHo. Valda Setterfield was the first reader. Valda, who is a dancer, and who was born in England, read in a quiet, well-modulated voice, sitting behind a folding table at one end of the room. "Once an angry man dragged his father along the ground through his own orchard," she read. " 'Stop!' cried the groaning old man at last. 'Stop! I did not drag my father beyond this tree.' " After reading for about twenty minutes, she turned and nodded to Lucinda Childs, who was sitting beside her at the table, and Lucinda took over the reading. She read at about the same speed and volume as Valda, but her voice was pitched a little higher. Lucinda, who is a choreographer and dancer, recently appeared as a featured performer in the Robert Wilson-Philip Glass opera "Einstein on the Beach," at the Metropolitan Opera House. By a nice coincidence, Robert Wilson's graphite drawings for the "Einstein" sets were on the walls of the gallery during the reading, which continued without a break from noon on Friday until just after two-thirty on Sunday afternoon, some fifty hours later.



There were nine people in the audience when the reading began. Most of them sat on the floor, because there was only a single small bench in the gallery, and most of them kept their heavy sweaters or parkas or overcoats on, because the temperature outside was twenty above zero (Fahrenheit), and every now and then someone would come in the door and let in some of the outside temperature. At twenty past twelve, John Cage, the composer, came in, wearing a sheepskin coat and carrying a copy of "The Making of Americans" in one hand. "There's John Cage," a young man whispered excitedly to the young woman he was sitting with. The young man fished a Leica out of his sweater and took a photograph of John Cage taking off his sheepskin.

A few minutes later, while Lucinda Childs was reading, Cage seated himself at the table, in Valda Setterfield's just vacated place, and then he read for a while. "It's a great question this question of washing," Cage read. "One never can find any one who can be satisfied with anybody else's washing." He went on to read about "the pleasant summer and its gorgeous washing" and "the dreadful question of the winter washing." He read more slowly than Valda or Lucinda, and he made it sound as though he were talking rather than reading. (Later, he told us he felt that the book should be read as though it made sense, because it did. Cage also said that because "The Making of Americans" was too big a book to read alone, this marathon reading aloud seemed to him an excellent idea.)

We did not stay for the entire reading. We left at about two o'clock on Friday afternoon, in fact, and went about our Friday-afternoon business, and our Friday-night, New Year's Eve business, and our Saturday-morning pulling-ourself-together business, and we next looked in on the Paula Cooper at three o'clock on Saturday afternoon. About fifty people were on hand then, sitting against the walls or against columns that hold up the ceiling, and listening quietly to a young man with very copious hair and a young woman with not so copious hair who were



*"Oops—forgot a small item. The state and city taxes. That'll be $14,982.63 for Governor Carey and Mayor Beame."*

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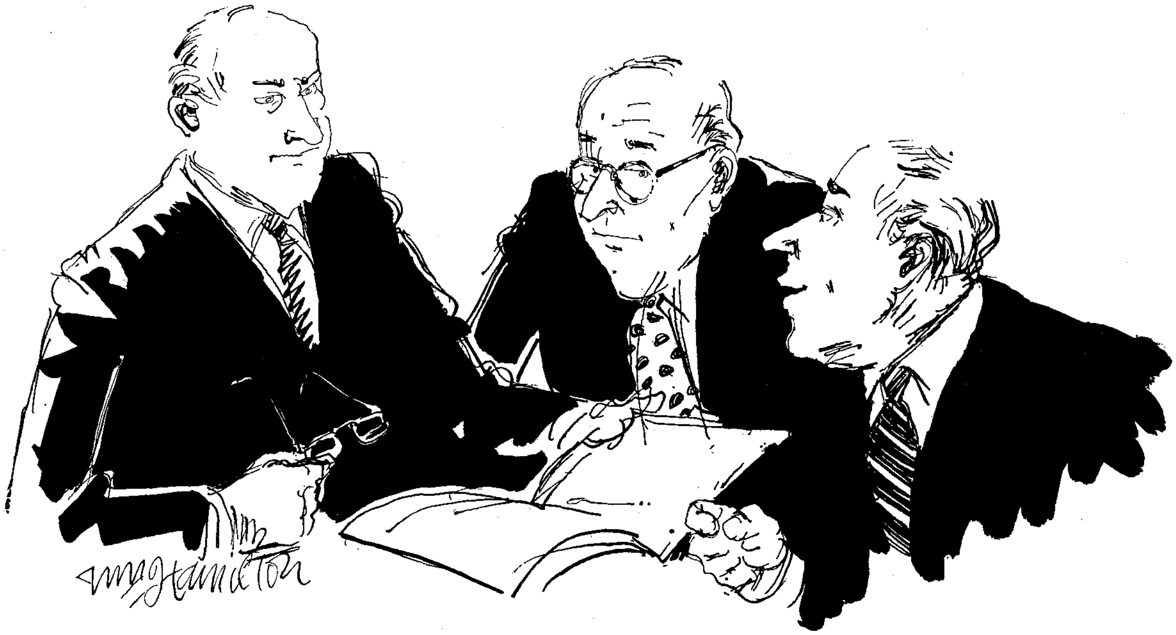
reading together—rather trickily, we thought—shifting off to one another in midsentence sometimes, and sometimes reading along in unison. Some listeners were stretched out full-length on the floor. Others were in the lotus position, the half-lotus position, or the not-quite-lotus position. Many listeners' feet were encased in thick, high leather boots, and others in interestingly striped running shoes. Perhaps a dozen listeners had their own copies of "The Making of Americans," and were following the text as music students follow a score at a concert. The general atmosphere seemed just this side of devout. It was still very cold outside.

Meredith Monk, the composer and dancer, was reading aloud when we came in again, on Sunday morning. About thirty-five people were present, three of whom were sound asleep. We spotted Jean Rigg, one of the organizers of the reading, and went back to the gallery offices with her for a chat. Jean is a law student at the Benjamin N. Cardozo School of Law; before that, she was the administrator for Merce Cunningham and Dance Company. She introduced us to Alison Knowles, an intermedia artist, and Edward Burns, an author and Gertrude Stein scholar, who had assisted with this year's reading. Alison Knowles told us she had been travelling since Christmas, from Italy to Vermont and from



*"Look. Let's just say I haven't seen anything, Charlie hasn't heard anything, and Tom hasn't said anything."*

• •

Vermont to New York, arriving only the night before. "I've been trying for a week to get here, and all the time it was as though I kept hearing the words, getting louder and louder in my head," she said. "I read early this morning. The sun came up while I was reading, and it was so beautiful. I just love the feeling of continuum you get—me coming from Italy, the people entering and leaving, trucks going by outside, the sun going down and coming up, and all the time this is going on in here."

The first year's reading of "The Making of Americans," which was the idea of Jean Rigg, Alison Knowles, Annea Lockwood, and Ruth Anderson, started at noon on December 31, 1974, and it was held in the Artists Space, on the third floor of the building whose ground floor is occupied by the Paula Cooper. There was no public announcement that year—the four women just sent out postcards to about five hundred people they knew. For the 1975-76 reading, they moved downstairs to the Paula Cooper Gallery and sent out a thousand postcards. This year, in addition to the postcards, they got out a press release, and there was a news story in the *Times*. The audiences were larger, but not distressingly so. The gallery never got really crowded (one o'clock seemed to be the peak listening period, both A.M. and P.M.), and, as before, most of the listeners seemed to come from the free-floating population of Lower Manhattan artists, dancers, musicians, poets, filmmakers, and so on, who know one another by sight or by reputation. "Not a single intruder," said Jean Rigg. "Last year, we had one—a sweet, delightful drunk who wandered in at midnight one evening, looked around, and curled up and went to sleep for several hours. We try to keep the whole thing very low-key, and nothing bad has happened yet. Lucinda says the room feels like a protected space."

Finding readers has never been a problem, according to Jean. This year, there were seventy-four in all, most of them artists, dancers, musicians, poets, etc. "We've got the impression that the best readers are not word people," Jean said. "The book is very difficult to read—whole pages with little punctuation, and all those repetitions. Some very good readers can't read more than three pages at a time. Others are hard to stop—they want to finish some particular hunk, but, of course, no hunk ever *gets* finished in Stein. Alison loves to read so much herself that she has great trouble asking anybody else to stop. The best readers give it very straight—they're with Stein, not with the audience."

"The book itself has always been more talked about than read, even among Stein fans," said Ed Burns, who edited "Staying On Alone," the volume of Alice B. Toklas letters published a few years back. "One of the things that came out of the nineteen-sixties, though, was that a lot of artists discovered Stein as a seminal influence, and this is a way of bringing that out."

"This is the first year we've had anybody stay the entire fifty hours," Jean Rigg said. "His name is Eric Miller, and he told me he had never read any Stein before. He's read for us twice—both times in the early morning, when we're sometimes short on readers—and he was good. People have brought food in to him, and we've given him tea now and then. He says he intends to be a stage director."

We went back to the gallery to listen to the last hour or so. Jean Rigg pointed out Eric Miller, a young man in a fisherman's-knit sweater, asleep against the far wall; she woke him up with a cup of tea, so he wouldn't miss the ending. About forty other people were in the room at this point. Jean read, and Lucinda read, and Alison, and Gwen Deely (who had helped with the organizing, and who is writing her master's thesis on John Cage), and Dick Higgins (whose Something Else Press reissued the complete text of "The Making of Americans" in 1966, hardcover, when it had been long out of print), and Ed Burns. Burns and Higgins alternated in reading the last few pages, wherein Stein becomes very grand and sweeping and ultimate.

"Family living is being existing," Higgins read. "There are very many knowing this thing, there are some completely knowing this thing."

"Old ones come to be dead," Burns read. "Any one coming to be an old enough one comes to be a dead one. Old ones come to be dead ones. Any one not coming to be a dead one before coming to be an old one comes to be an old one and comes then to be a dead one as any old one comes to be a dead one."

At two-thirty-seven, by our watch, Burns read the book's final sentence, on page 925: "Any family living can be one being existing and some can remember something of some such thing." There was a long silence and then a brief ripple of applause, followed by quiet leave-takings. Jean Rigg and her friends cleaned up the gallery and took out the folding table and chairs, and went over to Lucinda Childs' loft for turkey and wine. Outside, it was sunny and a lot warmer.

# NEWS FROM THE CHINA-WATCHERS

Recent developments in China have thrown many Americans into confusion. The deaths of Mao and Chou En-lai and the elevation of Hua Kuo-feng to the chairmanship of the Chinese Communist Party, while not a complete surprise to experts who follow the doings of one-fifth of the world's population, seem at first glance to be events almost as inscrutable as the Chinese themselves. It is possible, however, to predict trends and explain at least in part what is going on in Peking. Following are the best estimates of current political conditions in China, based on conversations with travellers recently arrived in Hong Kong and my own lifetime of observation of the Orient.

"The Gang of Four": This term is being used to refer to Chang Chun-chiao, Wang Hung-wen, Chiang Ching (Chairman Mao's widow), and Yao Wen-yuan. It seems possible that they are in disfavor. This, at least, is my tentative personal interpretation of the current wall posters that say "Pierce Them with the Gun!" Other wall posters—those enigmatic straws in the wind from which we China experts construct a meaningful picture of the warp and woof of Chinese life, whose fragile skeins whisper significance to Western ears—bear such messages as

Cut Out Their Tongues!
Make Them Swallow Diseased Meat!
Let Them Go Down in the River Three Times and Come Up Twice!
Death to the Lickspittle Porcupines!
Beat Them Like a Drum!

From these it is clear to those of us with substantial experience in interpreting the rhetoric of Chinese Communism that Yao, Chang, Chiang, and Wang are no longer as popular as they once were.

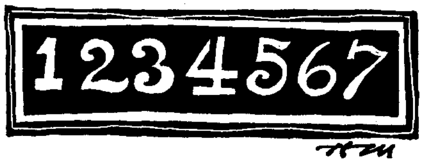
Other wall posters, mostly appearing in the southern provinces, bear pictures of the Gang of Four in which the graphic representation gives a hint of the political attitudes for which they are being criticized. One of the most recent posters shows the Chairman's widow—in a strapless evening gown, stiletto heels, and a blond wig—dancing with a young and stoic People's Liberation Army soldier. Mme. Chiang appears to be wearing eye shadow and glitter lipstick. She is certainly winking at a Western figure who strongly resembles Richard Nixon. A companion poster depicts the three others of the Gang of Four, with Yao dressed as a penguin and eating an oversized yam, while Wang and Chang, who are attached to each other like Siamese twins, are shown simultaneously sabotaging public morale, encouraging negativism, and harvesting rice in a laissez-faire manner. The caption is low-key: "Criticize Relentlessly the Depredations of the Ravaging Monkeys!"

Doctrinal Errors of the Gang of Four: It begins to appear that Mme. Chiang and her colleagues are being accused of extremism. Specifically, it is alleged that they participated in a plot to assassinate the ailing Mao by smearing poison in his beard, and were foiled only by his vigilance and his wily refusal to grow one. By other accounts, the four radicals are said to have interfered with the rice crop by encouraging unseasonal floods; to have worn their caps at an insolent, bourgeois angle; to have failed to help pick up discarded leaflets in Tien An Men Square after the anti-Confucius campaign; to have undermined table tennis by pleading for longer rallies; and, in general, to have "behaved like insane and sordid maggots." If any or all of these charges are true, it is possible to guess that the new ruling officials are pretty peeved.

A Look Ahead: Predicting the future of Chinese life is always fraught with danger, but it must be done. Here are a few likely expectations for the coming months, and my reasons for them.

The People's Liberation Army will *not* assume a dominant role in the new regime. Televised films of the massed Army cadres (dressed in uniforms so new that some price tags appear to be still attached to the sleeves) applauding Chairman Hua's elevation led many observers to believe that a revitalized, more smartly dressed military would carry greater influence in the new order. However, an Ethiopian delegation just back from Peking reports that the new uniforms have since been sent to the cleaners for pressing and a major scandal is brewing because the People's Quartermaster now seems to have mislaid the claim tickets.

There will be no rapprochement with the Soviet Union. The *People's Daily* recently carried a photograph on the front page showing Huang En-chou, a leading proponent of détente with Russia, over the caption "An indescribably defiled brigand whose nose should be torn off." Even such minute details, even the most indirect hints, have meaning to China-watchers who can read them aright.



The so-called "youth movement" is perhaps an illusion. The promotion of a newcomer, Chang Lin-wan, excited interest because he is, according to reliable sources, only sixty-four years old. However, it is possible that an error in translation has been made (Chinese characters have been especially tricky to read ever since the People's Republic entered the Year of the Gerbil last January), and that Chang Lin-wan is in fact the same functionary who has long been known as "the Steadfast Uncle of the Boxer Rebellion."

Chairman Hua will grow in self-assurance. Films reveal that the new chairman has as yet shown little confidence in his ability to clap. He claps with his hands held very close together and directly beneath his chin, and watches them carefully at all times, with a nervous smile that betrays his uncertainty. Some observers remember that Chou En-lai began just this way but overcame his problem handsomely. Hua will improve with practice. (The Chinese ideograph for "clap," incidentally, is the same as the one for "applaud.")

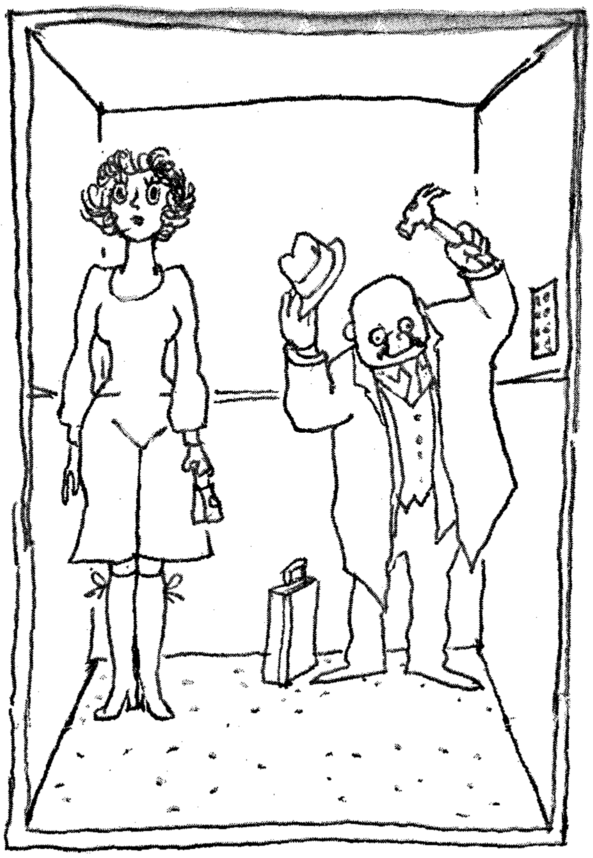
Political Humor: Recent travellers report that there is a joke currently going around in Canton which the authorities are considering having painted on the pavements as an aid to correct thinking. In the joke, a Ping-Pong player is talking to a lickspittle hyena who doesn't know that Hu Wan-lu is the new First Secretary of the local Party Committee:

Lickspittle Hyena: Who's the First?
Ping-Pong Player: Hu.
Hyena: That's what I said—who's First?
P.-P.P.: Right.
Hyena: You don't understand. What's the name of the new First Secretary?
P.-P.P.: Hu.
Hyena: The *new First Secretary!* Who is it?
P.-P.P.: Yes, indeed.
Hyena: Let me try this another way. Who's the new *Second* Secretary?
P.-P.P.: No, Hu is the First.
Hyena: But what is the name of the Second Secretary [Wat Feng-lo]?
P.-P.P.: You got it.

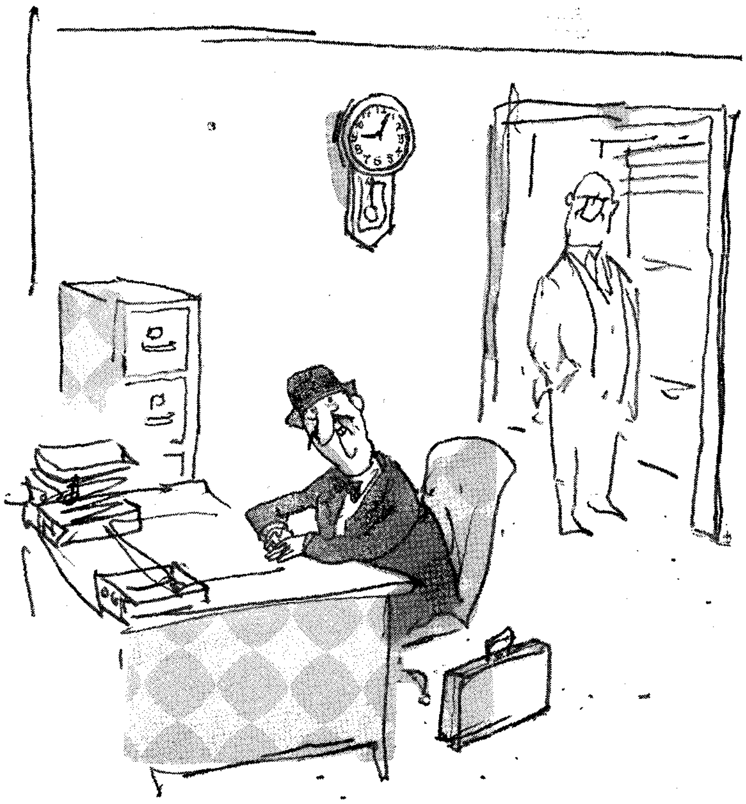
And so on. The effect is comical in the extreme.

—Merritt W. Moseley, Jr.

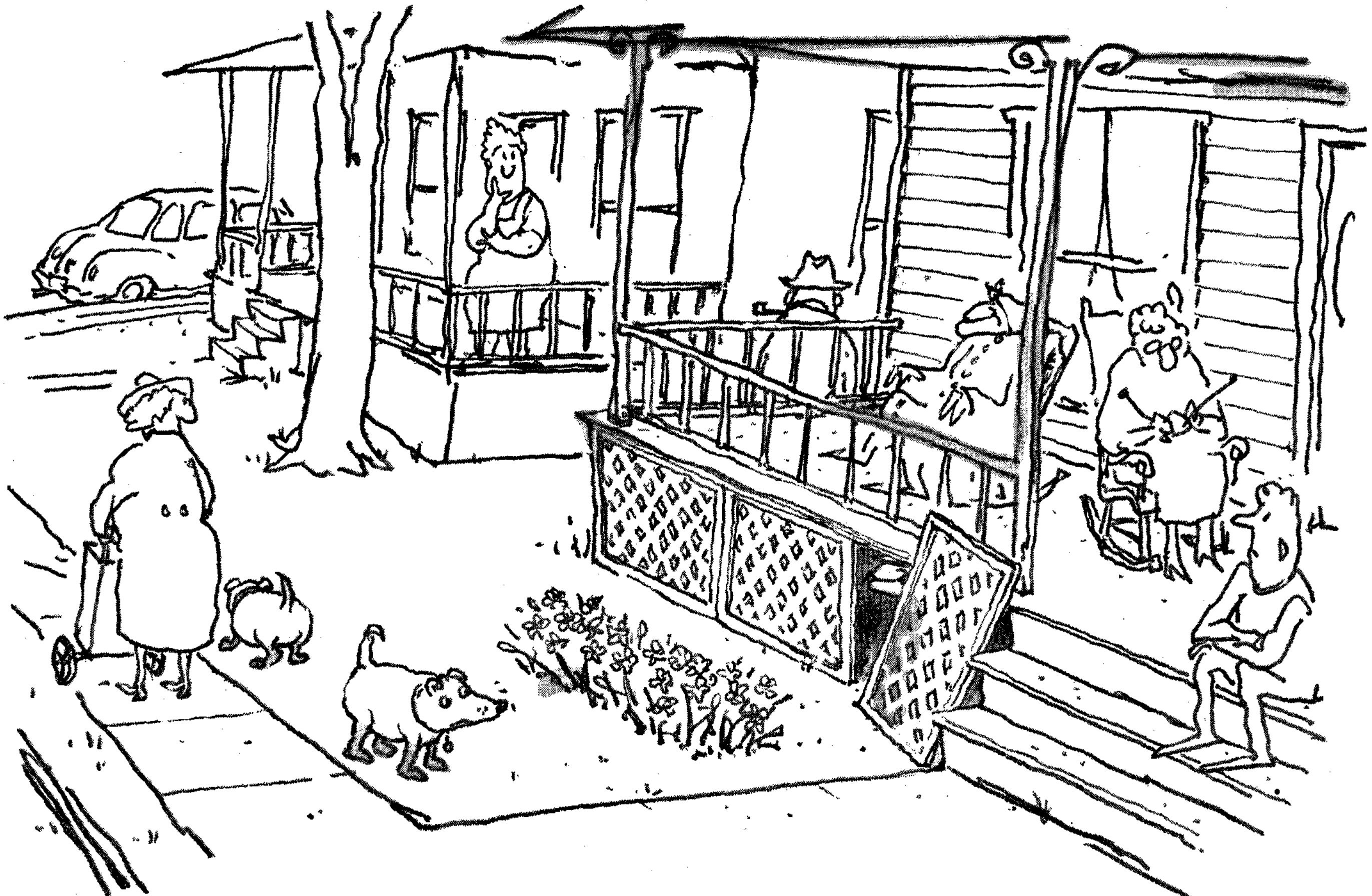
# KEEPING CALM



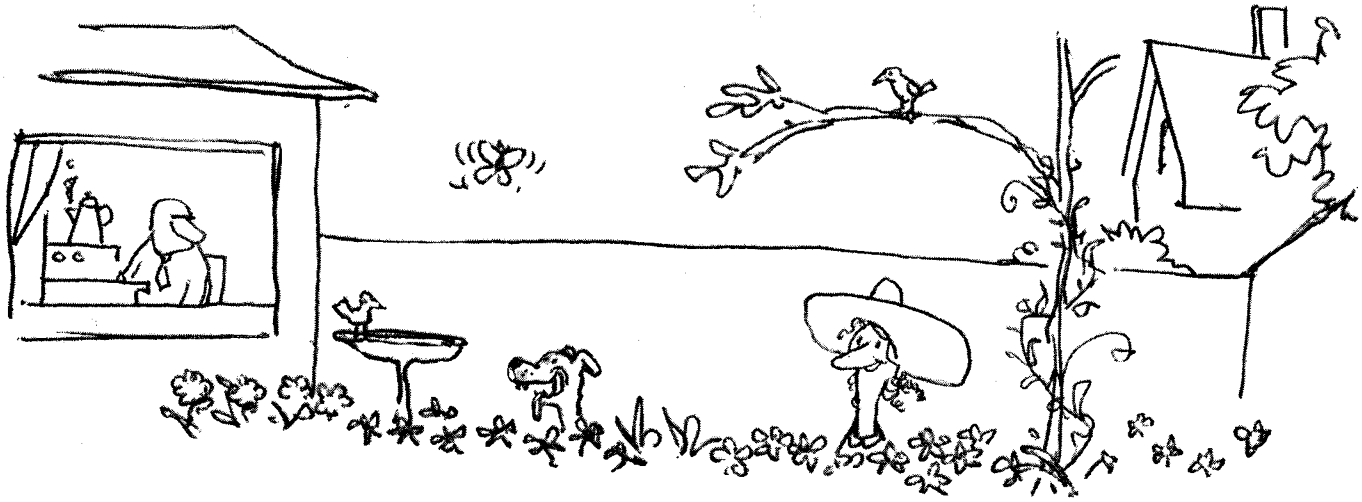
Avoid overstimulation.



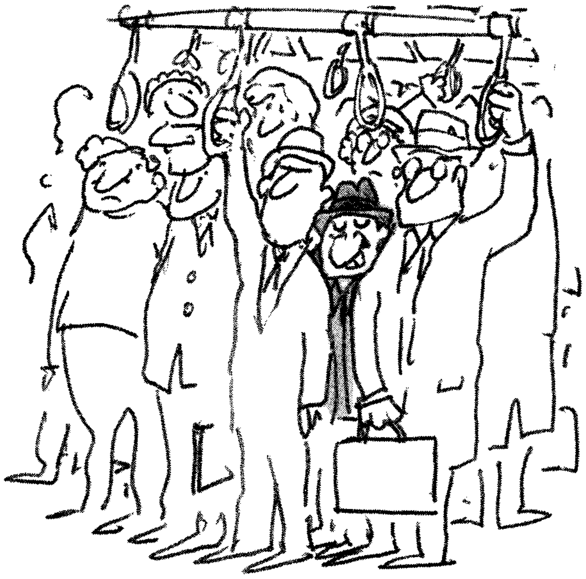
Reserve a few minutes each morning to recall the halcyon days of youth.



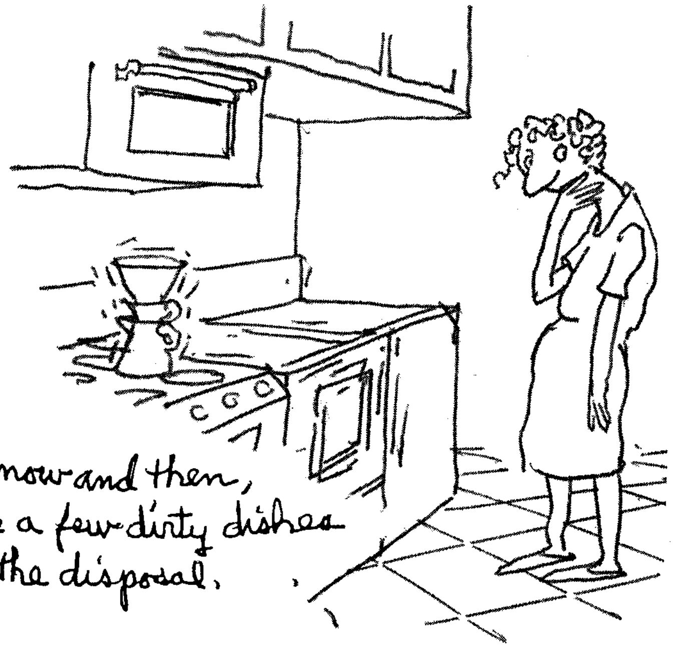
Spend more time alone.



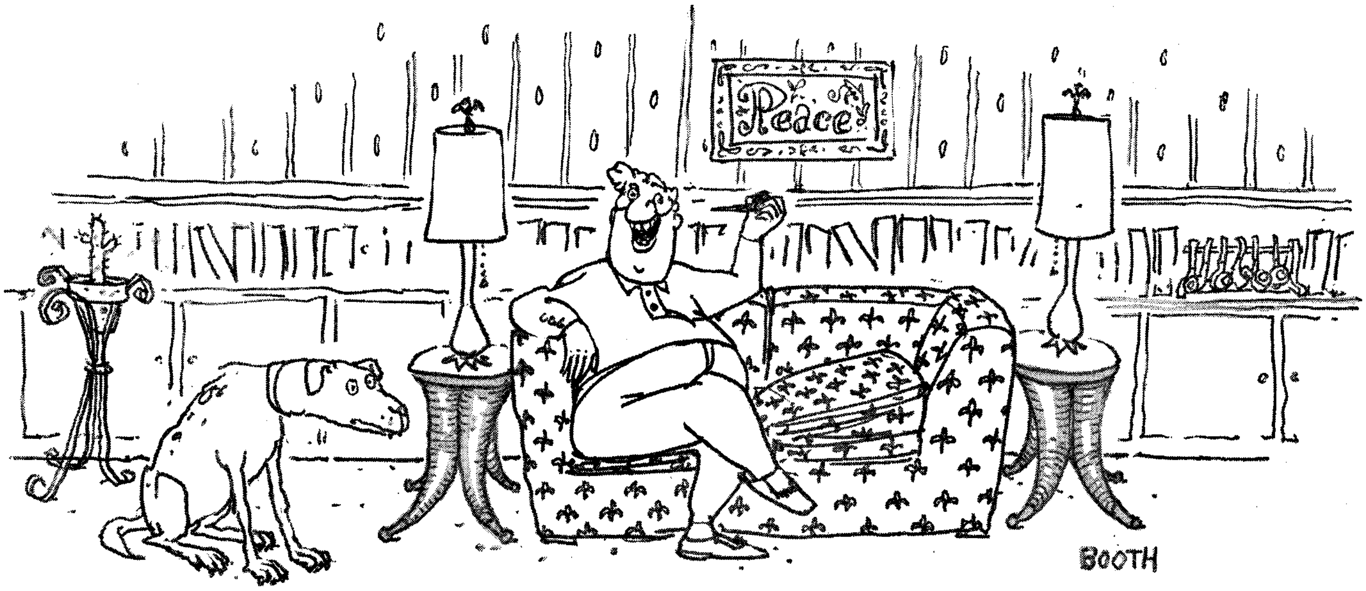
Putter among the flowers before breakfast.



Take catnaps whenever you can.



Every now and then, drop a few dirty dishes in the disposal.



Stay single.

# THE QUESTION PARTY

(Variation on a Theme from "Godey's Lady's Book," 1850)

"YES, Maria, we will give the party on next Thursday night and I have an agreeable surprise in contemplation for all our old friends who may be here." The pleasant air about Mrs. Teach as she entered the parlor where her daughter was seated betokened the presence of something on her mind that gave her great satisfaction. The daughter had been importuning her mother for a party which after due deliberation she had decided to give and to make the evening more entertaining she had determined to introduce a new feature which she thought would create some excitement in the circle of her acquaintances and afford them the means of much amusement. She had just hit upon the plan before entering the room and the smile of satisfaction upon her face was noticed by her daughter.

"Shall we, Mother? I am so glad!" she answered. "But what is it you are preparing for our friends? Are you going to sing?"

"No, Miss, I am going to do no such foolish thing! And, for your quizzing, you shall not know what it is until the evening of the party!"

"Now, Mother, that is too bad. You are too hardhearted. You know the extent of woman's curiosity and yet you will *not* gratify me. Are you going to introduce a new polka?"

"There is no use in your questioning; I shall not tell you anything about it, so you may as well save your breath."

"Do you intend showing your album quilt?" perseveringly inquired Maria.

"Now do not provoke me to cancel my promise by your pertinacity. I tell you as a punishment for quizzing your mother you shall not know until Thursday next what it is."

"Morning or evening, Mother?"

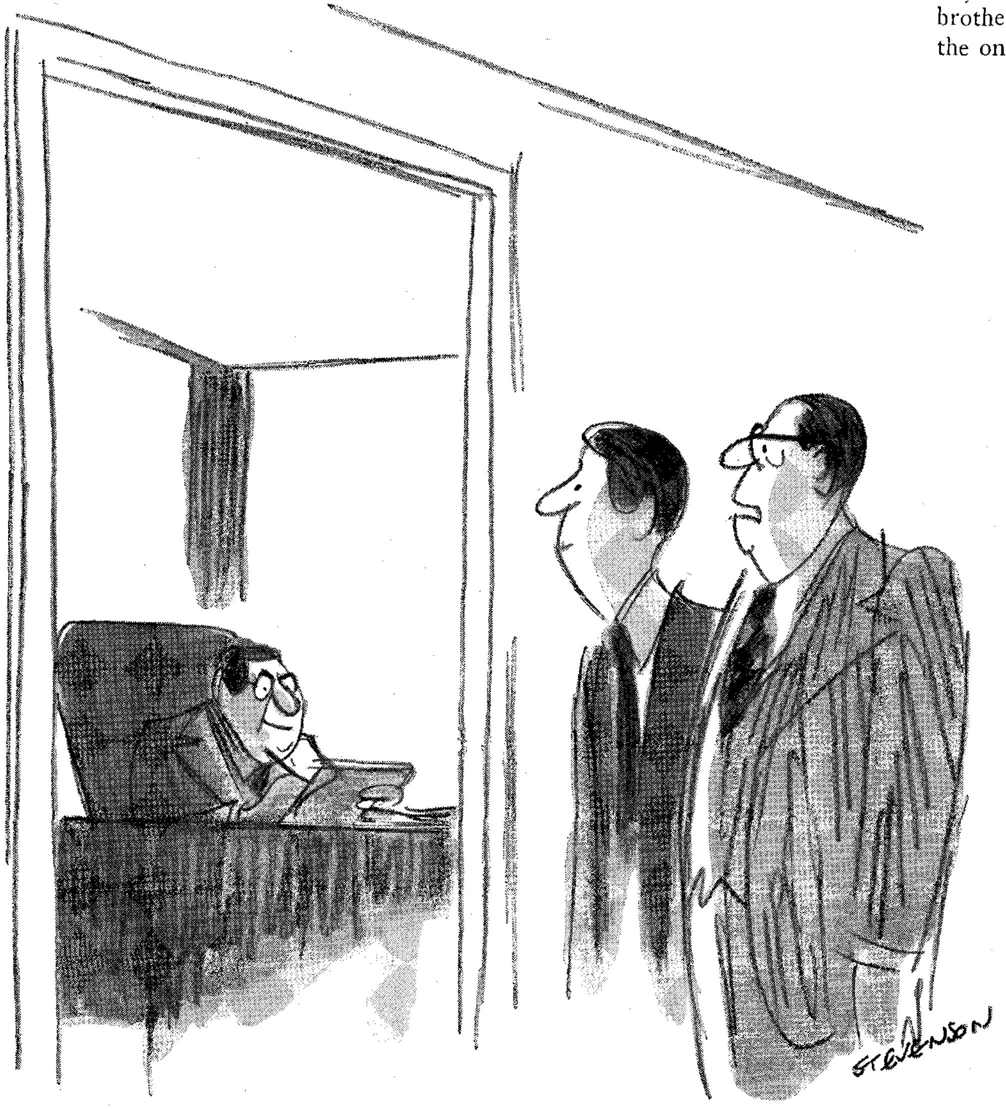
"Evening, Miss. So no more questions but get about writing your invitations."

Maria proceeded to the bookcase and taking from it her notepaper and envelopes commenced writing.

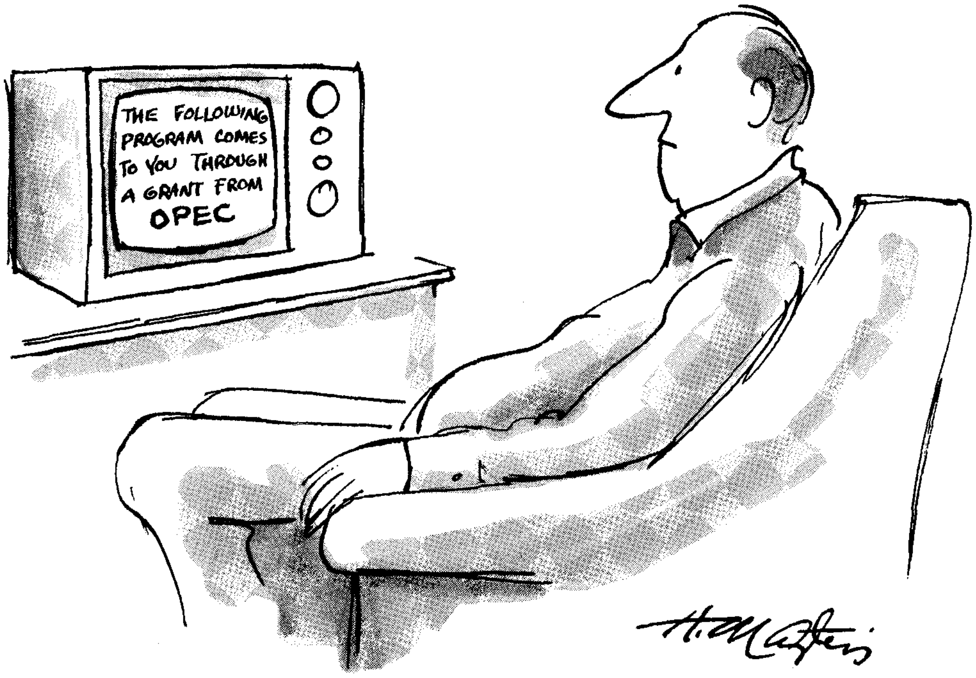
EIGHT o'clock on the evening of the party. The first who were ushered into the parlor were Mrs. Jawart and her two daughters, who were always the first at the reunions. The younger Miss Jawart was somewhere out of her teens, and the elder, although her face was profusely bedecked with curls—the original owner of which, being dead, had no further use for them—could not conceal that she was much older than she wished to be considered. Mr. and Mrs. White came next, the lady somewhat pompous in her manner, and the gentleman quite so. An interest in a canal boat had placed him, in his own view, among shipping merchants, and some of his acquaintances broadly hinted that if he were cut up in small pieces and retailed out for starch, he would be fulfilling his destiny. The two Misses Jennings and brother came next. These young ladies, the one eighteen and the other twenty, seemed somewhat disappointed, when they entered the room, at the absence of some of their young beaux, whom they expected to find there; this feeling was dispelled in a few moments, when a matched pair of the latter presented themselves.

Mr. Lynch, a bachelor of fifty, was the next to claim the attention of the company. He was a short, thickset man, with a small pair of whiskers that curled up on his cheekbones as if endeavoring to cultivate an acquaintance with his eyes. A few gray hairs in them, overlooked by the owner—his attention to them was exemplary—had been, in his toilet for the evening, elbowed, as it were, by the others to the fore, possibly to attract the attention of a few of the same color which peeped from behind the false hair of Miss Jawart. A standing collar formed a semi-wall around his neck, and shoes of the brightest polish graced his feet. At about half past nine, then, all the guests had assembled, filling comfortably both parlors and rendering the place vocal with their animated conversation.

The company had been engaged some time in singing



*"He's working on the next generation of fast bucks."*


THE FOLLOWING PROGRAM COMES TO YOU THROUGH A GRANT FROM OPEC

when there was a call for a polka. In a few moments partners were selected and everyone was hopscotching through the figures at a lively rate, reminding one strongly of a group in a state of advanced intoxication. The mind of Maria suddenly became abstracted to such an extent by thoughts of the surprise that her mother had promised that she forgot her time and the dancers were compelled to stop and reprove her jokingly for her remissness. Just at that moment Mrs. Teach's voice could be heard, above the general din of laughter and music, calling for everyone, without exception, to come into the front parlor as she had something to show them which she thought would amuse. In her haste to get into the room Maria almost knocked one of the Misses Jennings over.

The company after much confusion being seated Mrs. Teach took from the center table a handsome marble card basket containing a pack of plain, gilt-edged cards and explained that she had prepared an innocent and entertaining amusement for them which she hoped would prove interesting.

"Maria," she continued, "will you pass around this basket, my dear, and let each one of the company select from it one of the cards?"

Maria did as her mother requested.

"I shall propose a question," said Mrs. Teach, "to which each one must write an answer on the card they have. Which cards shall be placed in this vase on the pedestal behind me. After they are all deposited I will draw them out singly and will read them aloud. There is to be no mark upon the response by which its author may be known."

There was a general mustering of pencils at this announcement and an evident curiosity was immediately raised in regard to the subject which would be propounded.

"As there is a majority of ladies here, I shall propose for the first question: What is a bachelor?"

For the space of a quarter of an hour the pencils of the company made desperate attacks upon the faces of the cards which left them scarified over with black lines. The last answer written and deposited in the vase, Mrs. Teach, with a smile, commenced the task of reading them aloud.

"*A target for fair hands to shoot at*," she read.

A general laugh greeted this response.

"I beg of you, ladies," said Mr. Lynch, "not to shoot too close to me, but I know that my prayer is to no avail since your arrows are already in that vase."

The second card was drawn forth.

"*Any icy peak, on the mountain of humanity, that the sun of woman's love has never melted*," read Mrs. Teach.

"Then I will nip you with my frost," said Mr. Lynch, putting his arms playfully around one of the Misses Jennings.

"How do you know it was my answer?" she cried, releasing herself from him.

"I read it in your face this moment," he replied.

"Then we must turn our faces from you, or we shall all betray ourselves, if you are such an excellent face reader," said the elder Miss Jawart.

"I beg you, do not!" exclaimed Mr. Lynch. "For that would deprive me of much pleasure."

"*An old maid's forlorn hope*," said Mrs. Teach, reading the next response, the aptness of which was felt by all—yet a sense of propriety restrained any acknowledgment of this. Another card was instantly drawn to divert attention from it, and to relieve Miss Jawart from her unpleasant dilemma.

"*A fox longing for the grapes he pronounces sour*."

"Now I really do object!" said Mr. Lynch. "I could never find it in my heart to pronounce any lady sour."

"Heart, indeed! This is the first time I ever knew you to acknowledge the possession of such an article," Mrs. Teach quickly replied.

"There you do me wrong, for, see! I have one now which you gave me," said Mr. Lynch, taking from his pocket a handsomely worked velvet heart. "And observe, there are as many pins in it as you are endeavoring to plant thorns in its partner here," he went on, placing his hand over that part of his coat which covered the real article.

The laugh was turned on Mrs. Teach and she drew forth another card.

"*A creature whose miseries might be pitied had he not the remedy within his reach*."

"It must be you, Miss Bookly," said Mr. Lynch, "as you are sitting closest to me."

"I did not write it," said Miss Bookly. "And besides, Miss Jennings was sitting closest to you before she moved away after you put your arms around her."

"That is true," he said with a mock sigh.

Another card terminated the conversation on that subject.

"*Just like Mr. Lynch*."

The merriment of the company knew no bounds at this answer. Mr. Lynch joined the rest with great zeal, and in a few moments exclaimed, "Well! I really do think you are making me a target to shoot at tonight. It is well for you that I am good-natured, else I might retaliate with some formulations of my own."

This is really a dumb game, thought Maria to herself.

Mrs. Teach dipped into the vase for the next card.

"*One who boasts of liberty but sighs for the slavery he condemns*."

"That would be acute," Mr. Lynch

said thoughtfully, "had I ever boasted. But I recall no such occasion. There is, in fact, a kind of shame and horror attached to the bachelor state—an odium combined with a tedium. Sleeping with strumpets is not the liveliest business in the world, I assure you."

"What are they like, really?" asked Miss Bookly.

"Some are choice, some are not," said Mr. Lynch.

"For heaven's sakes, man, be silent!" exclaimed Mr. White.

"A bit of fresh, as the expression runs," said Mr. Lynch, "can—"

Mr. White drew forth his pistol and shot Mr. Lynch dead with it.

"Good Lord! He is dead!" cried Mrs. Teach.

Dr. Balfour knelt over the body. "Yes, he is dead," he said. All assisted the Doctor in placing the carcass on the sofa.

"There is but one more card in the vase," said Mrs. Teach, peering into the article in question. "Dare we look at it?"

"Yes, yes," was the answer, in a subdued murmur.

"I sincerely hope that it may be a favorable one," said Mrs. Teach, "for I fear we have dealt harshly with our late friend tonight."

The last card was drawn from the vase. Mrs. Teach examined it closely on both sides and then proclaimed, "*Blank!*"

"A prophecy," said the younger Miss Jennings. "Who could have foreseen what was to happen?"

"It was not a matter of foreknowledge," said Maria. "The card is mine. I couldn't think of anything to write."

"Well," said Mrs. Teach, "I am not entirely satisfied with my little experiment this evening, and so shall leave it to another to choose the entertainment for our next."

"Not at all," said Mr. White. "The evening, despite its sad but necessary consequences, has been most delightful. I can't recall when more interesting things have been said or done, in all the years of my residence in this city. And as I shall have the pleasure of giving the next party, I shall most certainly adopt your little experiment, as you call it."

"What will the question be?" asked Miss Jawart.

"Something dangerous," said Mr. White, with a twinkle.

"Parties are always dangerous," said Miss Jawart.

"I am inviting Geronimo, chief of the Apache Indians, who happens to be in town," said Mr. White.

"That will make it all the more dangerous," said Mrs. Teach, "as I am told that he is extremely cruel to his enemies."

"He is extremely cruel to *everyone*," said Mr. White.

Yes, it was an agreeable party after all, Maria thought. My mother is not dumb. My mother is surprisingly intelligent. It was wrong of me to think ill of her. Now no one will ever know that Mr. Lynch was the man who— How strange is justice! How artful woman!

—Donald Barthelme

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## PALM BEACH WITH PORTUGUESE MAN-OF-WAR

A mile-long vertebrate picked clean
To the palms' tall seableached incurving ribs,

The soil poor-white like talcum mixed with grit—
But up came polymorphous green

No sooner fertilized than clipped
Where glimmerings from buried nozzles rose

And honey gravel driveways led
To a perpetual readiness of tombs

Shellwhite outside or white-on-white,
The dropping bird-motif still wet,

Pastel and madrepore the shuttered rooms'
Nacreous jetsam, wave on wave

Having swept our late excrescences
Away, the wens and wives, to mirrorsmoke

Place settings for the skin
Diver after dark, the extra man

Drowning by candlelight whose two minds reel:
How to be potent *and* unsexed,

Worth a million *and* expendable,
How to be everybody's dish

And not have seen through the glass visor
What would be made of him some night

By the anemone's flame chiffon gown
Like those downtown in the boutiques,

By razor labia of hangers-on
To territories this or that

Tiny hideous tycoon stakes out—
Empire wholly built upon albino

Slaves, the fossil globules of a self-
Creating, self-dissolving scheme

Giddy in scope, pedantic in detail,
Over which random baby gorgons

Float without recognition it would seem
Whom their own purple airs inflate

And ganglia agonizingly outlive
—Look out! one has been blown ashore

For tomorrow's old wet nurse to come
Ease from the dry breast and sheet in foam.

—James Merrill

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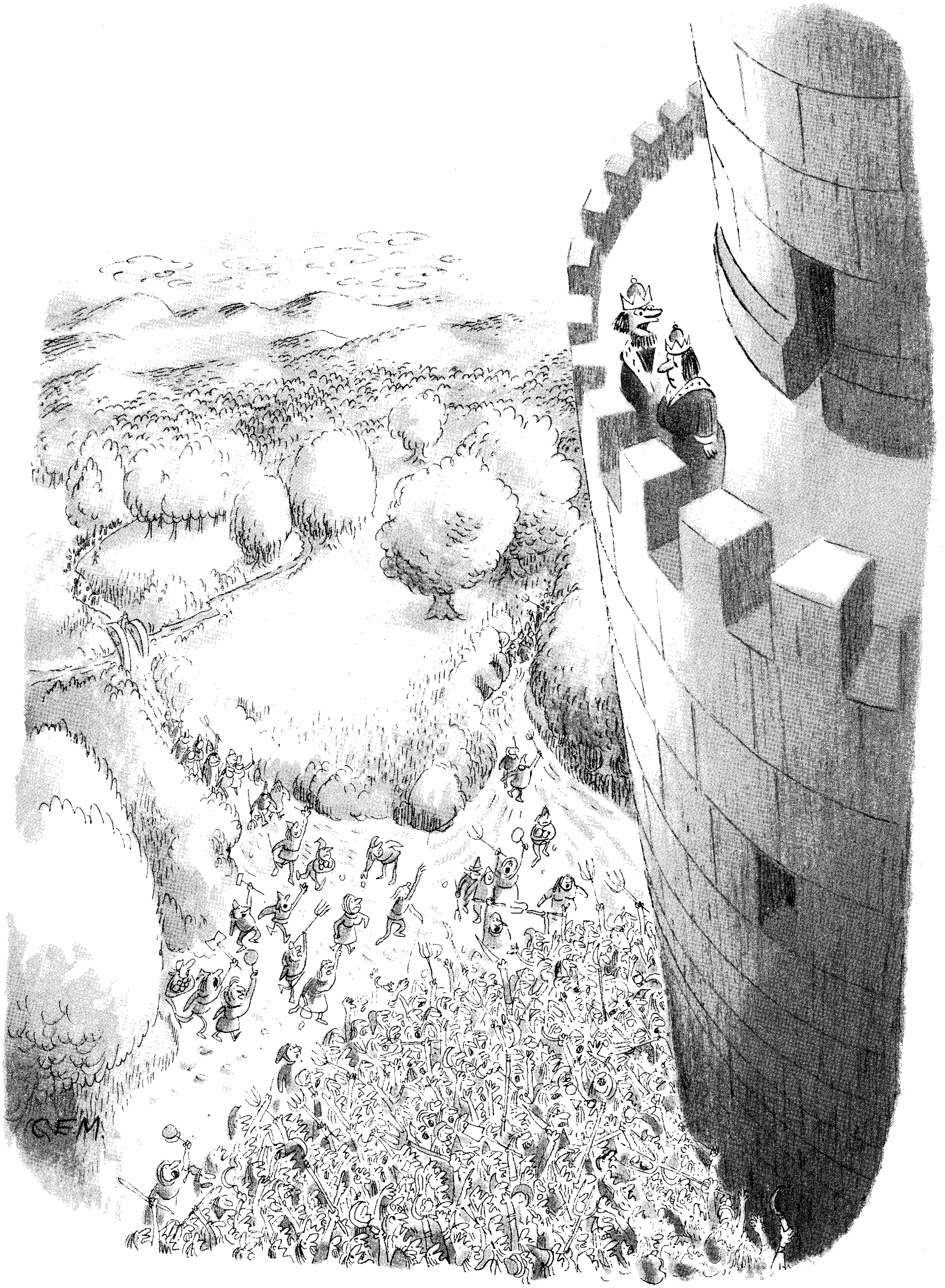
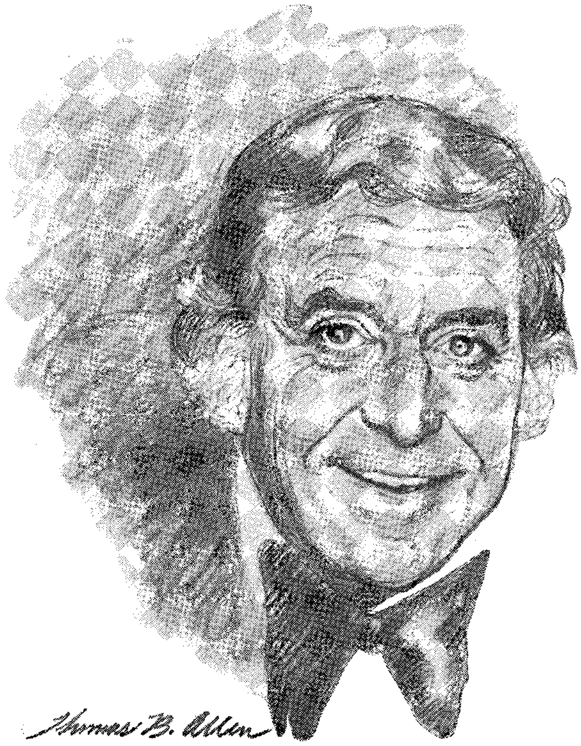


*"Don't stand there gawking. Boil oil!"*

# PROFILES

## ACCORDING TO WHERE I GO



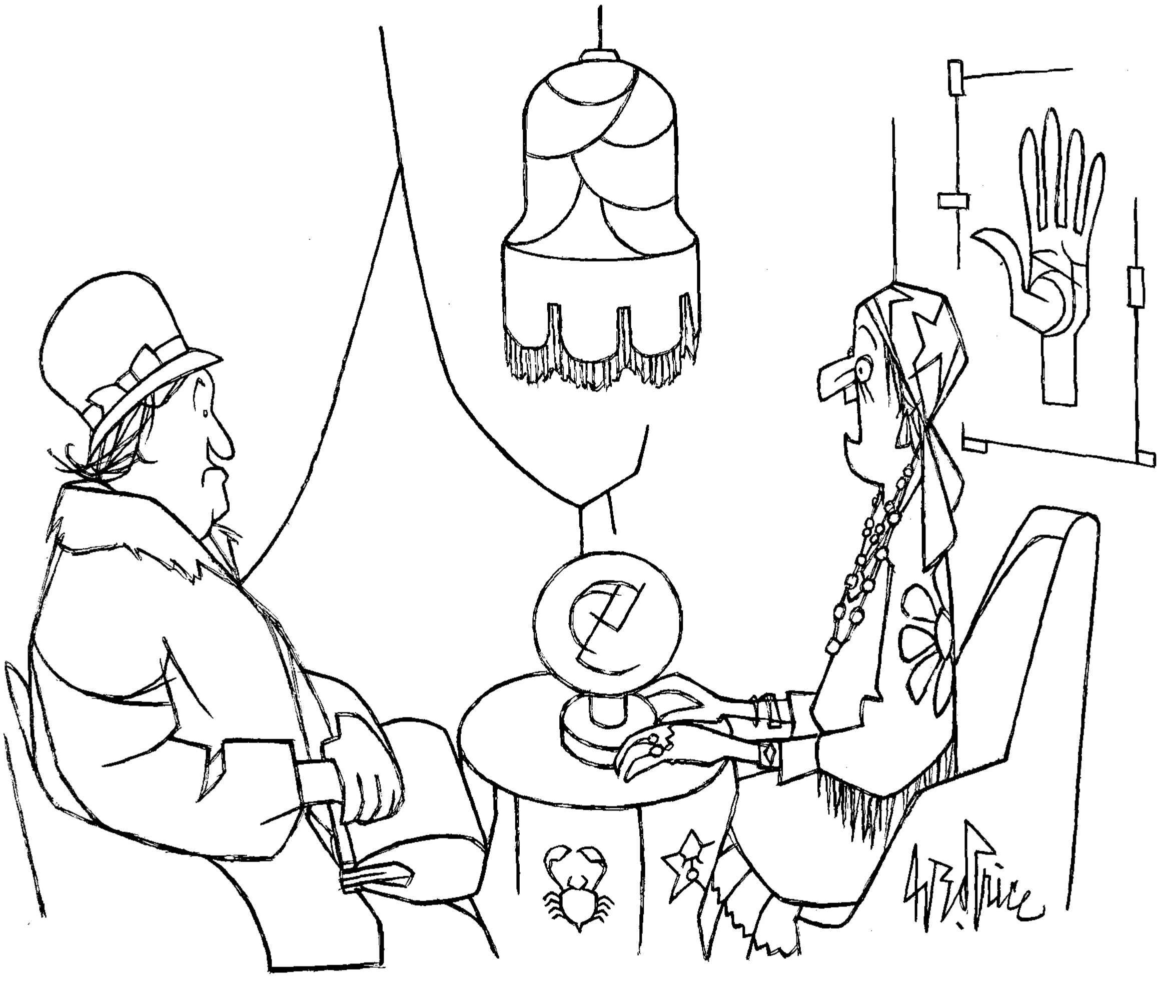
*Hugh Shannon*

THERE are four consummate cabaret singers in this country: Mabel Mercer (Staffordshire, England; 1900), Bobby Short (Danville, Illinois; 1924), Blossom Dearie (East Durham, New York; 1926), and Hugh Shannon (De Soto, Missouri; 1921). Their bearing, style, voice, and attack are totally dissimilar, but their repertoires overlap, and they are in the same line of work—singing superior songs, some of them largely unknown, to small audiences in intimate rooms in such a way that song, singer, listener, and room become one. Mabel Mercer is their doyenne. There is no gifted American popular singer who has not learned from her. She came up through English vaudeville and the Paris boîtes—in particular, Bricktop's—and settled here in 1941. She studied singing for a time, and she approaches each song as if she were introducing it: here are its lyrics, my dears, here is its melody, and here is the beautiful whole they make. She sits almost motionless in an armchair when she sings (or sing-talks, depending on her powers that evening), her head tipped back, her hands occasionally sketching air, her eyes fixed on the middle distance. Her regal bearing goes Queen Elizabeth one better: Mabel Mercer has humor. She alone of the four does not accompany herself. Sometimes Bobby Short's elegance appears brittle and baked-on, but it is not, for his taste—clothes, songs, witticisms—is infallible. He declaims his songs, and he occasionally ends them with an arms-wide, lights-out, bass-drum-thump theatricality. His diction peals, and he has enormous energy. Like Mabel Mercer, he is black, and his accent, which resembles Locust Valley lockjaw, both mocks and celebrates his listeners. His piano playing tends to race around, upsetting tempos and dynamics, but he knows the right chords, and once in a while he achieves an Art Tatum fleetness. He grew up close to jazz. So did Blossom Dearie, who is short and blond and has a buttermilk attractiveness. Her tiny, high voice suggests thimbles and Limoges. Her diction is crystalline, and she is a precisionist; once she has a song set, she never changes a note or a nuance. She also demands silence when she performs. Of these four singers, she is the only one who writes songs. They are funny, light, and highly melodic. She plays the piano like Nat Cole, and she swings. Hugh Shannon is perhaps the least well known of the four. He has spent much of his career in Capri and Paris and Rome and the Virgin Islands. His admirers include some of the wealthiest people in the world, but he considers himself a "saloon" singer. He has a hoarse, rangy baritone, and he flings his songs out. His singing is cheerful and full of bonhomie, and, unlike Mercer and Short and Dearie, who keep their audiences at arm's length, he gathers his listeners to him. His diction is good but loose, and he addresses the piano as if it were sliding past him; he sits ajar, his left foot banging the floor and his hands making fast, pawing motions. He talks to his songs. He will finish a ruminative "Poor Butterfly" and say softly, in a sort of coda, "Poor girl, poor girl." A typical Shannon set includes Cole Porter's "I Get a Kick Out of You;" Rodgers and Hart's "Disgustingly Rich;" Porter's mysterious "Down in the Depths on the Ninetieth Floor;" Stephen Sondheim's "Send In the Clowns," perhaps the first popular anthem since Harold Arlen's "Blues in the Night;" Herman Hupfeld's "As Time Goes By," complete with a Louis Armstrong epilogue, in which he chants the title three times; Porter's funny "The Great Indoors;" Hoagy Carmichael's "Baltimore Oriole;" Noël Coward's "A Room with a View;" "Poor Butterfly," which is by Raymond Hubbell; and Porter's "Ace in the Hole."

Shannon is a trim, handsome man with sandy hair and a square, unsoft, lined Irish face. He has a brilliant, lopsided smile. When he is in New York, he shares an apartment with the publicist Gus Ober. It is in the East Seventies and looks out over the river from the twenty-fourth floor. Its small living room has a baby grand, bric-a-brac, oils, chinoiserie, a typewriter, gold draperies, and parquet floors, and it opens onto a vertiginous balcony that holds a wrought-iron table and four wrought-iron chairs. Shannon sat in his living room not long ago and talked. He talks very fast, sometimes gaining so much momentum that his words lock, blur, and become unintelligible. At one point, he talked for a solid hour. He sipped white wine, and, like Gertrude Stein, who felt that great views should be ignored to be appreciated, he sat with his back to the river. He is something of a dandy, and he was wearing a white lace shirt, a gold necklace laden with big gold coins, two-toned bluejeans, and red Moroccan slippers. This is what he said:

"BILLIE HOLIDAY was my idol when I first came to New York, right after the Second World War. Meeting her changed my life. I was going with Marjorie Merwin, who admired Billie as much as I did, and Marjorie's mother would give me hundred-dollar bills. We'd go to the Downbeat Club, on Fifty-second Street, and I'd be so underfoot that Billie couldn't miss me. It got so she'd ask me to hold her dog Mister while she sang. One night, I persuaded her to go to a party Inez Cavanaugh was giving for Duke Ellington. She didn't want to, because she knew she'd be asked to sing. When she was, she said, 'If the kid will play for me.' After she'd finished, Inez made *me* sing. Well, I'd only worked weekends at college as a singer and pianist, but I did, and Billie said, 'Man, you don't sound like nobody! You *gotta* sing!' I could have burst. I was supposed to go into advertising, but instead I went to Provincetown for the summer of 1946. A whole bunch of us took a house in the dunes. It was miles from anywhere, and it had a hot plate and an outdoor shower. Marlon Brando and Joy Cabot and Sydney Shaw and a radio actor came. Brando was not known yet, but he'd got good reviews in a show called 'Truckline Café,' which lasted about ten days. I found a job almost immediately playing in a Portuguese bar that had a Bechstein upright. Gradually people knew I was there and started coming in, and it became almost chic. Then Julius Monk arrived in Provincetown with Imogene Coca and Daphne Hellman, and we did shows on Sunday nights in a room in the old Atlantic House. The ladies wore evening gowns—I think the Provincetown people thought they were nightgowns—and we filled the place. Maybe that's why we were raided out at our shack. I came home from work one night and Sydney Shaw was making tea and Marlon was playing his bongos and absolutely nothing was going on, when there was a rap at the door and there were the police. We were charged with disturbing the peace, and there was a hearing. The room was jammed and people were even leaning in the windows. The judge would ask, 'Where do you all sleep?' and we'd say, 'We have two pallets,' and he'd ask, 'How do you sleep on two pallets?' and we'd answer, 'It depends on who gets home first,' and so on. When the judge questioned him, Marlon got surly. In fact, he gave one of his better surly performances, and it all ended with our paying ten-dollar fines. Marlon used to accuse me of snobbishness, because I wore a dinner jacket when I worked. I told him he was a reverse snob, because he was always scratching and snuffling. But we did build a marvellous sand castle together.

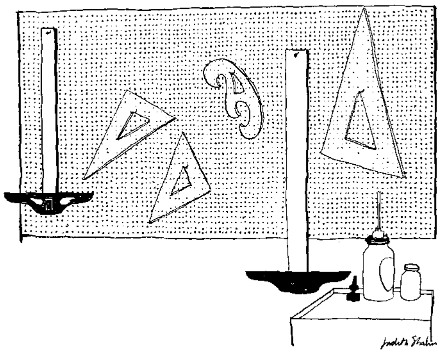
"That summer, I met a girl from *Vogue* who had a wonderful apartment overlooking the Washington Square Arch, and when I got back to the city I bought a piano for eighty-five dollars and moved in. Ram Ramirez, who wrote 'Lover Man,' used to come up and there were always lots of Katherine Dunham's girls around. Julius Monk wanted me in Ruban Bleu, but I wasn't ready. I took a warmup job at a place in Jackson Heights, Queens, called the Blue Haven. We went back to Provincetown for the summer and Chemtoned the room in the Atlantic House dark blue and green and white, and we called it the Atlantic House Cabaret. Julius and I played two-piano duets, and Daphne Hellman had her harp and Schiaparelli gowns. Stella Brooks taught me 'West End Blues,' and Eileen Cook and Bibi Osterwald were there. Julius had a birthday party, and Stella Brooks banged Tennessee Williams' boyfriend's head against the wall. In the fall, I took another job in Queens, at the 22 Club, in Woodside. I alternated with a band every twenty minutes, but I had plenty of time to get my tunes together. My first fan was a bus driver who'd park his bus outside the door every night and come in to hear me. After a while, the New York crowd, led by Faye Emerson and Elliott Roosevelt, showed up. I stayed at the 22 until January, when I went to Key West. Julius called and hired me for Le Perroquet, a new club on Second Avenue. In the fall, Stella Brooks came to Perroquet, too. She was most of all amusing, and she was a past-master of trivia. Truman Capote was so crazy about her—I think he was fascinated by her rudeness—that he took an apartment over Perroquet to be near her. He decorated it all in black. *Everything* was black but him. One late night, I ended up sleeping on the floor there, and when I woke up I thought, My God, I'm dead. There was no light. Nothing. Cy Coleman, who was very shy, came to Perroquet that winter and alternated with me. Then I went to the Empress Room, which had been opened for me, and Johnny



*"I can't get a peep out of him. You sure he went down the tube?"*

Guarnieri was the other pianist. He loved to smoke cigars, and he wasn't used to upper-East Side supper-club types. By this time, I'd moved to the East Sixties, and I'd become a friend of Peggy Fears. She was a former Ziegfeld girl who'd married A. C. Blumenthal, who owned lots of theatres. Peggy gave five-o'clock soirées. Tallulah and Joan Bennett and Joan Crawford came when they were in town. Peggy'd been in New York when Lindbergh came back from France; she was always in the right place at the right time.

"One night at the Empress Room when I was playing 'Ballin' the Jack,' a voice said, 'Stop that tune!' It was Bricktop. I'd read about Bricktop everywhere—in Waugh and Fitzgerald—but no one had ever said whether Bricktop was a man or a woman. She came up and sang 'Ballin' the Jack' with me, and then we did a blues, a madeup blues. She was on her way from Mexico to Paris, and she told me she was going to take me with her as her new discovery. She was looking for a place to open a club, and I think Schiaparelli and Donald Bloomingdale were behind her. Julius Monk also wanted me for a place he planned to open in the South of France, and Peggy Fears wanted me to come over to Carrère, in Paris. I said yes to everybody, and I've since learned that that is what you must do to keep going in the saloon business: if you accept two or three jobs, one invariably works out. I had a little Pepsi-Cola stock and I sold that and went over on the Vulcania in steerage in a cabin with about eighteen other people. But I had my dinner jacket. When I passed up from the bowels of the ship into first class, I was properly dressed. We landed in Naples, and I took a fruit boat to Capri. It was unbelievable—villas perched like flowers on the rocks, which looked like sea horses, villas perched in the sky over the sea. I went to work in Numero Due. It was in an old wine cellar and had a beautiful grand piano, and I was an immediate success. They hadn't heard any American music for years, because of the war. Mussolini's daughter used to come in. She was very severe, and sometimes she stayed a short while and sometimes she stayed for hours. I finally found out she only liked one song I did—'Big Wide Wonderful World'—and when I'd done it she'd leave. I thought the whole situation was a lark, and had no idea I'd spend six or seven seasons there. So I quit in the middle of August, which was extremely bad form, and went to Cap d'Antibes. I had always travelled with letters of recommendation, and I had letters to Elsa Maxwell and Peggy Bainbridge. The bar in the Hôtel du Cap had a place for me for the rest of the season. Then I went to Paris, and Peggy Fears arrived and the five-o'clock soirées resumed. Carrère, which was done in yellow and white and was frighteningly chic, hired me. Doris Duke was back with Ruby Rubirosa, and I taught her to play blues on the piano. She had a light touch, like most women, and she was loaded with determination. I went to Montmartre one night and on the way back was in an enormous car crash and ended up in the hospital with twenty-seven stitches and a split front tooth. Someone sent a case of champagne, and the soirées moved to the hospital. I didn't want to go back into Carrère with my split tooth, so I hid in a tiny place, the Mars, where I was paid nine lavish dollars a night. I was practically anonymous at first, then everybody materialized—the Dunhams and Josephine Premice and Kitty Kitt and Brickie. They were in every night. If amusing people like each other, they'll see each other the next night and the next. That spring, Brickie opened a place in Montmartre with two pianos and a Chinese cook. There were limousines everywhere on opening night. The Windsors came, and Rosita Winston and Doris and Ruby, and it went on until eight in the morning, and soon Brick had put every other place like it out of business. It was divinely dark inside, but that didn't mean I could forget my manners—manners that have become ironclad. I never let on if I forget a name, because I never for-



## THE COIN

I have been to a fair alone
and across the river from the tented marketplace
and the church
were the green sagging balconies from which
during the Occupation
the bodies of many
of the men of the town
hung for days in full view
of the women who had been their wives
I watched men in long
black coats selling animals
I watched money going
to a fat woman in white
who held pieces of white cheese
wrapped in white paper
out into the sunlight
I watched an old woman selling cut flowers
counting change
I looked at her teeth and lips
the dark kerchief on her head
there were carnations and
summer flowers rolled in wet newspaper
I considered the wares of a man
with a pile of whetstones
I watched three turtledoves eating in a cage
one of them white
one of them dyed pink
one pale blue
a coin in with their grain
pigeons watching from
the church windowsills
others flying overhead
some few bright clouds moving
all of it returns without a sound

—W. S. Merwin

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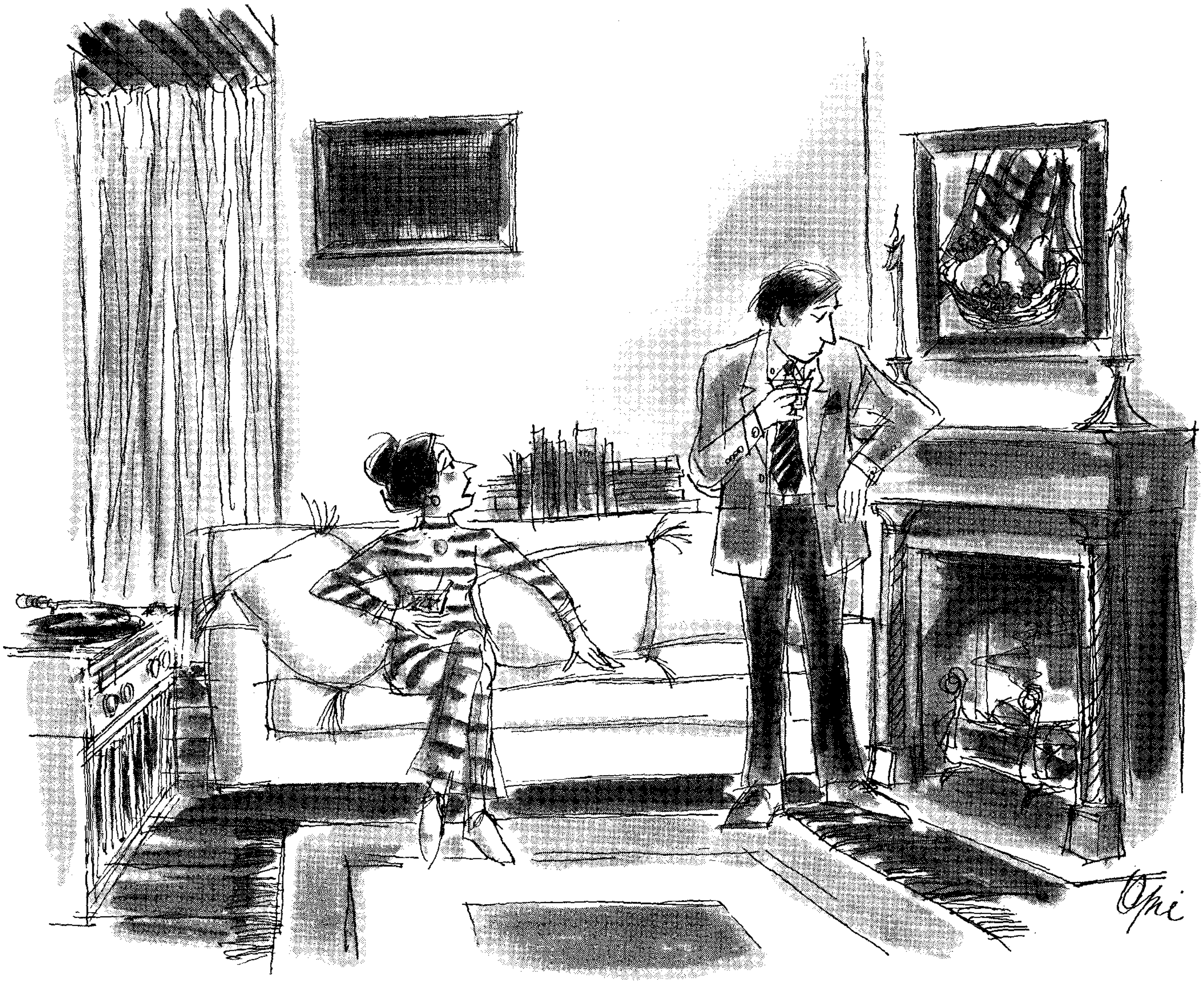

*"Where did we go wrong, Larry? Was it when we lived together? Was it when we broke up? Was it when we decided to get married after all? Was it during that honeymoon we decided to spend at home? Was it when I decided to work again? Was it when you stopped seeing an analyst or when I started seeing an analyst?"*

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get a face, and names invariably come back to me within three minutes. And I never move forward first when I greet someone. I wait for them to move. I went back to Numero Due the next season. Then back to Paris and on to London for the first time, where I sang in the International Club. I had some suits made and acquired a taste for oysters, which is what you do in England. And I met Betty Dodero. I had seen her yacht from afar that summer. She had just got a divorce from Alberto Dodero, who was an immensely wealthy Argentinian. She was Eva Perón's best friend. That winter, I took off for St. Thomas in the Virgin Islands, and became the first supper-club singer there. I had another season in Capri and for a short time was in Toni's Caprice in New York. It was all black and white, and it was quite stunning—one of the most beautiful rooms I've ever worked. They finally had to build bleachers behind the piano and cover them with cushions to handle the overflow. Betty Dodero appeared the next year in the islands. She would sit next to me all night and fan me while I played. We fell in love. She was Swedish and Irish and beautiful, and she had a marvellous sense of humor. And she never forgot a lyric. We lived together, and Betty never left me. We carried Benchley and Waugh and Dorothy Parker and Wodehouse everywhere, and Betty read them to me, over and over. She had a wonderful voice. Capri was magnificent that summer. Bea Lillie, Noël Coward—he and I playing four-handed piano—Judy Garland, Lena Horne, Ella Logan, Sophie Tucker, Gracie Fields, Patrice Munsel. One night, most of them appeared at once and they performed. It was the richest night of my life.

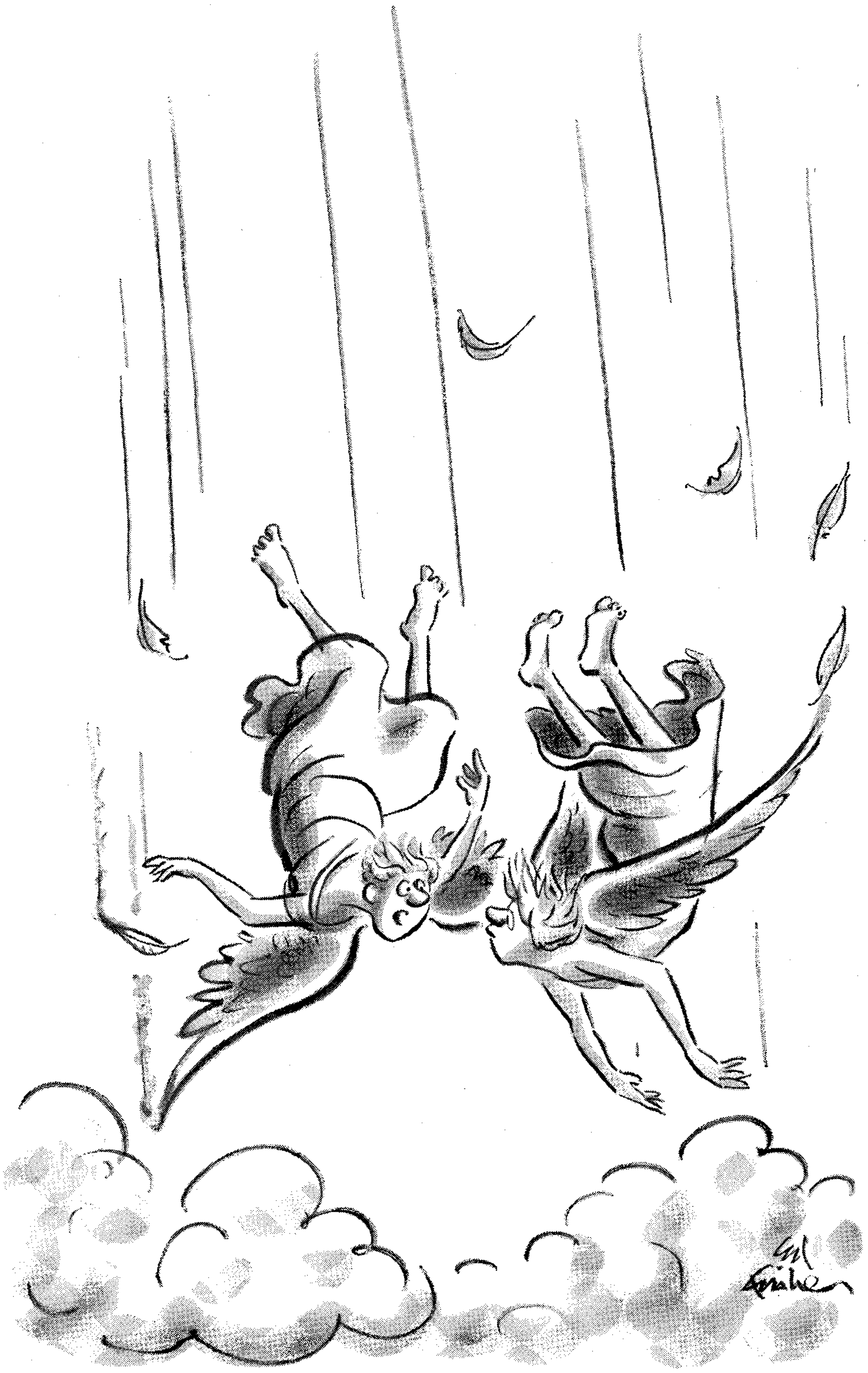
"I had already told Betty: You're very rich. You're very beautiful. You have everything I ever wanted. I love you. But I want *you* to tell me when we should get married. She finally did, and we had a civil ceremony in December of 1952, in New York. We were content. We needed no one else. Our lives took on a pattern for the next five years—the islands in the winter, Capri in the summer, and occasional jobs in New York and Nassau. Then the Germans discovered Capri, and it lost its chic. I worked part of the summer of 1957 in Westhampton, and it was my first time in the Hamptons. Henry and Anne Ford and the Southampton crowd came, as well as the Capri and Paris people. It is not braggadocio to say that I was becoming—indeed, have become—a kind of movable feast, a catalyst. People make their summer and winter plans according to where I go. Everybody has to go someplace, and they know that they will be safe where I am—that they will see their old friends, and that they will meet the right new people. Of course, it works both ways: I'm as happy to see them as they are to see me. But you must make the audience more important than yourself. When you outgrow your audience, or think you have, you're in trouble. In 1957, Betty began feeling unwell, and in January, 1959, we found out she had cancer. She was operated on and treated for six months. She had no pain. We were very quiet. We spent our last night watching TV. I think it was a 'Late Late Show.' I fell asleep, and when I woke Betty was gone. Patrice Munsel and her husband came and took care of me, and I lived with them a year. Julius Monk kept after me to go back to work, and finally I did, at Downstairs at the Upstairs, which was like working in Grand Central Station. Rose Murphy, who was there for a while, taught me that the way to handle noisy people is to look right at the spotlight and sing to it. That way, you look as if you knew something they didn't, and they quiet down in order to find out. I went to Rome—to Bricktop's on the Via Veneto—in the summer of 1960, and then to a villa in Stresa. I wrote a musical based on Betty's life, and it was terrible. And I wrote a sort of autobiography, which isn't too bad. I discovered I'm not a writer, and I rediscovered that I love playing the piano and singing more than anything else in the world.

"I DON'T know how many songs I know, but it must be in the thousands. I can immediately sing a song I haven't touched in twenty years. When I put my hands on the keyboard, it becomes a muscular chain reaction. The hands, the head, the voice—they all work together, and up come songs I thought I'd forgotten or didn't know I knew. There are certain tunes I don't like and will not sing, such as 'The Lady Is a Tramp' and 'Ebb Tide' and 'Tenderly.' 'My Ship' is a woman's song, and so is 'Love for Sale.' But I will sing songs that Mabel Mercer and Bobby Short won't touch—things from the Top Forty. My people request them because they want me to think they are with it. I never want anyone to leave when I'm playing—that goes back to my childhood—so I try to make my audience happy even if it kills me, and sometimes it almost does. Occasionally, I will sing four or five straight hours, and it takes something to keep control of myself. One July 4th at the Sea Spray, in East Hampton, I played without stopping from ten in the evening until three in the morning. The place had been doing a poor business until then, and suddenly hundreds of people arrived, so I played and played and played. If you are fair to the house, the house will be fair to you. It was a roasting night and the perspiration poured down my nose and fell on my feet, which were bare, because I always play in bare feet in the summer, and the only way I kept going was by thinking, I'm getting thin, I'm getting thin, I'm getting thin. A lot of my people come in every night, and they become mesmerized. They begin to think they *own* me. They study every expression, every wrinkle. Then they tell me later they know I'm not feeling well when I'm feeling perfectly fine, or they tell me I look extremely happy when actually I'm miserable.

"When a tune has really become mine, I move around inside my head while I sing. I think brilliant thoughts, I think of places I've been and people I've known. I go to 470 Park Avenue, where Betty and I lived, or to Numero Due in Capri, and no one watching me has the least idea where I am or what I'm up to. I hear Betty reading Benchley or 'Vile Bodies' again. Sometimes I even go back to De Soto, where I was born. It's thirty miles outside of St. Louis, and it had a population of five thousand. It was built on seven hills, like Rome, and it had a creek going right through the middle of it. I'm exceedingly grateful to have been born and raised in a small town. How dreadful to be brought up in a city, thinking that people are evil! In a small town, you learn about friends and you learn about snobs. You learn stability and a sense of decorum and discipline. I went to church four times on Sunday, and I was taught not to speak until spoken to, which is why I talk so much now. I was raised by my maternal grandparents, whose name was Stall. My mother died when I was born, and my father, who was just nineteen, deposited me with my grandparents when I was nine days old. I saw him only twice after that, but I don't blame him for what he did. How could a nineteen-year-old boy raise a baby? My grandmother, whom I called Mother, was a calm, strong, dignified woman. She taught me so well to be independent that I became a nonconformist. She always said two things: Play tennis with people who are better than you are, and never travel without a dinner jacket. I don't play tennis anymore, but I prefer being around people who are smarter than I am. My grandfather was one-quarter Sioux Indian, and he was very good to me. He was a conductor on the Missouri Pacific, and he grew roses. People came from miles away to see his roses. We had the first tennis court in town. My uncles built it themselves, and my grandfather put up chicken wire around it. When I got old enough, I raked it and watered it and rolled it. We did not have a lot of money, but we had a big house, with three floors and one bathroom. We used to sit on the porch summer nights with the crickets going, and people always stopped by and talked. Sometimes they told ghostly stories in that wonderful Missouri twang—stories that would make your spine ripple on a dark summer night, with the heat lightning behind the trees and the breeze beginning to smarten. I started taking voice lessons when I was five, from a Mme. Centorbi, and I also started piano lessons with Mme. Theobald. They were both very grand. I studied piano until I was seventeen, but all the while I went down to the sheet-music store and I learned every new tune that came out. I had a marvellous speech teacher, Martha Mae Boyer, who chose all the books I read—'War and Peace' and Thomas Wolfe and Benchley and Fitzgerald—and when I graduated from high school as valedictorian, she helped me get two scholarships to the University of Southern California. My grandparents wanted me to go to a Methodist college for a year and then to Yale, but I wanted to go where the pretty people were, where the convertibles and the blondes were. My grandmother was surprised when I told her, but no one ever raised a voice in our house, and I think she was even a little proud of my determination—even though she was never pleased at my becoming a saloon singer and hobnobbing with Roosevelts. I took the Missouri Pacific out and got a job in a boarding house owned by a woman who treated me like a slavey. I served breakfast and dinner and cleaned up, ironed her two sons' shirts, and slept on a couch in the living room. But soon I moved into a house with a couple of classmates, and pledged Sigma Nu, and was the campus representative for Phelps-Terkel's clothing store—that meant wearing their clothes and being in the shop every afternoon, which was fine, because I already loved clothes. Then Joe Barbados and I opened a club just for students. We called it Barbados, and I played there every Friday and Saturday. I majored in advertising and merchandising and graduated in the top ten in 1941, and then worked as a movie extra. I joined the Navy, and they sent me to Harvard for six months. I went to dances at Pine Manor, where all the girls wore black lipstick, black nail polish, and black velvet. I asked for the Seabees when I finished Harvard, because I couldn't stand the stuffies I'd been with there, and it was the best thing that ever happened to me. I was in the 119th Battalion, Edwin C. Mackay commanding. I think he'd only gone through seventh grade, but he was brilliant. I became disbursing officer, which meant handling the payroll, and I was put in charge of the Officers' Club. The first thing I did was buy a piano, and we took it everywhere. We were sent to New Guinea, where we did a lot of waiting. I wrote letters and read 'The Magic Mountain' twice. My God! Settembrini and Peeperkorn and the rest—how well I knew them! At night, everybody got drunk. I controlled all the liquor, and had I wished to I could have made two hundred dollars a bottle. An officer in my battalion was alcoholic, and one night he set fire to my mosquito netting with me inside because I wouldn't let him have booze when he wanted it. I'm crazy about Christmas, and I had brought four sets of Christmas-tree lights with me to the South Pacific. At Christmas, the Seabees raised a huge pole in which they had drilled holes and put branches from whatever trees were available, and I hung my lights, and we had a beautiful tree. Then we were sent to the Philippines. One Sunday, I went to a Catholic church and a local boy was playing a huge bamboo organ that the Seabees had put back in working order. It had a reedy, flutelike sound, and no bottom. The boy seemed to know only one song, and it was terribly familiar, but I couldn't place it. Then I got it. It was 'Don't Get Around Much Anymore' done as a dirge. When the war ended, all fifteen hundred of us took off our clothes and stayed drunk two days. In the middle of this, it suddenly came to me that here I was in the Philippines and this was my chance to see something of the Orient. I wasn't in any hurry to go home, because there was nothing in particular to go home for, so I asked Commander Mackay if I could have a couple of days' leave to go and see a friend of my grandmother's in Hong Kong, and insane orders were cut for me that said I could travel 'where verbally ordered.' I went to Hong Kong and then to Macao and finally to Shanghai, which was the most exciting city I've ever seen. I was mustered out on Staten Island.

WELCOME
MEMBERS
JOE ADKINS
RANDALL PICKARD
MIKE BRANT
THE BILL LOGIN
Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"THE Hampton years really began in 1962 with a wild summer at Francis Carpenter's Bull's Head Inn, in Bridgehampton. Pat Hemingway was there, the other, good Gardiners, Cordelia Duke Biddle Robinson, who



*"I suppose this means we're no longer on the side of the angels."*

• •

thought 'Mrs. Robinson' had been written for her, Pat Havens Monteagle, Carlos and Joan Nadal, Betty Milliken, Frank Shields, Dorothy Fields, who had a steel-trap mind, all the Gabors, Bill Blass, and Cy Coleman, who wasn't so shy anymore. The next year, I worked at the Mid-Ocean Bath and Tennis Club and lived in a tiny cracker box on the dunes in Sagaponack. Truman Capote and I passed each other on the beach. Everyone stayed in my shack. George Frazier—dear George, who loved clothes so—and Carol Channing and Rona Jaffe and Julius Monk and Prince Michael of Prussia. Carol Channing got so sunburned one weekend that we had to take her back to New York in an ice pack to get her swollen eyes open so she could go to work the next night. I spent a season in East Hampton at the Hedges, and then I went into the marvellous Irving Hotel, in Southampton. I was there seven seasons. Formidable old ladies rocked on its veranda, and it had four enormous adjoining cottages and eleven acres of land and a beautiful garden where fashionable people got married. Bang-Bang Rutherford, who said she was going to marry me, hid a police car behind one of those giant Southampton hedges and it wasn't found for three days. I designed the room I worked in. It was called the Casino Library, and it had huge playing cards on the walls and fifteen hundred books and a fireplace and big dice cubes for tables. It was a great success. The Irving closed, and I went on for a year at the Sea Spray, two years at the Westhampton Bath and Tennis, and the summer before last I was at Zenda's, smack in the middle of Southampton. I still play winters in the islands, and occasionally I stop off for a few weeks in Palm Beach. This past summer, I went to Marbella, because I needed the change and the perspective Europe always gives me. All the Southampton people talked of committing suicide because I wouldn't be out there. A lot of my friends came over. We have pacts, little laws. One never mentions foolish or bad behavior from the night before. If you get drunk and fall down, you fall down among friends. One never talks about money. No one knows if I am rich or poor, and no one ever will. One never talks about illness. A wealthy woman I know said when a calamity occurred to a mutual acquaintance on Capri, 'We have no time on Capri for unhappiness. We are here to have fun'—which has its own undeniably wicked logic. During the day, my people have their boats and Meadow Club and cars. But I'm the night man, and from ten on they belong to me."

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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Each day's news seems to bring another account of the health effects of some chemical contaminant: Kepone, arsenic, PCBs, vinyl chloride, asbestos, mercury, lead, etc. . . .

Long after a chemical substance has been marketed and widely dispersed into the environment, we have discovered that it can cause cancer, attack the liver, lungs, kidneys, central nervous system, result in infant mortality or genetic damage. . . .

Congress singled out the PCB hazard and gave it special priority—and industry apparently agrees. Monsanto Chemical already has announced it will cease production of PCBs at the end of October 1977 and end all sales when inventories are depleted.—*Sylvia Porter in the Post.*

Meantime, folks, stay well!

# "Ahh… France."

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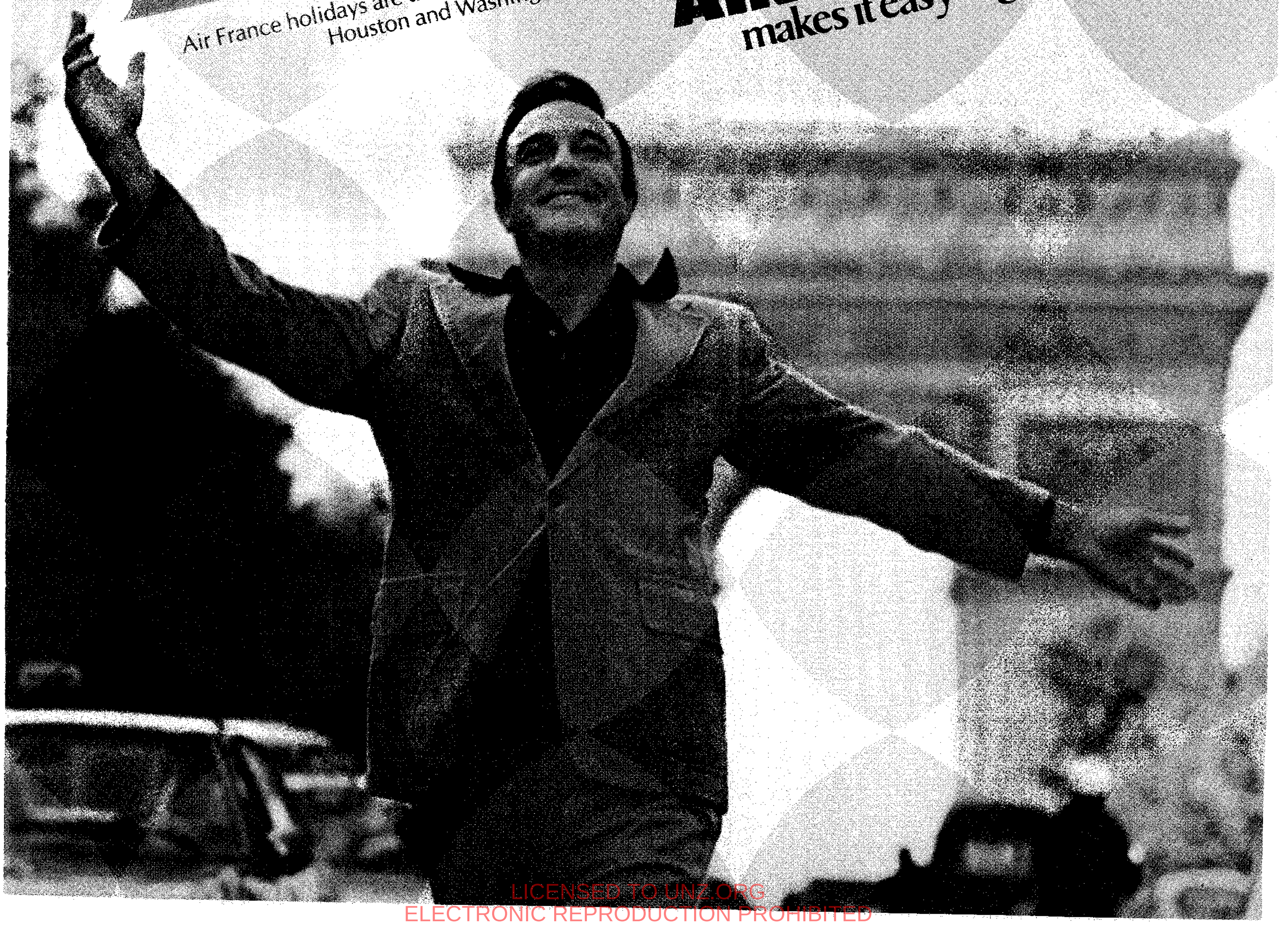

# WHAT OUR TWO UNCOMMON

Porsche Turbo Carrera: A $28,000* rear-engine, rear-wheel drive ultimate sports car.

Audi Fox: A $5,445* front-engine, front-wheel drive sedan.

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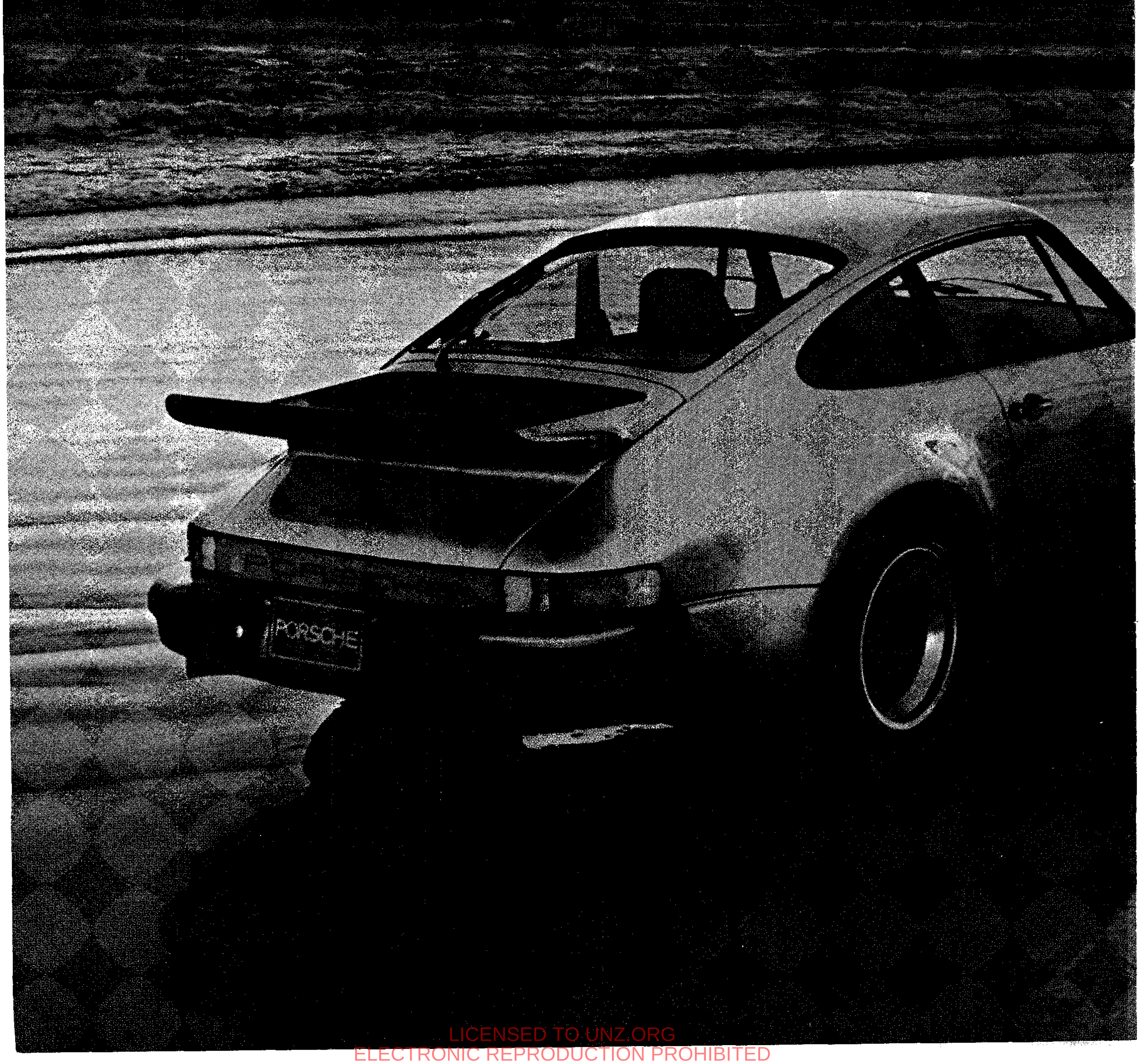
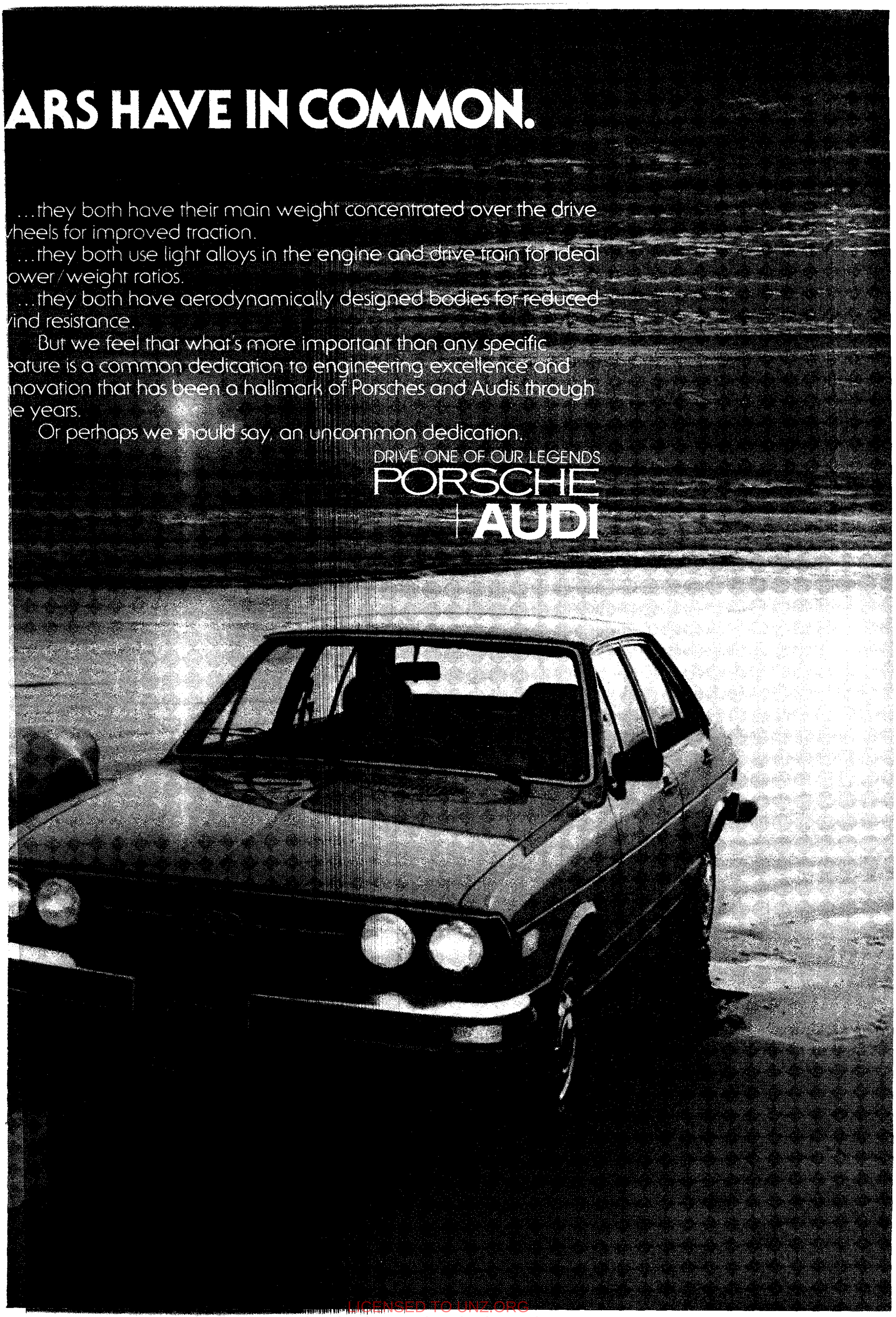
…they both have CIS fuel-injection for optimum combustion.

…they both have overhead cam design for high-performance driving.

…they both have high-strength, lightweight construction.

*Suggested 1977 retail price. P.O.E. Transportation, local taxes, and dealer delivery charges, additional. Whitewalls optional on Fox.





ARS HAVE IN COMMON.

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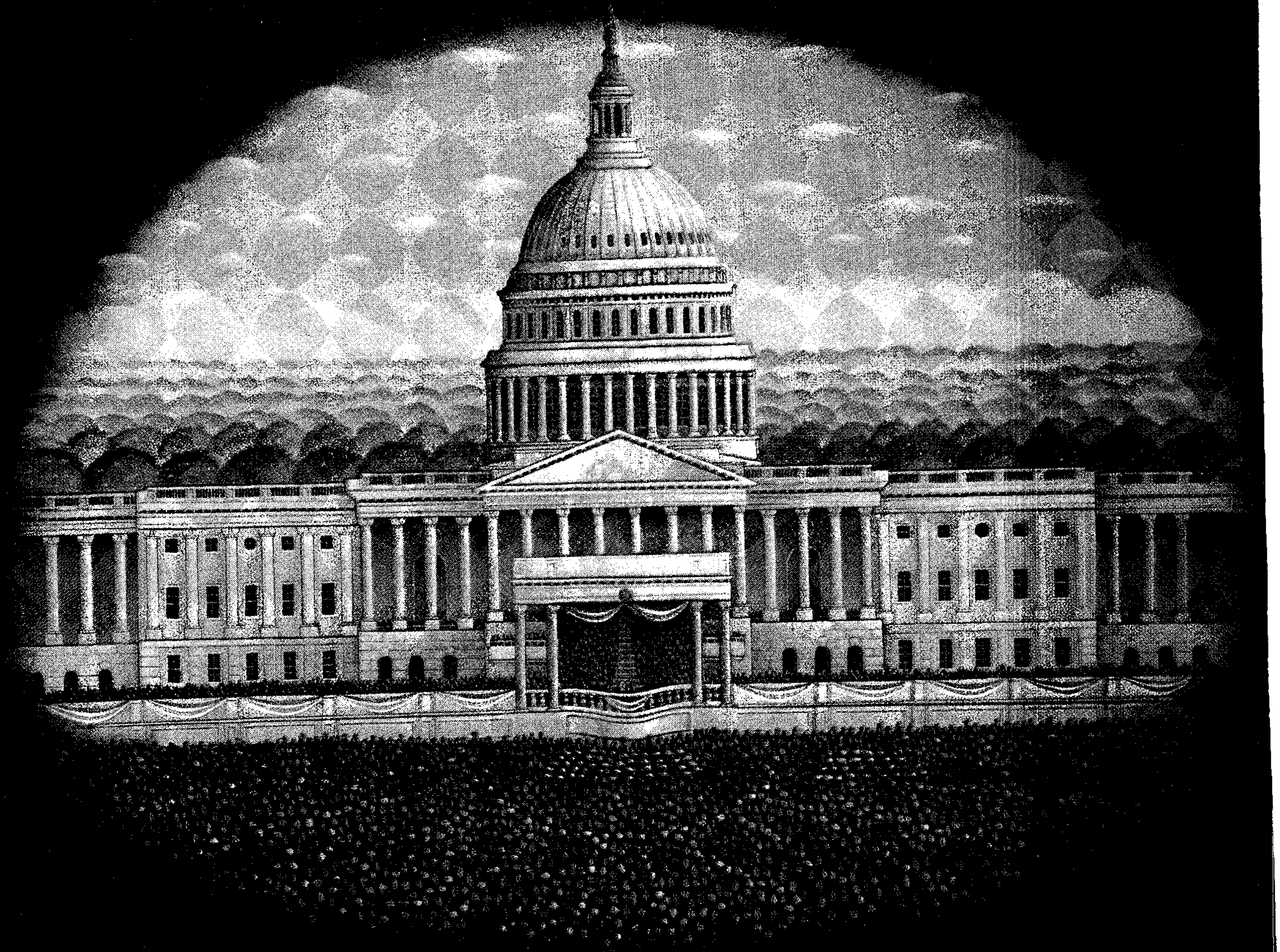

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# THE THEATRE

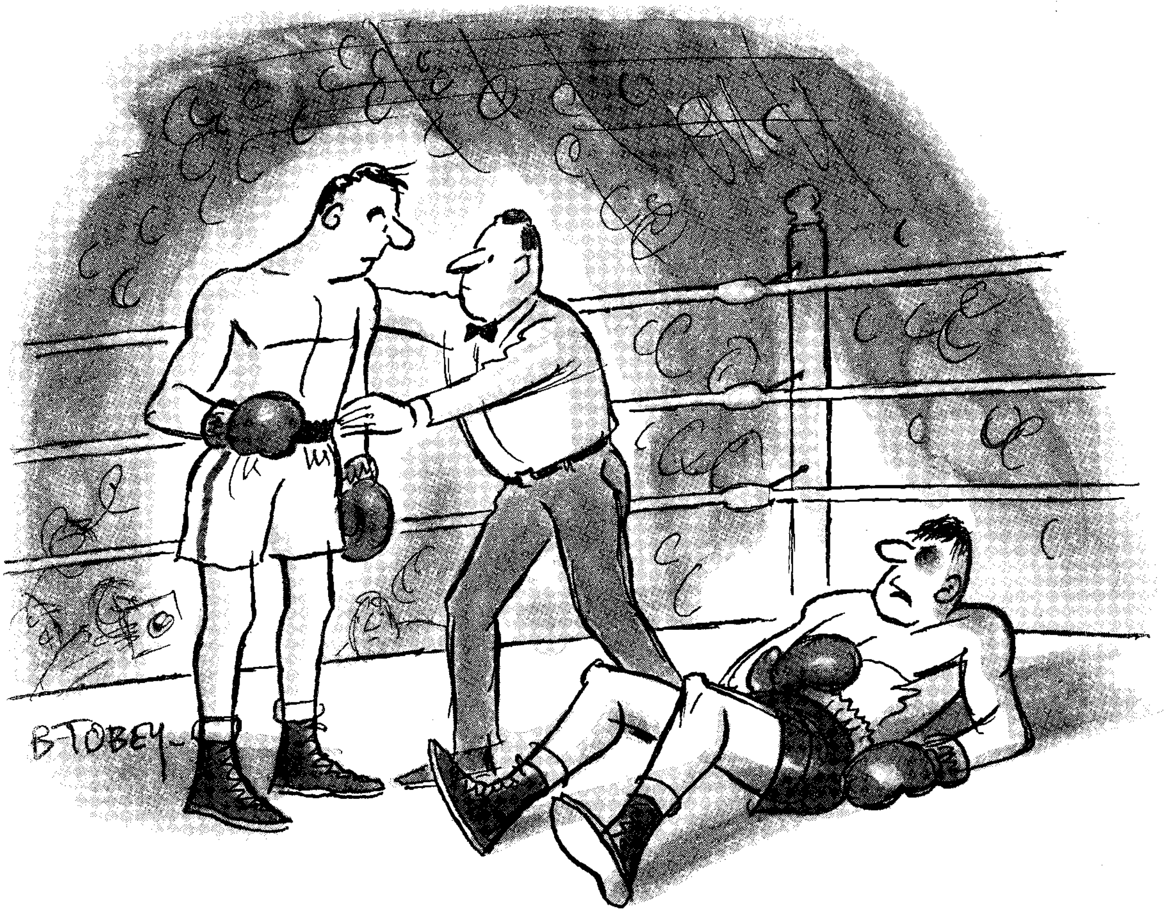
## THE LOSER AS WINNER

"The Trip Back Down," at the Longacre, is a well-written and well-constructed play, serious in its intentions and yet often effectively comic in tone, and it deserves a run on Broadway long enough to let its natural audience accumulate by word of mouth over a period of several months, as the audience for last season's "The Runner Stumbles" was fortunately able to do. I hope that no readers will deduce from this rather grim-sounding preliminary ruffle of drums that I am recommending the play because it will prove, in some obscure, puritanico-educational fashion, "good" for them to see—or, for that matter, "good for Broadway," whatever that pious cant phrase may be thought to mean. John Bishop, author of "The Trip Back Down," is an ambitious man as well as a talented one, and his play has certain valuable speculations to offer about the nature of winners and losers in contemporary middle-class life. (His title is unlucky because of its ambiguity—drugs have no place in the play. A more accurate, if more cumbersome, title would be "The Way Back Down and Halfway Up Again.") I found it always interesting, if not exhilarating, to be in Mr. Bishop's presence, especially because he has had the benefit of a fine cast and the brilliant direction of Terry Schreiber; few authors have been better served in their Broadway débuts.

The plot of "The Trip Back Down," which is recounted in a series of brief, poignant scenes that lead from one to the next like figures in a landscape on a continuously unfurling Japanese scroll, concerns a young native of Mansfield, Ohio, named Bobby Horvath. His conventional after-high-school fate would be to go to work in the big Westinghouse factory that dominates the town, as his father and brother and friends have all uncomplainingly consented to do, but Bobby fosters in his masculine, inarticulate heart the dreams of an Emma Bovary, a Carol Kennicott—he will escape the stultifying burden of factory drudgery by day and beer-swilling horseplay by night, and make his way out into a grander and more rewarding world. The means of his escape will be stock-car racing, at which he is adept; Mansfield behind him, he will rise, victory by victory, to the pleasing heights of fame. Alas, his dreams are not to be realized; the longer and harder he works at racing, the more obvious it becomes that his portion of fame will be an unsatisfactory one—big by Mansfield's standards, small by his. In the course of his racing career, he has put aside a wife and child; now he comes home to catch a glimpse of them, thinking perhaps to find the domestic circumstances of his youth less galling than he has remembered them as being. But no—Bobby perceives that he will be an even lonelier and more despairing misfit in Mansfield than he has been away from it. He is a loser with the courage of a winner, and this contrariety in his nature is an unassuageable one; gallantly, without hope, he returns to the world, since even in defeat life remains well worth the living.

As Bobby, John Cullum gives a spectacular performance; it is worth a visit to the Longacre simply to observe the skill and the depth of feeling by means of which he evokes for us the misery of poor fumbling, monosyllabic Bobby. Surrounding Cullum are half a dozen admirable actors and actresses, including Arlen Dean Snyder, Doris Belack, Edward Seamon, Jill André, and Anthony Call. The single skeletal setting, by Hal Tine, succeeds in pretending to be now a factory gateway, now a motel bedroom, now a bar, now a kitchen, now a bowling alley; the scenery-builders' union must have occasional dark thoughts about Mr. Tine. The costumes are by Pearl Somner, and the lighting is by Richard Nelson.

—Brendan Gill



*"No need to apologize. You had a job to do and you did it."*

# A REPORTER IN WASHINGTON, D.C.

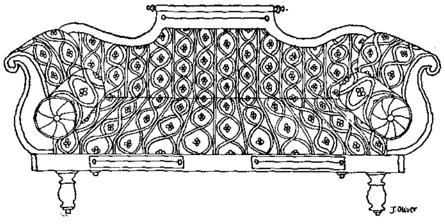
## AUTUMN NOTES—II

OCTOBER 13

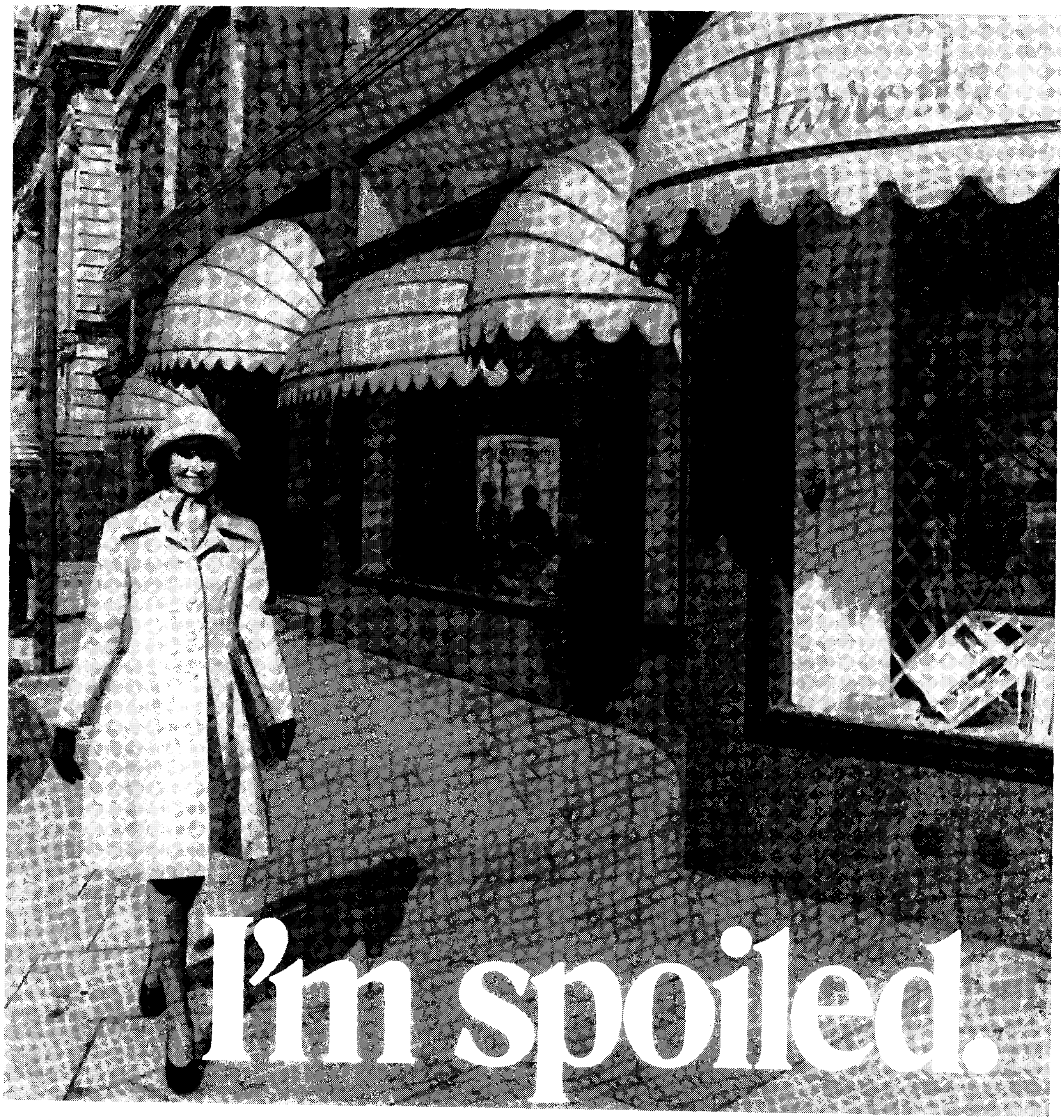
ATLANTA. Perhaps it is only my imagination, but Carter campaign aides, for all their confident talk, seemed tense and skittish when I talked with them today. They appeared a little down: the primaries were high adventure; this is grim business. It is clear that a decision has been made among Carter's top aides in Atlanta that he must cut out the strident tone that his campaign has taken on recently, and to make sure that he does so, they are sending in their ultimate persuader, Charles Kirbo, the Atlanta lawyer, who is perhaps Carter's closest friend and adviser. "When we need to make a point immediately and hard, we talk to Kirbo," Gerald Rafshoon, Carter's director of advertising, told me. I asked Rafshoon why Carter had developed such a tone recently. "He was down for a few weeks," he said. "He thought he could go for the kill. This is not a campaign where you go for the kill." Hamilton Jordan, Carter's campaign manager, said, "He'd been down. People were kicking the hell out of us. He was down and he felt like kicking back."

Both Rafshoon and Jordan explained what they thought had gone wrong in the early weeks of the fall campaign. Rafshoon said, as Jody Powell, Carter's press secretary and also a close adviser, had said earlier, that one of Carter's problems was that the former "outsider" had become entangled in the Democratic Party. One reason was the limit on campaign finance and spending. Each candidate can spend only twenty-one million eight hundred thousand dollars in federal funds, plus three million two hundred thousand raised by his party, so Carter was dependent upon Party people to organize and get out the vote. A subsidiary reason was that Carter decided it was time to make peace with Congress. Congress was a handy target during the primaries, but once Carter was nominated he realized that he would need the Democratic members of Congress to help him if he became President and also—backing up from that—to help him become President. Rafshoon said, "There was a feeling that he was such a maverick he would not be able to work with Congress and so they wouldn't work for his election." (Carter had rather famously bad relations with the Georgia legislature, and during the primaries he said that he would not hesitate to take on Congress once he was in the White House, if it did not respond to his requests. But after he was nominated he began to talk about how coöperative he expected to be with Congress.) But Carter's aides say that his sudden display of affection for Congress hurt his image. Rafshoon said, "People were telling Jimmy that in the Northern industrial areas people weren't thinking of Jimmy Carter as a traditional Democrat, and that the Party label was important, especially in places like New York and Pennsylvania, where a Southern outsider might not be construed as a Democrat. So he started talking like one, and it was out of character. It's better for me to do it in the media—show faces of Roosevelt and Kennedy, and have E. G. Marshall saying, 'A good man can become a great President.' When he went against Ford with traditional Democratic rhetoric—Herbert Hoover, 'Remember what the Democratic Party did for you'—it hurt Jimmy. People didn't want to hear that from Jimmy Carter. He had whipped the Washington establishment."

Shortly before the first debate, when Carter was home in Plains, his aides showed him videotapes of the news broadcasts of his early appearances. When he is travelling, he can't see how he comes across on television—which is, of course, how most Americans are seeing him. What appeals to a partisan crowd, his aides felt, was not so attractive on television. "It comes across on TV as screaming and shouting," one said. "Politics has changed. Loud, booming oratory doesn't go over on television to a couple of people watching in their home. That's the undoing of the Humphreys." Another problem with Carter's early campaign was that it was run, as one aide put it, "with a primary mentality." It was as if Carter still had to work each state for all it was worth, doing all he could to beat his opponents out, to get on the evening television. He did not seem to understand that now that he was the candidate there was a slot reserved for him on the news broadcasts every night. Therefore, he went to great lengths to get himself covered, talked to reporters at airport stops—and got in trouble from talking so much. Inevitably, he grew testy from being asked the same question again and again, and, moreover, his answers to reporters' questions were more likely to be on the night's news programs than scenes of a well-planned rally. (One aide said today, "I was beginning to hope that Patty Hearst would escape.")



One of Carter's biggest problems now may be that he was a better primary candidate than he is a general-election candidate. He had a style that worked—up to a point, but sufficiently—in the primaries, but it doesn't fit the general election, and he and his aides don't seem to know what to do about it. Therefore, the tone and the style keep changing. Carter did very well in living rooms and with small groups during the early primaries, and, given time, he could see enough small groups to make an impression. He stayed in people's homes and made his bed during the primaries—he probably made the beds of a fair proportion of the Democrats in Iowa—but he can't make the beds of the same proportion of the electorate. He cannot stand before a crowd at a large rally in Chicago and tell them, as he told primary audiences, that he wants them to be part of his family, that he wants to have an intimate relationship with them. He has long since stopped inviting his audiences to come visit him in the White House—an invitation that charmed them in New Hampshire. He and his aides were convinced that one of the things that worked in the primaries was that Carter stressed themes and style, not substance, but they don't seem to know how to construct such a campaign for the fall, so he doesn't seem to have very much to say. Carter wrote in his autobiography, "Why Not the Best?," about how he shook the hands of six hundred thousand voters in Georgia in his second, and successful, race for the governorship. Patrick Caddell, Carter's pollster, said to me today, "Jimmy's style is not conducive to a general-election campaign. He's best with small numbers of people, in intimate and personal situations. The stump and the crowds—that's not how he succeeded in the primaries." Carter is still inclined to try to please and blend in with every audience he appears before—a technique that was largely successful in the primaries but is now catching up with him. He is weak at



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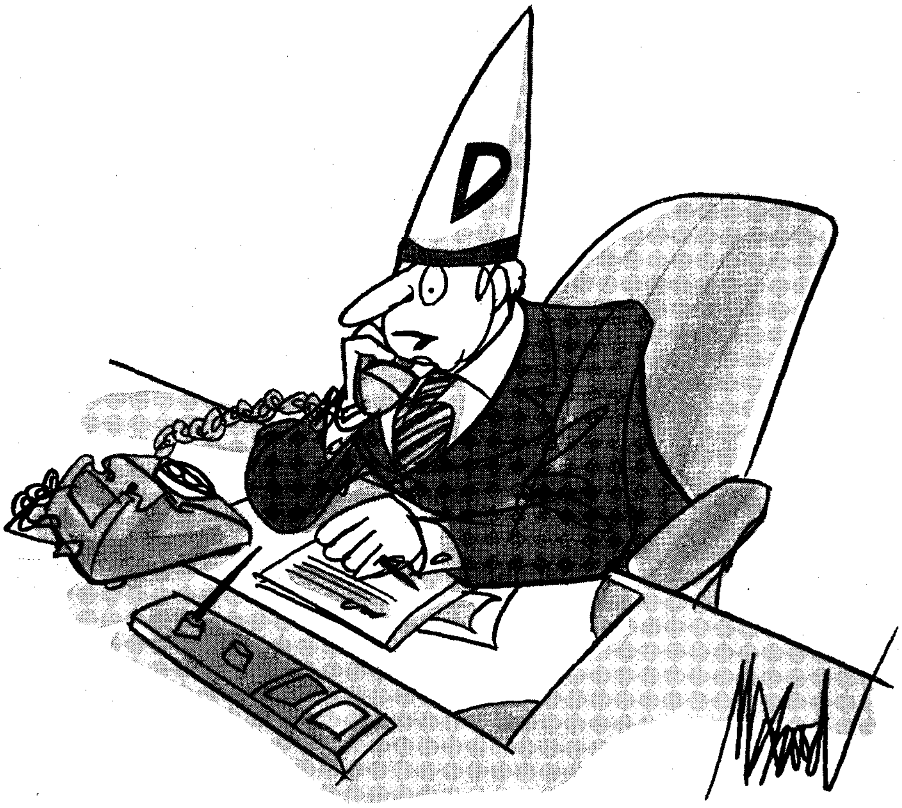


*"And you, Herb. What's new with you?"*

• •

giving formal speeches. And this fall, instead of carving out some issues that people can identify him with, thereby enabling them to identify with him, he has presented the public with the confusing image of a man who in his acceptance speech is a populist and then a week later is reassuring a group of business leaders over lunch at "21," who plays softball with Ralph Nader and then, heeding the warning from his advisers that he appears too far left, goes right. There is a truism among politicians that the country is essentially "centrist," and that a national candidate who veers too far from center will lose. Perhaps; but it takes real skill for a politician to blur ideology without appearing tricky.

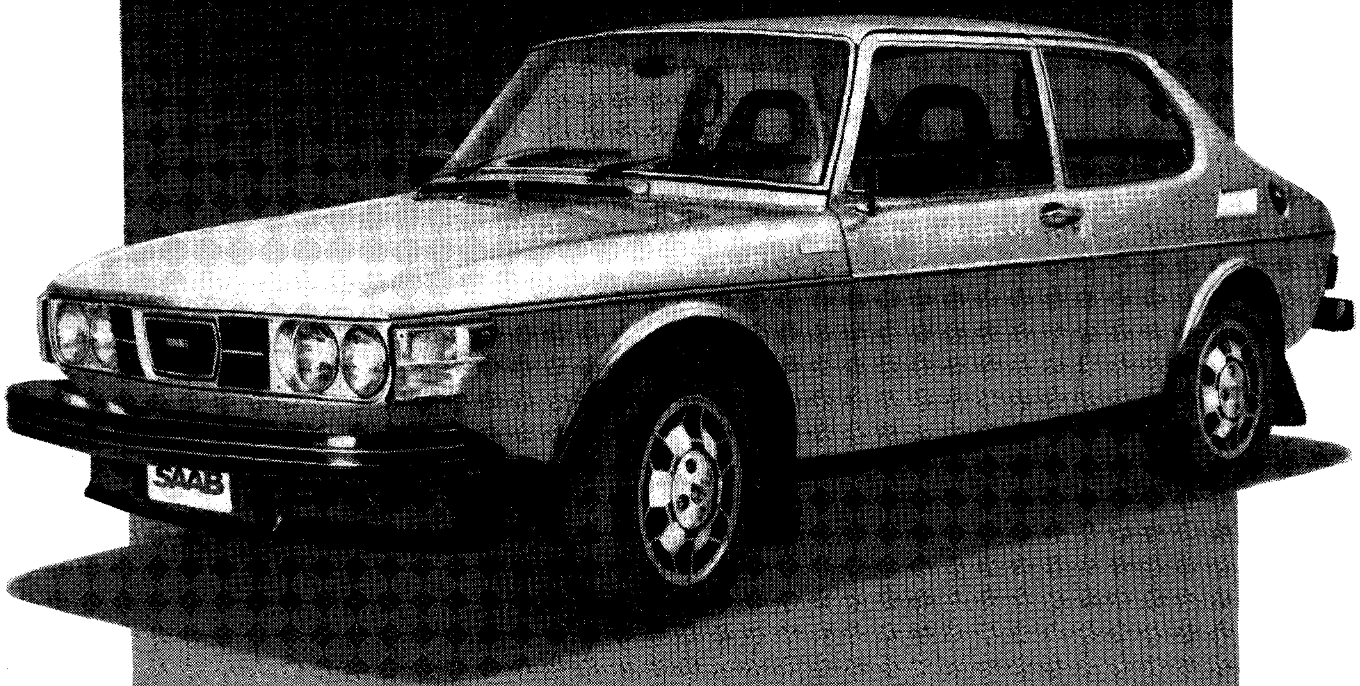
One sign of the worry in Atlanta is that a decision has just been made to increase Rafshoon's advertising budget. The new funds will be concentrated in the South, which the Carter strategy counts on as the basis of his electoral-vote strength. Yet Caddell said today that "the South seems to be the area of greatest volatility and movement." Jordan said that the money was going into media in the South "to make sure." He said, "Once you start to slide, you can't stop—you can only slow it down." Caddell said that the Southern states were hard to gauge, because it was difficult to estimate how many blacks in those states would vote. Caddell, sitting in his office at the Carter campaign headquarters, his desk buried in papers, looked worried. "The volatility of this race is confusing," he said. "It bounces around too much. The turnout is really a concern. There have been so many tides in this election. The electorate does not appear very well anchored. A lot depends on who has the initiative and who is on the defensive. The changes are so large because the attachments to the candidates do not seem great. A lot of the small states where we have margins look as if they may break even. August was a month of decline for us—it had to be, because the margin was too wide. Then, in the first ten days of September, we started to see a rise in those who said they were concerned about Carter's changing positions so much and in those who saw a risk in electing Carter. That last one's the one we worry about. The percentage of those disagreeing that it was safe to keep Ford was going down. The percentage of those who said that Ford was a good man but was not in charge of the government was going down." Caddell's polls ask a variety of questions, which in themselves are reflective of this election. Among the things they ask people to say they agree or disagree with are: Jerry Ford is a good person but he is not able to take charge of the country (the same is asked about Carter); Jimmy Carter as President would have the vision to provide leadership for the country (the same is asked about Ford); Jimmy Carter (or Jerry Ford) cares about people like me; electing Jimmy Carter is too much of a risk (or Jerry Ford is a safe choice because we know what he'll do as President); Jerry Ford deserves a lot of credit for putting the country back on the road to prosperity; Jimmy Carter (or Jerry Ford) is trustworthy; Jimmy Carter *is always changing his* positions on the issues; Jimmy Carter is too much of a big-spending liberal; Jimmy Carter is too inexperienced to be President. And people are asked whether they feel that Carter or Ford "is closer to me on the issues." Caddell considers this last question highly important, because, he says, it is tied to whether voters feel that one or the other would be better at managing the economy, keeping inflation down, making government responsive. People are given a word or a phrase—competent, concerned about ordinary people, managing the economy, keeping taxes down, keeping inflation down—and asked which candidate they identify with it more. After the first debate, a question was added about whether people thought that Carter had overpromised. Many did. Caddell says that Carter's lead in the polls was rising in the period just before the first debate. "Then the *Playboy* incident was devastating," he said. "It had a major, major impact. The numbers just started diving. After the first debate, the Carter-is-a-risk numbers started to go down, and since the second debate we have seen some movement, but our numbers are not going up all that much. We've been pushing Jimmy harder and harder to find ways of going at economic themes and of stressing his anti-Washington theme. The problem is that the electorate can make a judgment on a number of grounds—whom they like best, whom they like least, the economy—and it hasn't decided what grounds to decide on. There are no cutting issues. We're having a thematic campaign without any themes, and we don't have any issues to substitute for that."

When I dropped in to see Hamilton Jordan, he was reading the day's campaign report. It said, in part:

(1) Urban. Henry Maier (Milwaukee) distributing 5,000 C/M [Carter-Mondale] signs and activating phones on behalf of the ticket.

(2) Seniors. Claude Pepper [Representative from Florida and a member of the House Select Committee on Aging] touring N.Y., Pa., and Oh. on behalf of C/M.

(3) Greeks. National chairman of



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(4) Indians. Excellent response from JC's meeting with Indians in Albuquerque.

(10) New Jersey. Ford's impending visit getting good advance play in papers.

(15) Michigan. McCarthy on the ballot, as expected.

Jordan, who directed the Carter campaign when it was a tiny guerrilla operation, now presides over a staff of fourteen hundred—about six hundred in Atlanta and eight hundred in the field—and a budget of about twenty-two million dollars. The Carter campaign organization now occupies three floors at One Hundred Colony Square, a modern high rise in a complex on the outskirts of downtown Atlanta. In what is called the Situation Room, on the twenty-fourth floor, charts and maps around the walls show where the various Carter campaigners are scheduled to go: Jimmy Carter, Walter Mondale, Rosalynn Carter, Joan Mondale, the Carter children (Jack and his wife, Chip and his wife, Jeff and his wife), Carter's Aunt Sissy, and "V.I.P.-Other"—mainly Andrew Young, Richard Hatcher, and Martin Luther King, Sr. (Daddy King), all of them blacks. Jordan explained that the decisions on where all these people will campaign are based largely on polling data. One map has colored lines that show where Carter and Mondale and their wives and Carter's children are this week. Another map has colored pins in it showing where they have been. Most of the pins appear to be in Illinois, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. In addition, planeloads and busloads of Georgians are being sent to a number of states to campaign and get out the vote. These so-called Peanut Brigades are being concentrated in Maine, Vermont, and New Hampshire, where Jordan says the two candidates are very close. "If we take five or six small states from Ford," he said, "he can't win the election." The Situation Room is windowless and resembles a war room, which in a sense it is. There are files containing material that shows which groups are to get what sort of attention. A computer terminal that sends information to the Carter plane is there, and in an adjoining room, where Caddell's polling information comes in, wall maps display the most recent numbers for the various states (California: 51 for Carter, 43 for Ford, 3 undecided; Illinois: 45 to 45, and 6 undecided; Ohio, 49, 45, 5). Jordan maintains that Carter's strategy of running almost everywhere is the correct one, because it has forced Ford to spend resources on small states that he might otherwise have taken for granted. "The strength of the campaign continues to be that Carter and Mondale and their spouses have been all over," Jordan said. "The problems we had in September were counteracted by the fact that they were campaigning all over the place, since local coverage is ninety per cent positive."

I asked Jordan why he thought people were so apathetic about the campaign.

He replied, "The sharp contrast between Jimmy and Ford has not been drawn. And most people don't feel they have a personal stake in who's President. That's the degree of frustration and personal alienation there is now."

I asked him about the effect of Carter's public embrace of Mayor Daley.

"It hurts," he said. "But we can't win Illinois without him pushing for us. Most people understand that he's a powerful political figure. If we go into the election with a margin of two points or so, just the turnout will make the difference. Besides, Jimmy really does like Mayor Daley."

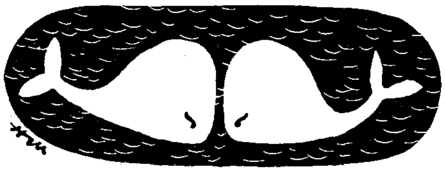
I asked about Carter's approach in the foreign-policy debate.

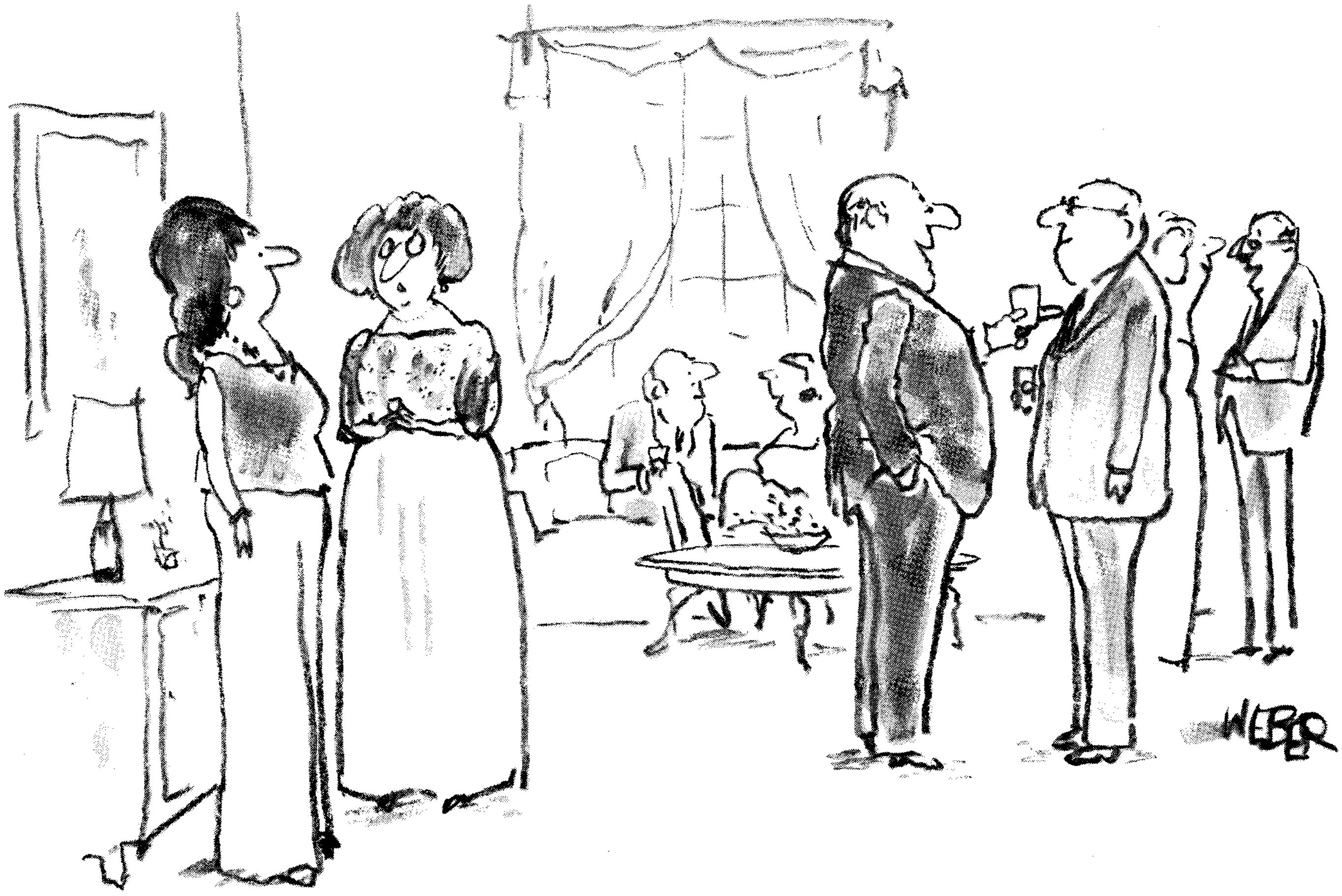
He explained, "There's no way to win taking a more liberal approach than Gerald Ford on foreign policy. And people forget, Jimmy was a military officer." (When I asked Rafshoon about this, he said, "He went after Ford's strength in order to keep Ford on the defensive and away from Jimmy's vulnerability—his advocacy of cuts in defense spending.") "The mood of the country hasn't changed since the primaries," Jordan said. "I thought all along the danger would be in getting too far away from the things that won him the primaries. What turns people on is a message of hope—'We can do better.' "

•

WHEN I saw Charles Kirbo this morning, it was in the offices of his firm, King & Spalding, one of the leading law firms in Atlanta. The offices are appointed with Chinese art and artifacts, thick rugs, and parquet floors. Kirbo himself is almost a caricature of the hooded-eyed, hidden, slow-talking Southern country lawyer who came to the big city and made good. His mannerisms—especially the slow talk—are those that are generally associated with shrewdness, but, of course, one never can be sure. (People thought at first that John Mitchell must be shrewd, because he puffed on a pipe and said little.) But Carter's associates say that Kirbo is truly shrewd, and no one questions his influence over Carter. The association between the two men began in 1962, when Kirbo was the "smart Atlanta lawyer" recommended to help Carter prove that the election for a seat in the state senate had been stolen from him. Kirbo won the case. (The story has an odd parallel with the one behind the relationship between Lyndon Johnson and Abe Fortas: Fortas helped Johnson in a legal battle over his election to the Senate.) While Kirbo is only seven years Carter's senior, he comes off very much the elder in the relationship. And he is the kind of loyal, trusted associate, always watching and listening, always looking out for one's interests, that people who lead risky lives—lives in which they put themselves on the line—come to value. I have seen Kirbo on a few occasions this year—at the Convention, at the first debate—and watched those hooded eyes taking in what was going on. I recall one of Carter's aides telling me last summer that Kirbo was the one who "can straighten Jimmy out when he gets off balance;" aides tell you that Kirbo is the one through whom they send delicate messages to Carter; one told me that it was Kirbo who persuaded Carter to go for broke in the Pennsylvania primary—to spend a lot more time and money in the state than he had planned to, in the hope that victory there would be decisive. Kirbo is said to be quite conservative, but some say that this shows up less in ideological arguments than in political ones. One Carter associate said, "Kirbo will say, 'It's better to be conservative on this.' " It is Kirbo who is consulted by other aides on whether or not to run rough television spots. And it is Kirbo who has been travelling around talking to other politicians, collecting their grievances about the Carter campaign and trying to calm them.

The word that comes to mind in the Kirbo offices is "affluence." Affluence and success. In Atlanta, the buildings seem to be going up before one's eyes. As Jack Watson, one of Kirbo's law partners and the man who has taken charge of the planning for the transition between Administrations, if there is one, put it, "Washington works on power and reflections of power; Atlanta works on money." Though Kirbo, the careful lawyer, has developed the art of talking slowly and saying





*"He likes to say we're a team, but really he's the coach and I'm the team."*

• •

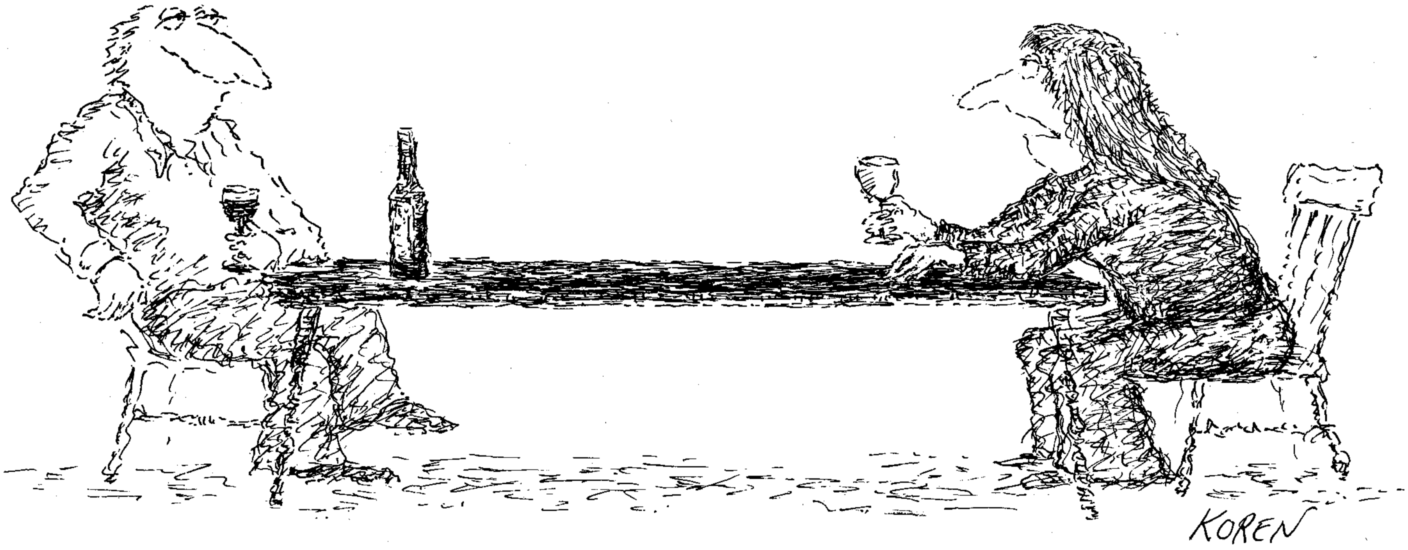
little, he said a few things this morning that I thought were revealing. He is a large man with wavy gray hair and blue eyes. This morning, he was wearing a plaid jacket and blue trousers. "After Jimmy got the nomination," Kirbo said, "there was a feeling that he had been overexposed and he needed to be low-key until after the Republican nomination." Other Carter aides had said something like this—that Carter's troubles during the last series of primaries, when he lost nine out of sixteen, stemmed from his having been "overexposed." This suggests either that, as Ford's managers also believe in his case, too much exposure of a politician to the public is not good for him, or that too much exposure of Carter in particular is not good for him—or both. "And he needed some rest," Kirbo continued. "It turned out he didn't get a hell of a lot of rest. There were so many people coming down to Plains. During that time, we had to let a lot of people go. We didn't have the money to start the campaign for the general election. There was a period of two to three weeks in there when we were putting together people for each state and figuring out how we were going to campaign for each state. Then we set out on a new type of campaign, which was somewhat frustrating for a while. We were campaigning against Ford and on a wide basis, loaded down with press and Secret Service, dealing with the establishment in each state. It took us a while to get going. As time went on, we developed information and recommendations about Ford, and Jimmy began to go after him. And Jimmy became more aggressive at times, which is his style. It's not a new style. But there's a time to be aggressive and a time to move softly. A month ago, people were saying, 'You're too soft, go back to the old style.' It's cramped his style to have to carry the press and the Secret Service with him. He likes to move fast and cover a lot of territory. If I had it to do over again, I'd take a good look at the possibility of moving the press in a different conveyance than they move in during the campaign. I don't think it's necessary that the press be right with you all the time. My feeling now is that he needs to make less frequent appearances. I think that the die is about cast." Less frequent appearances, of course, lessen the chances of mistakes.

I asked Kirbo some questions about the sort of Administration that Carter might have.

Kirbo made it clear that Carter thrives in an atmosphere of activism, but then said, "We won't be able to move quickly—the results won't be quick." Kirbo talks in terms of "we," as if he were Carter's partner. "I think he's going to be liberal in the so-called compassionate area," Kirbo said, "but he's going to be conservative and tight in all areas with money."

I asked Kirbo how much of a populist Carter really is.

His answer suggested an unsentimental approach. "That's hard to say," he replied. "I guess there's some populist in all of us. I think he believes, and I believe, that a lot of the so-called populist urges, properly managed, are consistent with good business and good government." Pause. Silence. One does not so much converse with Kirbo as wait for him to continue. "It gets back around to having confidence in government and confidence in business. Until some of those things that bother people a lot are eliminated, the country's going to have serious problems. It takes a populist approach to get some of those things straight. There's a limit on the power of government, a limit on the power of economics. You can't have a successful war in Vietnam. That was brought home to me. I never had seen a country that really was refusing to support



*"Michael, don't you want to share?"*

• •

the armed services and the government on a rather substantial scale. The same thing is true with respect to business. There's a vast majority of people who really feel like they are mistreated—and those things have to be reconciled. You take someone that knows his family isn't getting as good medical treatment—it'll make him bitter. The same thing is true with respect to our justice system. It's not only unfair and inefficient—it's so costly some people just can't afford it. You can call that populism, but they are factors that've just got to be dealt with. Until they are dealt with, you won't have a strong government that you can marshal a war or any other thing. I think that's the type of populism Jimmy's thinking of—correcting evils and inefficiencies, and developing a system of fairness among the various elements of this society."

I asked Kirbo about the conflicting signals Carter had given out in his acceptance speech and at the lunch at "21" a week later.

"You've got to establish yourself with all elements, and Jimmy's been seeing a lot of Republican businessmen, and I've had some input with that," he said. "He knows they're not going to vote for him. But he tells them he knows what their concerns are, and he wants to sit down with them after the election and get their input in the changes he wants to make. The biggest and the most direct criticism of the government is from business. He says—and I think it's true—that you can get these groups that appear to be competitive and separated, like environmentalists and businessmen, in a room and talking, and you can get ninety per cent of it worked out, and he sees his job as handling that ten-per-cent area."

I asked Kirbo about the Supreme Court. Some of Carter's associates attributed Carter's recent statement praising the Burger Court to Kirbo's influence.

Kirbo began by saying, "I think the Court will go in a conservative—" Then he stopped and corrected himself: "A moderate direction for the foreseeable future. It's going that way now. I think the Court recognized that some of the altruistic goals they had are just not working out. Rather than changing things more, they've been stopping and taking another look and seeing that they cannot be so broad in what they do."

•

JACK WATSON, who is thirty-seven, is a pleasant man—he is apparently one of those who have developed the art of being pleasing. He is intelligent and ambitious, and people whom he has consulted in his work on the transition say that he asked good questions and seemed to learn fast. When I talked with Watson this morning, he explained that he wrote a memo to Carter after the Pennsylvania primary—when many people, mistakenly, thought that the question of the nomination was settled, and when Watson thought, as many people did, also mistakenly, that it would be far harder to win the nomination than the election. He explained in the memo that if Carter was elected, he would be presented with an unusual situation: the timing of the new budget process would require his own budget proposals by February, and there were serious limitations in the fact that Carter was an outsider. After the final primaries, on June 8th, when Carter, in effect, won the nomination, he agreed to divert funds and people to a transitional planning effort. The transition group was staffed with people who were relatively unknown and fresh—for appearances' sake, it seems, as well as for the purpose of getting fresh ideas. (Some wise old heads are being consulted, but Watson plays that down. Moreover, only relatively young people were in a position to move to Atlanta for a few months.) A great many papers are being prepared. Watson told me that a hundred and thirty-five papers had been received on foreign-affairs issues, and had been synthesized into thirty-five. None of these will matter, of course, until the people with real responsibility are selected for the new Administration and choose—if they do—to read them. And the selection of those people has been studied, with Watson ascertaining the two hundred-odd jobs—out of approximately two thousand that a new Administration would fill—that are most important and deserve a President-elect's attention.

I asked Watson what the most difficult questions were that his operation faced.

He replied, "How in fact, not theory, does a small group of people really reach out and find formidable new talent that is outside the old-boy networks. You can make speech after speech saying that the American people are competent and compassionate—and mean it down to your toes—but the problem is, how do you find them? I don't mean 'old-boy networks' derogatorily. I really do not. I mean people whose recurring participation in government is endless. I began to find very soon that there are networks that not

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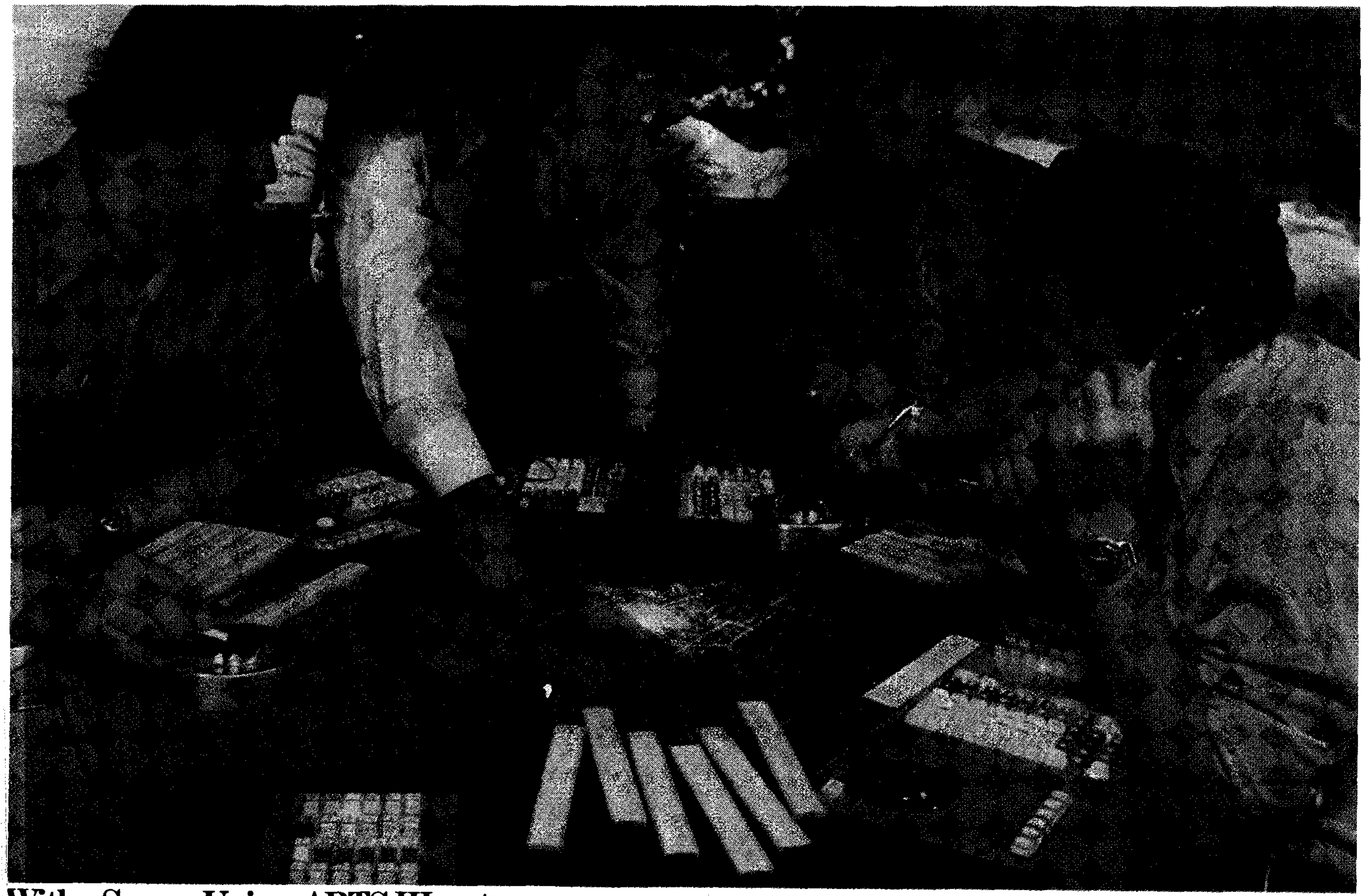

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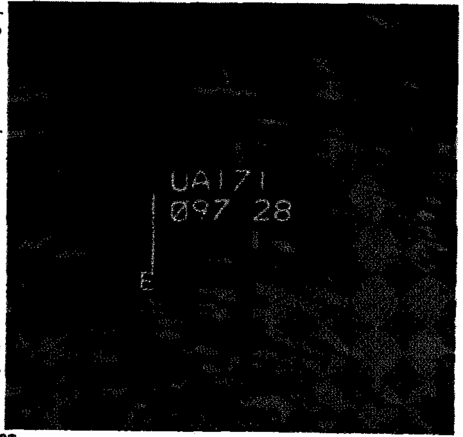

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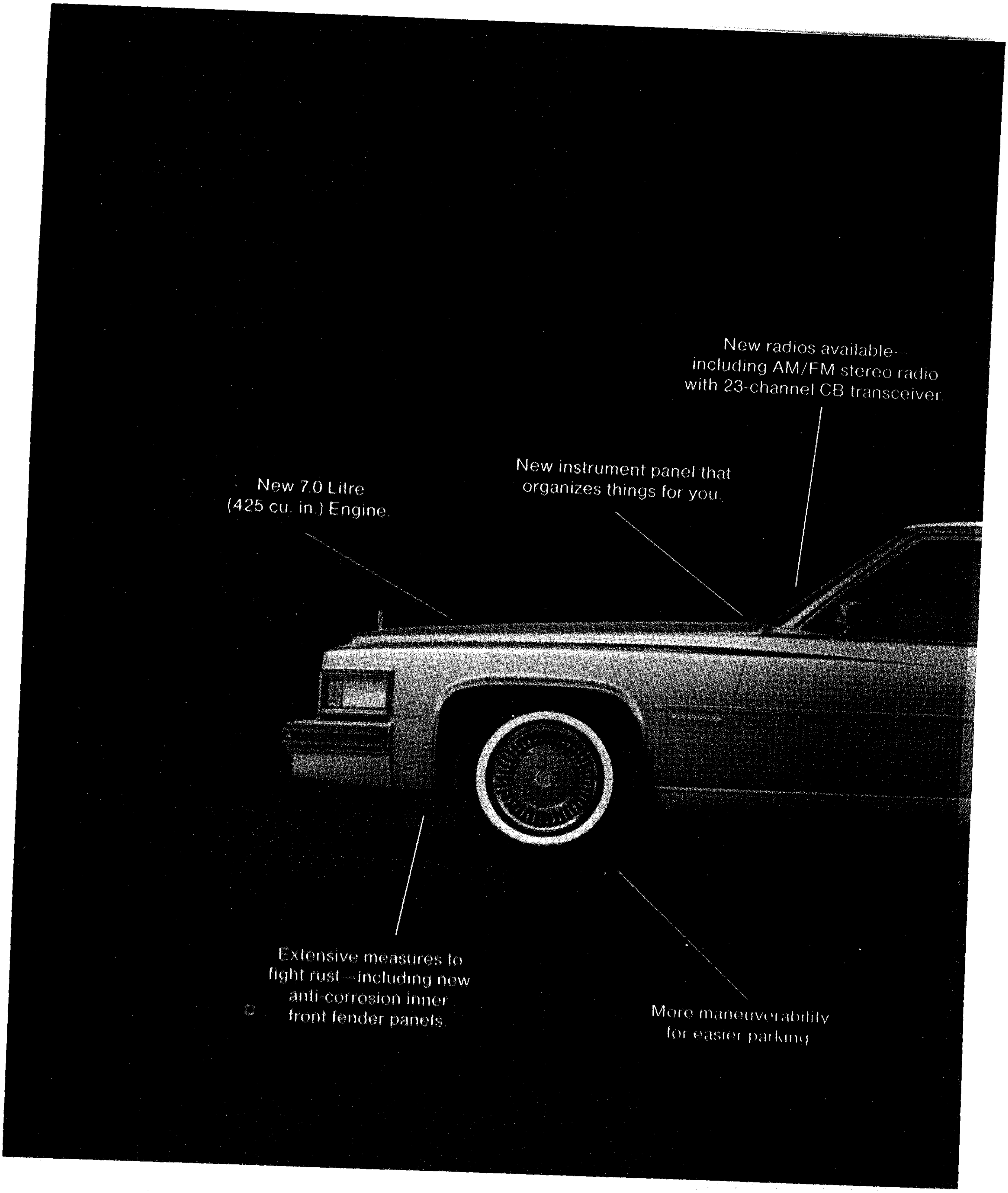
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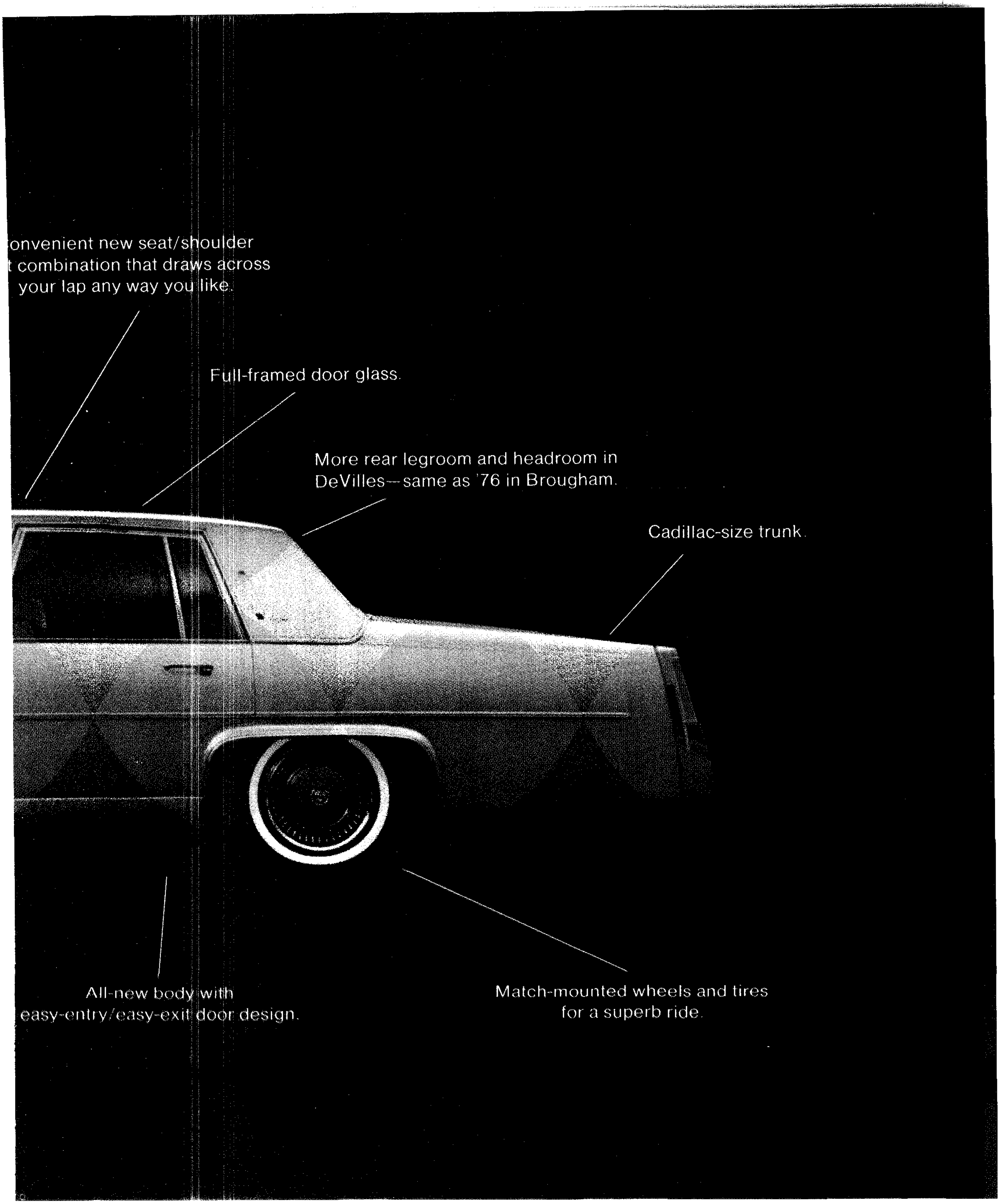

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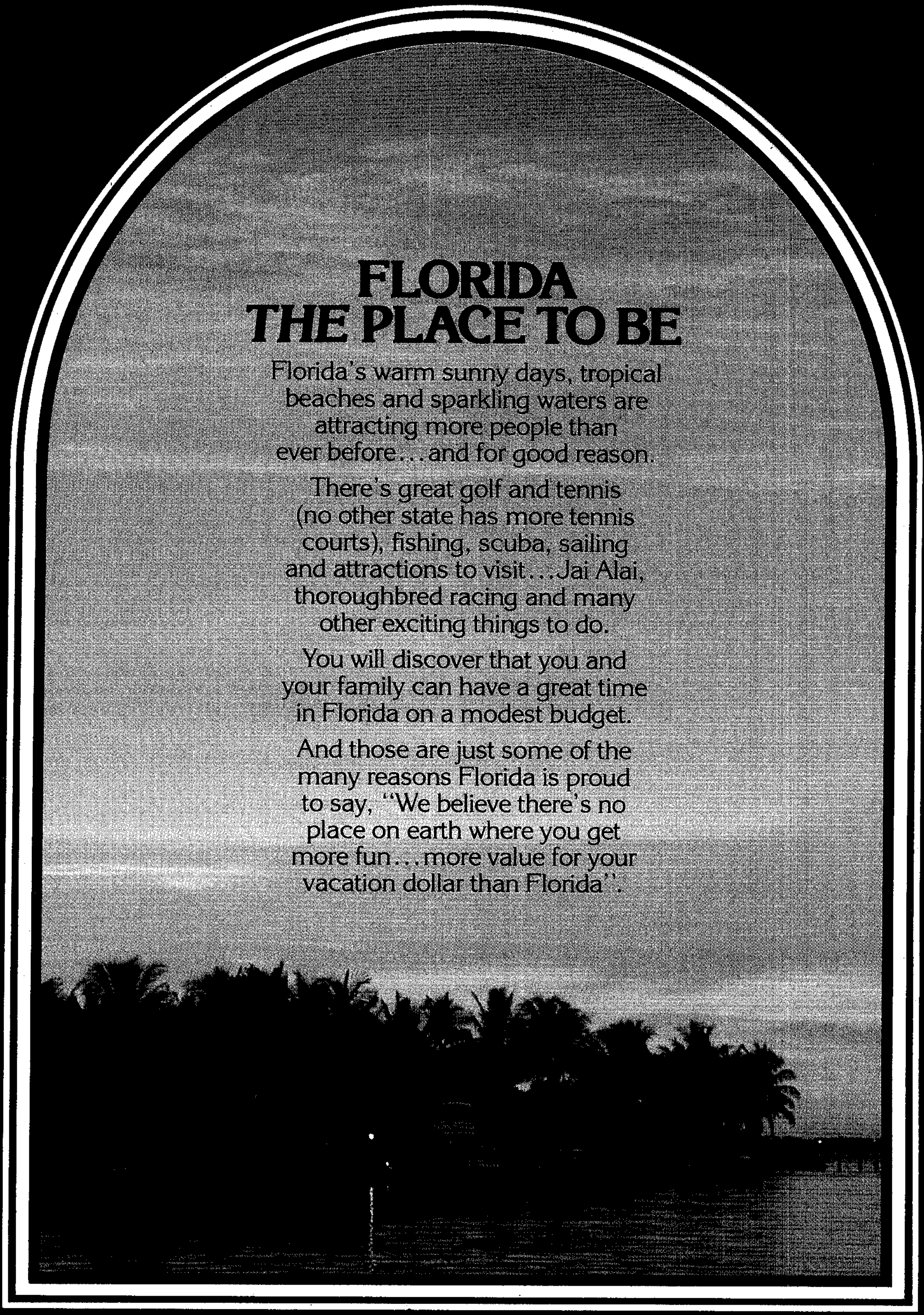

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only self-circulate but interconnect with other networks. There will be people in the Carter Administration—if there is one—who have served in previous Administrations. There is no beauty in inexperience."

There is already, inevitably, some trench warfare in Atlanta between those who saw as the road to power in a new Administration the "issues" staff assembled for the campaign and those who have joined Watson's transition team. (Most people, of course, join campaigns not because they are mad about campaigns but because they see them as paths to future prominence and, to be blunt about it, because of the money that can be earned after one has gained the prominence and served in an Administration. The "sacrifice" of government service is often something quite different.) Watson's people are very critical, for example, of the energy-reorganization proposal that was rushed out just before the first debate—tried to stop it, in fact—on the ground that it was not thought through well. And they plan to lose it somewhere along the way. Hamilton Jordan, for his part, is eying the Watson operation suspiciously, and is clearly planning to move in on it. A member of the campaign staff remarked to me today, "Jack's got a lot of people over there showing off for Jimmy."

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AS I left Watson's office, I encountered a California Democrat who busies himself with candidates and causes and with assuring people that he is very important. "I'm here to have lunch with Jack Watson," he told me proudly. "I want to help some of my friends."

•

TODAY, the President increased price-support loans on wheat by fifty per cent and those on corn by twenty per cent. Carter had called for price-support-loan increases on Monday, and an Agriculture Department official had responded by saying that there was "no economic justification" for them. The President is to campaign in the Midwest tomorrow.

OCTOBER 14

AT his televised press conference tonight, the President looks heavily made-up and tired. This morning, the Special Prosecutor announced that the investigation into Ford's finances had cleared him of any wrongdoing, and tonight the President crisply reads a statement saying that the action upheld "my personal reputation for integrity." He also says, having caught on to the public discontent with the campaign, that he hopes that the Special Prosecutor's action "will elevate the Presidential campaign to a level befitting the American people and the American political tradition." The campaign "has been mired in questions that have little bearing upon the future of this nation," he says. "The people of this country deserve better than that." A good move for him to say that. He adds that "Governor Carter and I have profound differences" on a number of issues. But there are other unwelcome questions. In an almost spooky resemblance to things we have gone through before, *John Dean* has just said that in the fall of 1972 Ford, as House Minority Leader, acted on instructions from White House aides to head off an investigation by the House Banking and Currency Committee into the Watergate break-in. He says that tapes not yet released prove this. Actually, the fact that the White House wanted Ford to head off the investigation is not news. Moreover, there were a number of people—no friends of Nixon's—who felt in the fall of 1972 that that was not the proper committee to conduct such an investigation. The problem for Ford is that during his confirmation hearings for the Vice-Presidency he told the congressional committees under oath that he had played a role in heading off the investigation, but he denied that he did it at the behest of the White House. Asked about this tonight, he says that "after full investigation," the Senate and House committees inquiring into his nomination "came to the conclusion that there was no substance to those allegations." He doesn't say he did not act to block the investigation. There are several questions tonight about his 1972 bank account and about his accepting free travel from lobbyists. But the President looks like a conservative banker and does not seem ruffled by these questions. One considers how Nixon would have reacted to them. Ford becomes more relaxed and genial as the press conference proceeds. (Two days ago, he dug himself out of a hole by admitting, finally, that he had made a mistake when he said that Eastern Europe was not dominated by the Soviet Union—saying that what he had meant to say was that he would not acquiesce in Soviet domination of the area.) He is asked about the cities, and he replies, "I would not embrace any spending program that is going to cost the federal treasury and the American taxpayers billions and billions and billions of dollars." I wish he would go to Detroit, where the unemployment rate for young blacks is fifty-two per cent. Asked, in the last question, how he got along, as newspaper reports indicate he did when he was in the House, on five dollars a week in cash—the campaign for the Presidency has come to that—Ford replies good-humoredly, "I write checks."

OCTOBER 15

TONIGHT, on our television screens, we saw pictures of the President of the United States walking in a cornfield in Iowa. The scene looked just like one of Jimmy Carter on Hans Sieverding's farm in South Dakota. Carter went to Detroit and made a speech to the Economic Club attacking crime. That's all he did there.

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TONIGHT, Dole and Mondale have their debate at the Alley Theatre, in Houston. Someone very wisely advised Dole to lean on his lectern, because this makes him look almost folksy. "I don't know much about Governor Carter," Dole says. "I know he's very ambitious. . . . He's been running three years." Mondale is obviously tired and very tense; he looks as if he would very much like to get out of there. Both talk of the "substantial" roles that their leaders have assured them they would play as Vice-President. Mondale slips in a couple of references to Watergate. (He recently made a speech on the subject.) Those lecterns look like corsets, holding them rigid. Dole refers to those "who lust for power." Dole tonight makes more of a case for the need to lower unemployment than Ford usually does, and, asked about his earlier comments that the President was vetoing too much and was too much on the wrong side of "people issues," Dole remarks, "Hindsight's very good, particularly when you're on the ticket." He adds that he can't defend every veto. Mondale, to get off the defensive about espousing federal programs, goes through a litany that begins "I'm unashamed" and lists things he has supported: programs to provide jobs, housing, education, health care. Dole cannot resist taking shots, and comments, "Senator Mondale is a little nervous," but he does mix in some humor, while Mondale, who clearly *is* nervous (as is Dole), plods on, talking substance. My

guess is that Mondale's approach goes over better. Then, astonishingly, Dole equates Watergate with "Democrat wars." He says of the Second World War, referring to his own war injury, which left him with one arm useless and the other almost numb, "I think about that every day." With that, he undoes much of the heroism justly attributed to him. He says, "I figured up the other day: if we added up the killed and wounded in Democrat wars in this century, it would be about one-point-six million Americans—enough to fill the city of Detroit." Why does he do it? He can't seem to help himself. It is as if some low growl just could not be contained. Mondale, talking about how the various programs that the Democrats have proposed could be financed, comes up with a figure even higher than Carter's for the amount of revenue that could be generated by full employment and relatively fast growth of the economy: from seventy to eighty billion dollars—highly optimistic figures, to say the least. The thinking must be that one can simply throw these figures around and not be caught up with—which may well be correct. Mondale closes by saying that "Americans are not interested in partisan debating points." Perhaps he's right. He goes on to say, "What really counts is whether this country can begin to solve those problems that are overwhelming so many Americans." He says, "We've cared too little for people in this country that've gotten sick and can't afford decent health care. We've cared too little for the thousands and thousands of American families that cannot get or afford decent housing." His compassion comes through. He comes across as sincere, if stiff. Dole overdid it.

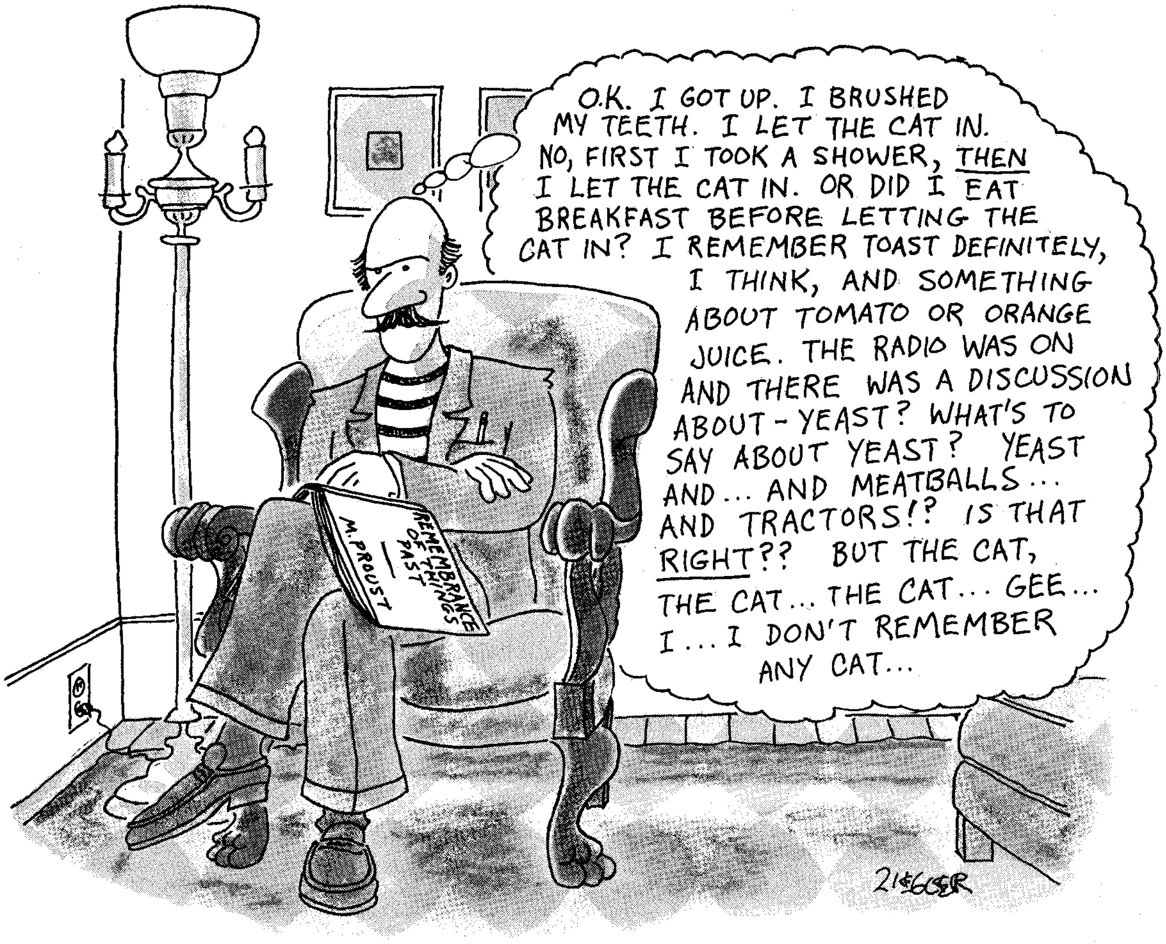
October 16

TODAY, Jimmy Carter, at a news conference in Kansas City, announced that he had sent a telegram to President Ford complaining that Ford and Dole had misrepresented his positions on the amount by which he wants to cut the defense budget and on whether he would raise the taxes of middle-income people. Carter also said, "I think that Mr. Ford actually believed that Eastern Europe was not under the domination of the Soviet Union. But I have never thought that it was a slip of the tongue or that he misspoke himself. I think he stated what he actually thought." And tonight on television we see the President whistle-stopping through Illinois, shouting from the back of the train, "Jimmy Carter wants to divide America." He also says, "He wavers, he wanders, he wiggles, and he waffles, and he shouldn't be President of the United States." My impression, from watching these two men and talking with their aides, is that this is not just the usual campaign to-and-fro but that they have actually come to dislike each other. Perhaps candidates, for all their surface cordiality and attempts to appear sportsmanlike, almost always do. Perhaps they have to.

October 17

SUNDAY. Eugene McCarthy is on "Issues and Answers." In his way, McCarthy has proved a point about how difficult it is for minor-party candidates to conduct an effective campaign. Denied federal funds (unless their party's candidate received five per cent of the popular vote in the last election), subject to the limitations on money (a thousand dollars per person and five thousand per committee) that can be received in private contributions, frozen out of the debates, and largely ignored by the press, they have a very difficult time breaking through. There are a number of dilemmas in this. McCarthy is correct when he says that the system is rigged to protect the two-party system. The Congress deliberately made it difficult for a candidate who is not a Democrat or a Republican to do well. On the other hand, do we want to risk paralysis by encouraging extra parties to the point where our elections could resemble European ones? (This year, there are a number of minor-party candidates in addition to McCarthy. They include Lester Maddox, who is running on the American Independent Party ticket.) Still, it is nowhere ordained that there should be only two major parties, supported by our governmental system. If the two parties become intellectually or morally bankrupt, why should we be denied another choice? My own guess is that if someone who could be taken more seriously than McCarthy were running as a third-party candidate this year, he would be receiving substantially more support than McCarthy is. McCarthy is a serious man, but there is always the suggestion that he is doing what he does out of spite and for the sport.

Today, on television, the pouches under his


O.K. I GOT UP. I BRUSHED MY TEETH. I LET THE CAT IN. NO, FIRST I TOOK A SHOWER, THEN I LET THE CAT IN. OR DID I EAT BREAKFAST BEFORE LETTING THE CAT IN? I REMEMBER TOAST DEFINITELY, I THINK, AND SOMETHING ABOUT TOMATO OR ORANGE JUICE. THE RADIO WAS ON AND THERE WAS A DISCUSSION ABOUT-YEAST? WHAT'S TO SAY ABOUT YEAST? YEAST AND... AND MEATBALLS... AND TRACTORS!? IS THAT RIGHT?? BUT THE CAT, THE CAT... THE CAT... GEE... I... I DON'T REMEMBER ANY CAT...
REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST
M. PROUST
ZIEGLER

DEF
MNO
PRS
TUV
WXY
OPER
*
#

# Behind the buttons, there's a "brain."

Electronic intelligence has come to the phone system.

It's part of our new electronic switching machines, working round-the-clock to give you better phone service.

And it's another innovation in telecommunications from Bell Labs and Western Electric.

## Intelligent Systems.

Conventional electromechanical switching couldn't have kept up with the enormous increase in telephone calling. Only electronic switching can do that. So we've developed a family of electronic machines that are handling calls in rural, suburban and metropolitan areas.

And our new long-distance electronic system handles 550,000 calls an hour—four times as many as before.

So your Bell telephone company can continue to respond to your needs better and, at the same time, keep your costs reasonable.

Since electronic switching machines run on instructions that can be easily changed, their operations and services can be changed without rewiring or adding equipment.

This flexibility makes many new services practical. Like having your calls forwarded to another number or being signalled the instant a busy line becomes free. The instructions are just programmed into the system's memory.

Electronic switching systems can do more because they're much faster than electromechanical systems. So even though they're handling many more calls, electronic systems have time left over for other tasks.

They continuously check themselves for trouble, diagnose any they find, signal for help, and route calls around a trouble spot.

But trouble is rare with electronic switching.

Today's systems are working round-the-clock with less than 12 minutes "downtime" a year on the average. That makes them 99.9998% reliable.

## Our Biggest Job Ever.

The development of electronic switching was the biggest project ever undertaken by Bell Labs and Western Electric in our efforts to keep your phone bill down.

It required an enormous investment in research and development.

Building it took even more work and money.

But now there are 1000 electronic switching offices serving communities of every size as well as handling long distance calls. And a new office is being installed about every working day.

## The System Works.

It took the Bell System to develop electronic switching.

Because only the Bell System has Bell Laboratories and Western Electric working together to make your telephone system the most reliable and least expensive in the world.

Which is to say, we had the brawn to put a "brain" behind your phone.

*One of a series of messages to keep you informed of how telecommunications technology is changing our world—and the part Bell Labs, Western Electric and your Bell Telephone Company are playing in it.*

**Western Electric/Bell Laboratories**

eyes are larger than they were when he was a more familiar figure, and the hair is longer and whiter. But still there is a certain handsomeness, and, in and around the biting and bitter comments, some fresh thinking and good sense. Asked about an ad that has been taken by some of his former followers disavowing support of his candidacy this year, he says, "They've made their own peace with the system and the Establishment; they have been elected to office and some of them are sort of on the make." He says, "I don't know what Carter's for." (Asked elsewhere whether he might not be "a spoiler," he remarked that he did not think there was anything to spoil.) He does have his own approaches, unencumbered by liberal dogma. He says that the Humphrey-Hawkins jobs bill is "about eighty-five per cent fraud." He argues that "unless we redistribute work in this country, we're going to have six or seven per cent chronically unemployed," and he points out that the recent contract agreed upon between the United Auto Workers and the Ford Motor Company, which guarantees more days off, moving toward a four-day week, goes in the direction of redistributing work. McCarthy is now on the ballot in thirty states; the Democratic Party is feverishly trying to keep him off any more, and is trying to get him off the ballot in New York. "A positive approach to politics . . . gets no attention," McCarthy says today. "I think the people have a right to hear an alternative position on unemployment, an alternative to the present poverty program, an alternative to the bipartisan militarism." He cites a report that says that our current destructive capacity is hundreds of thousands of times that of the Hiroshima bomb. He is asked what we should do about that. "You stop producing bombs," he says. "We don't have to have an agreement with the Russians to start being sensible." He says that when necessary the President should ask for statutes to clarify his powers, as in the management of the C.I.A. He says that in the domestic area Carter is "running on the old New Deal," and that "in the foreign-policy area I have more reservations about Carter every day."

OCTOBER 18

CARTER, on television tonight, looks exhausted. He is back in Plains for two days of rest. We see him telling the press, "I'm going to bend over backwards the last two weeks not to make any sort of personal attacks on President Ford." He says, "I believe that the American people react adversely to that."

OCTOBER 22

THE election, eleven days away, is up for grabs. The polls of both camps show a surprising number of states that could go either way, and the pollsters also report that, in a most unusual development, the number of undecided voters is rising. While many analysts are giving the election to Carter, that outcome is by no means certain. The electoral arithmetic still works in Carter's favor—if he holds the South—and so does the particular structure of the Democratic Party. But in at least twenty states the polls are within what the pollsters call the "margin of error"—about three percentage points in either direction. Barring an especially dramatic turn of events in tonight's debate—the last of the three between Ford and Carter—the election will be decided in the course of the final days of campaigning. Stuart Spencer, deputy chairman for political organization of the President Ford Committee, says that it will be decided over the last weekend. The President will take off for non-stop campaigning following the debate. Carter, recognizing that even the South is not certain, campaigned this week in North Carolina and Florida, and, recognizing the limits of human flesh, will take a couple of days off in the period between the last debate and the long days of the final push.

Hamilton Jordan and Charles Kirbo were sufficiently concerned about the slide in their candidate's fortunes that they flew to Washington this week to counsel with Democratic Party leaders. One of the oddest turns of events in this odd year is that it just may be the machinery of the Party, which Carter used in 1974 (when he volunteered to head the Party's effort to help congressional and local candidates, and made a number of important contacts) to get in position to run, and then took the position of running against, that will save him in the end. The Party has machines in several highly populated areas—in Illinois, Indiana, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, New York. They are strong political organizations that are in place on a day-to-day basis and can frequently deliver the vote. Carter made a big point during the primaries of saying that he was not "the candidate of the bosses," but he is now relying heavily on Mayor Daley and on Philadelphia's Mayor Frank Rizzo, the heavy-handed ex-cop, to pull him through. Rizzo has promised the Carter organization that he will deliver more votes in Philadelphia than have been delivered for any previous Democratic Presidential candidate, and enough to assure that Carter carries Pennsylvania. Republicans have no such dependable base on which to build. Rural areas, where they are strong, are hard to organize. The suburbs, where they used to be strong, are becoming increasingly Democratic. Democrats can target their areas and "get out the vote." That's what they are concentrating on doing. The Carter campaign has set up what is called, in an era of television derivatives, the SWAT Squad, a team of four people which has organized get-out-the-vote efforts in key states—Florida, Illinois, Indiana, Maryland, Michigan, New Jersey, Ohio, Pennsylvania, California, New York, Texas, Virginia, and Connecticut. Labor groups have budgeted more than two million dollars to spend on getting out the vote, and plan to distribute about ninety million pieces of campaign literature in the last weeks before the election. The A. Philip Randolph Institute, which is funded largely by the A.F.L.-C.I.O., is working on black registration and voting, and it plans to send black members of Congress into black communities to encourage their political participation. Even the fact that Congress is so heavily Democratic helps Carter, since each Democrat working for reëlection is working to get out the Democratic vote. The Democratic National Committee is putting substantial get-out-the-vote money in key areas of key states. The Carter field organization is, of course, working on getting out the vote as well as on holding the hands and soothing the egos and trying to mediate the squabbles of local politicians. The Democratic National Committee is concentrating on registering blacks and Mexican-Americans and Puerto Ricans in Texas, California, and New York. In all, the Democratic National Committee has got more than three million voters registered for this election. The assumption is that of the nearly fifty million nonregistered potential voters in the United States a heavy proportion are either black or Spanish-speaking, and poor, and young—and so would tend to vote Democratic. "This program," a Democratic National Committee official said to me recently, "would have elected Humphrey in 1968."

This is a formidable backup for any

**NEW YORK CITY WOMAN WRITES:**

# "Never, Ever, Play Leapfrog With A Unicorn!"

—*Feldstein's Law*

OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS:

**SCHMIDT'S LAW:** *Never eat prunes when you're hungry.*

**REV. MAHAFFY'S OBSERVATION:** *There's no such thing as a large whiskey.*

**CANNON'S COGENT COMMENT:** *The leak in the roof is never in the same location as the drip.*

**THE GOLDEN RULE:** *Whoever has the gold makes the rules.*

**THE LAW OF PROBABLE DISPERSAL:** *Whatever hits the fan will not be evenly distributed (also known as: The How Come It All Landed On Me Law).*

**MARTHA'S MAXIM:** *If God had meant for us to travel tourist class, He would have made us narrower.*

**RUSSELL'S OBSERVATION:** *Due to a lack of trained trumpeteers, the end of the world has been postponed indefinitely.*

**ELLENBERG'S THEORY:** *One good turn gets most of the blanket.*

**THE POINT OF NO RETURN LAW:** *The light at the end of the tunnel could turn out to be the headlight of an oncoming train.*

**MOER'S TRUISM:** *The trouble with most jobs is the resemblance to being in a sled dog team. No one gets a change of scenery, except the lead dog.*

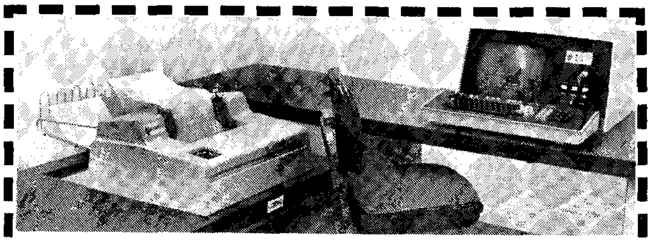
**ANDREW'S DEDUCTION:** *Attila the Hun came from a broken home.*

**DEFALQUE'S OBSERVATION:** *Too many foreign countries seem to be living beyond our means.*

These aphorisms and hundreds of other pithy conclusions are in response to our recent advertisement promoting life's "simple" philosophies. We're cataloguing the whole lot of them. After this process, stalwart judges will select some for publishing in a book to be titled, *One Thousand and One Logical Laws, Accurate Axioms, Profound Principles, Trusty Truisms, Homey Homilies, Colorful Corollaries, Quotable Quotes & Rambunctious Ruminations for All Walks of Life.* So, keep your thoughts coming. As we stated in our last advert, if your "law" is chosen for publication, you'll receive a book free. But to come up with an entry cut-off date, how about May 1st? Naturally, and legally, we have to say that all entries become property of Logical Machine Corporation. In case of similar "quotes" the earliest postmark gets first crack. O.K.?

All this straightforward philosophy points up one thing: we're dedicated to keeping life *simple*. That's why we manufacture ADAM, the world's first self-contained, self-organizing computer. A business computer so simple, *you* (or your staff) can *program-it-yourself* in English. A computer you just plug in like a coffee-maker (there are no outside terminals or memory banks to mess with). With ADAM there's none of the fol-de-rol of hiring an expensive professional programmer. None of the boring and costly time spent learning a special computer language. None of the requirements of computer package program, which changes your way of doing business. Our ADAM doesn't require *any* of this stuff, and yet, ADAM gives you big company computer capabilities without a big company price tag and continuing running costs. ADAM lets you uncover hidden profits while you continue to run your business, YOUR WAY!

That's our simple sales story. Our brochure tells of other values and lists all the ADAM facts. Please write Miss Omokawa for one; or if you're inclined to clip pages from magazines, use the handy coupon for your request.



(ADAM)

For want of page space, we stuck ADAM's picture in the coupon. It was the only easy solution, either that, or cut our list of aphorisms (heaven forbid). We admit ADAM looks like other computers, but if we were to show you our secret stuff inside—you probably wouldn't understand it anyway. Nor care!

**Dear Miss Omokawa**
**Logical Machine Corporation**
**1294 Hammerwood Avenue**
**Sunnyvale, California 94086**
**(408) 744-1290**

Psst, you mean a computer I can *understand* and *control* for a change? Send your literature in a brown wrapper, quicklike.

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CITY__________STATE_____ZIP________

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candidate, but the Carter field organization has been hampered by difficulties—more than the usual number in a Presidential campaign—between the Atlanta staff and local politicians, and bedevilled by various states' back-yard politics. Local politicians chronically complain that they are being ignored, congressmen that their potentially valuable service to the national ticket is being turned away, but there does seem to be a continuing tightness to the Carter circle, based on an understandable feeling that they did it, by God—a sense that they showed 'em in the primaries and they'll show 'em again—and this creates an atmosphere in which other politicians are, at best, tolerated. If these patterns are followed when the Carter group governs, if it does, there could be trouble. Morale within the Democratic camp is not good; a number of people are upset and wonder what has gone wrong. The downward turn in Carter's fortunes has intensified the criticism of him by former backers, who perhaps might have been critical in any event but seem less constrained now that things are going badly for him. They question everything from his convictions to his competence, and wonder if they succumbed to false charms. Undoubtedly, most of them will rediscover his virtues if he should succeed.

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PERHAPS this election was typified by the answers to the first question in tonight's debate, which was what sorts of sacrifices each candidate thought that the people might be called upon to make in the event he is elected. Ford, after citing the need for a strong defense, says that there would be tax cuts in his Administration, and Carter begins by saying that there would be even fewer sacrifices in his Administration. (Carter does go on to say that there might be a need for "voluntary price restraints.") In the course of the debate, Carter makes a little human-seeming apologia for giving the *Playboy* interview (while pointing out that Albert Schweitzer and Walter Cronkite had given interviews to the magazine). The Ford camp has been making much of this incident. It has published a tabloid called *Heartland* and mailed out two million copies of it, concentrating on rural areas. Its lead story is about a recent meeting that the President had with religious broadcasters, and the other front-page stories are about the *Playboy* interview (there are excerpts and a photograph of the magazine's cover inside) and the objections to it by the Reverend Dr. W. A. Criswell and other men of the cloth, and about the President's prayers. The front-page photograph is of the Ford family gathered around watching Mrs. Ford feed a fawn. The Ford campaign has been concentrating on what one strategist calls "the electric church"—radio and television gospel hours that are beamed to evangelicals, who make up heavy proportions of the population in Detroit, Cleveland, Chicago, some parts of Pennsylvania, and some Southern states. "It's driving the Carter people crazy," the Ford strategist says. Tonight, Ford refers to "alleged immorality" on Capitol Hill, and to the "new spirit born" on the Fourth of July. He referred to that in his acceptance speech, too, and seems to be trying to appropriate the Bicentennial celebration. Carter uses his selection of Mondale as an example of the care for quality which he would bring to selecting an Administration, and thereby forces Ford on the defensive about Dole. Polls have shown that people feel Mondale brings more strength to his ticket than Dole does to his, and Carter is making increasing use of Mondale in his advertising. It appears that, in this close election, and with our experience of the last thirteen years, people are paying more attention than before to the Vice-Presidential nominee. Carter says that if the Russians invade Yugoslavia, he would not send troops, and Ford, sensing an opening, delivers a little lecture on how Presidents shouldn't telegraph their intentions concerning such matters. Ford has been advised strongly by his aides to try to look relaxed tonight—they suggested that he look more at his questioners than at the camera, and try to relax his body, so that he would talk in a more relaxed fashion—but he is irretrievably stiff. The President has also been advised to stress taxes, spending, and peace, and he does. Carter is more quick-witted than the President, and better at handling this format. He makes a fairly strong case against the President's record, offering himself as willing to do more about cities, jobs, welfare costs, the environment. In a way, the debates have shown us true things about the candidates, and probably forced them to address themselves to real issues more than they would have otherwise. But still, both continue to avoid talking about trade-offs, about hard questions.

OCTOBER 24

ARMS sales abroad by the United States for the twelve-month period ending in June have now been estimated by the Pentagon and other government agencies at twelve billion, seven hundred million dollars, or more than a billion dollars a month. This was the largest amount of arms ever sold in a single year.

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THE Washington *Post* has revealed that South Korea has distributed up to a million dollars in cash and gifts each year to U.S. congressmen and other officials during the nineteen-seventies. The story appears to have the makings of a major scandal. But it is not clear that the South Korean government is doing anything very different from what our own government has done in foreign countries. Perhaps it even learned from us.

OCTOBER 25

SHORTLY before five-thirty, on one of the Washington television stations, we see Steve Ford, the President's youngest son, talking about what a good father his dad is, and then we see the President, in a sports shirt and sweater, talking about what a good son Steve is. We are shown pictures of the family cheering Ford at the Republican Convention, and then are shown Mike Ford, who is attending theological school, talking about how religious his father is. Then we see Susan Ford hugging her father—a picture that was in the film played at the Republican Convention—and Susan says, "My father and I have always been very close." Then the Voice—that resonant, anonymous, documentary Voice—intones, "The Fords: a close, loving American family." And then we see Jerry and Betty Ford, followed by a dog, walking arm in arm on the White House lawn, and Voice says, "Sometimes a man's family can say a lot about the man."

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ON the television news tonight, we see the President of the United States in Seattle at the helm of a hydro-

*"I'll say one thing for you, Marvin. You're all snake."*

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foil, attacking Carter for wanting to cut defense spending, and saying that Carter's program would cost jobs in the Seattle area. The state of Washington has only nine electoral votes, but the President cannot afford to lose small states, and the polls there show the race to be close, with, as elsewhere, a high proportion of undecided voters.

The Ford campaign, having spent less than the Carter campaign at the outset (Ford campaigned from the White House while Carter was chasing about the country), has more money to spend in the final days. It has already spent eight million dollars on advertising and is planning to spend another four million—most of it on television advertising, but a good bit on radio, and even print, advertising. The Ford people figure that they are outspending the Carter people three to two on advertising in the last days of the campaign. (Most of the Ford spending is in Texas, Ohio, Illinois, Pennsylvania, Florida, California, and New York—states that his campaign still considers winnable.) It is an article of faith that advertising is a crucial—some think *the* crucial—element in a campaign. There is, of course, no way of knowing whether this is so—of knowing how many people are affected, and to what degree, by advertising, as opposed to other things they see and hear about a candidate, especially a Presidential candidate, which provide so many grounds for making a judgment. But, whatever the facts, campaign organizations think that a great many people are affected by it, and put a lot of their resources into it.

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TONIGHT, five minutes before the National Football League game begins on ABC, I see scenes of America—Mt. Rushmore, Indians, cowboys, early machinery, Presidents (Wilson, Roosevelt, Truman, Kennedy, Johnson), and then the White House and, again, Mt. Rushmore. Voice—sounding a lot like the other one—says, "If there's one thing that can bind our country together, that can make us have hope again, and faith in the future, it's a President who is in touch with the American people." Then we see Jimmy Carter saying, "We've seen walls built around Washington, and we feel like we can't quite get through." Then, as a song called "See the Dream, America" plays in the background, we see pictures of tall buildings, of citizens walking briskly and purposefully down the street, of children, and then Jimmy Carter says, "There's only one person in this nation who can speak with a clear voice to the American people . . . that can call on the American people to make a sacrifice and explain the purpose of the sacrifice." Then we see the Carter family walking together, and then photographs of flags, bridges, and a setting sun, and then photographs of Jimmy Carter, chin on hand.

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THE Ford campaign has ads in which unnamed people are asked their opinions of Carter. Some of them are from Georgia, and one of these says, "It would be good to have a President from Georgia, but not Carter." Ford aides say that this ad has been tested and is not seen by people as being "anti-Carter."

The Carter campaign has a collection of thirty- and sixty-second ads on the "issues." It has one on welfare, lasting sixty seconds, in which Carter talks about the ten per cent on welfare who can work and should be given jobs and the ninety per cent who can't work and should be treated with love and compassion. It also has one, lasting thirty seconds, in which he talks just about the ten per cent who can and should work. The thirty-second ad is the one that is played in prime time.

Both sides tell you how the other is about to launch vicious, negative advertising.

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AT ten-fifty-five on the CBS network, Voice declares, "In troubled times, a distressed nation listened to a new and candid voice," and we see Gerald Ford being sworn in as President, on August 9, 1974, and then we see scenes of farms, a city skyline, the Statue of Liberty, and Gerald Ford taking the oath of office as President. (At the same time, the same Carter ad I saw earlier is being played on NBC.) In this ad, Voice says, "Honesty and moral integrity are essential: as Gerald Ford becomes the thirty-eighth President, he has undergone an exhaustive investigation by committees of both Houses. He has met the standards of Democrats and

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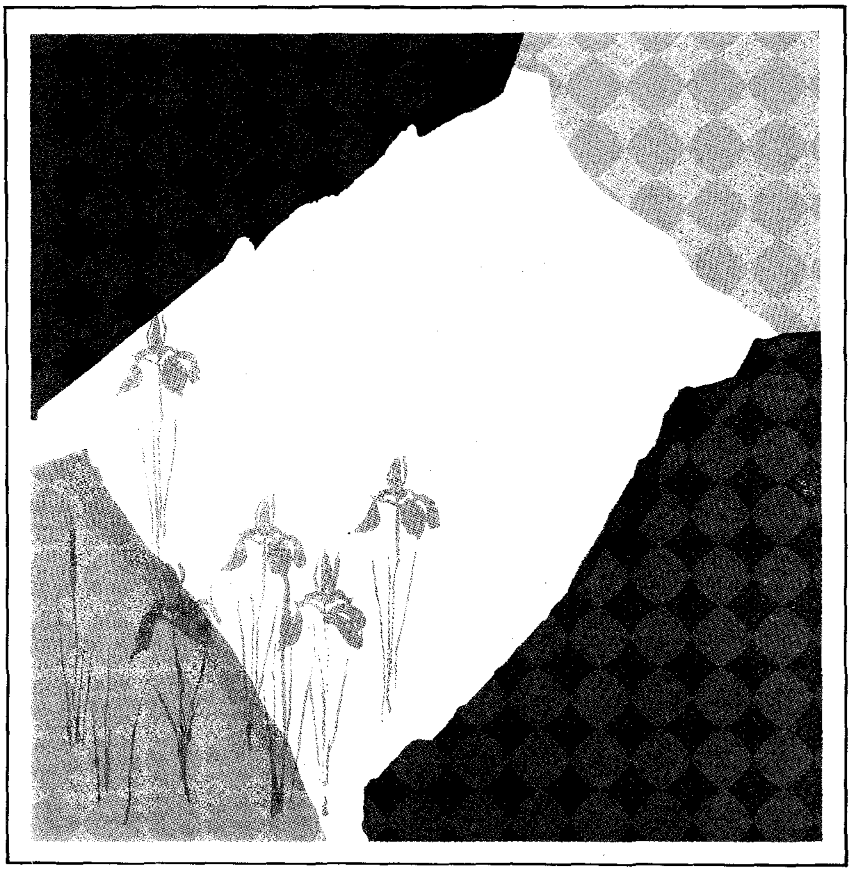
Republicans alike." We see a photograph of Ford, chin on hand, and the photograph of him with his back to the camera which was in the Convention film, and then other scenes from the Convention film. We are told that Ford earned an Eagle Scout badge, that his high-school football coach and college football teammates thought well of him, and (to the background music of "Gaudeamus Igitur") that there were a lot of bright people in his class at Yale Law School, in which he graduated in the top third. We are shown Second World War scenes of planes being shot down from an aircraft carrier. Captain John Cadwalader, who served in the Navy with Ford, explains that torpedoes from two Japanese torpedo bombers had missed the ship, "but Ford didn't miss; he fired and they both went down." Then we see worried faces of Americans, and Voice says, "He opens the Presidency to public view." Then we see a scene from Ford's acceptance speech at the Convention—which his aides consider a triumph—and the ad ends with a photograph of Jerry and Betty.

October 26

Tuesday Evening. The Howard Johnson's Motor Lodge in Palatine, Illinois, a suburb of Chicago. Tonight, the President will appear at a rally at a shopping center in the nearby suburb of Schaumburg, and before that, at six-thirty, he will appear with Joe Garagiola in a half-hour television show that is to be broadcast statewide. "The Joe and Jerry Show," as it has come to be called, has already played in California, and after Illinois will play in Pennsylvania, Texas, and New York—all key states. The show is an invention of the President's strategists, who regard it as a way of solving a number of Ford's problems as a campaigner. All things considered, they would just as soon he did not take to the road at all, but the election is seen as so close now that everything has to be thrown into it. It was judged that, for all of Ford's liabilities as a campaigner, it still helped to have a picture of the President in motion, travelling, with his props—his personal entourage, the press corps, the limousine, and Air Force One. One of the President's advisers said to me last week, "That's how we won New Hampshire." The problem now is how to avoid having the President commit some embarrassing gaffe or become too shrill and strident, as he did in recent campaign appearances. (The Ford people are convinced that they would have the election sewed up by now if it weren't for the President's gaffe about Eastern Europe. They also tell of the efforts, beginning the next day, of some of his advisers to get him to admit that he had been in error. But, as they tell it, the President believed that he had done well in that debate, and was annoyed at all the comments that he had blundered, and stubbornly refused to admit error. Finally, six days later, he did.) One of the President's advisers said to me last week, "The more stump speeches he makes, the more the campaign deteriorates." The problem for Ford is, as it has been sometimes for Carter, that appearances before partisan audiences encourage the candidate to give the audiences what is called "red meat," stirring them to more fervent ovations and the candidate to more heated rhetoric, but while these scenes are satisfying to the candidate and the audience at hand, they do not go over so well in the living rooms of America, which is where the campaign is actually being waged. The President has another difficulty as a campaigner. "He doesn't really understand electronics," one of his advisers said to me last week. "He's the kind of guy who gets on the phone to California and starts yelling." This man added, "He gets on the stump and starts shouting at the microphone." And so a decision was made to have the President make a minimum of live appearances, and tape a television show, aimed at the state he was campaigning in, in what his aides call "a favorable mode." One of them said last week, "When we're on the road, we'll try to avoid the eight-speeches-a-day thing. He'll land, do a morning media thing, a thing in the afternoon, and then a TV thing that night—then get the hell out of town." Another adviser explained that the decision had been made to tape the half-hour shows because "when he's been campaigning all day, early evening is his worst time." Thus, the shows are taped just before airtime, to provide an opportunity to erase anything particularly disastrous. And the idea was to find an interviewer with whom the President would be comfortable. "We decide what the questions are," said an adviser. Joe Garagiola had volunteered to help the President earlier in the campaign, and John Deardourff, of the Washington political-consulting and advertising firm of Bailey, Deardourff & Eyre, which is in charge of the President's campaign advertising, conceived the idea of having Garagiola serve as the President's interrogator.

In these final days of this most unusual Presidential race—few elections get this far with so many states in doubt—the two candidates, proceeding on similar poll data, will be concentrating on essentially the same states. Both camps see the race as very close in some border states and in the largest states as well. Both see a possibility that Carter is slipping in some Southern states. While each will make a stop or two in smaller states that appear marginal, the consensus in both camps is that it comes down to the "big eight," the states with the most electoral votes—California, Texas, Illinois, Michigan, Ohio, New Jersey, New York, and Pennsylvania. It is generally expected now that of these Ford will carry California and Michigan, and Carter will carry Texas and New York, but the race is close enough in all of them to keep up the fight. Moreover, with Carter's presumed lead in the Southern states (some, such as Virginia, Mississippi, and Louisiana, are said to be shaky), Ford, if other states break as expected, must carry three of the big eight that are still considered undecided. His final schedule was being left somewhat open as late as last evening, attendant upon data from his pollster, Robert Teeter. Teeter's polls, like those of his opposite number, Patrick Caddell, guide not only the candidate's travels but the placing of advertising and the stressing of issues. Individual states are re-polled and re-polled, and certain questions are re-asked and certain new ones are added, to give the all-important "trend lines." Both camps now report that their polls show the number of those who feel that Jimmy Carter lacks sufficient experience, or would be a risk, to be increasing (but Caddell also says that the number who doubt that it is a safe choice to keep Ford on the job is also increasing), and both pollsters say that



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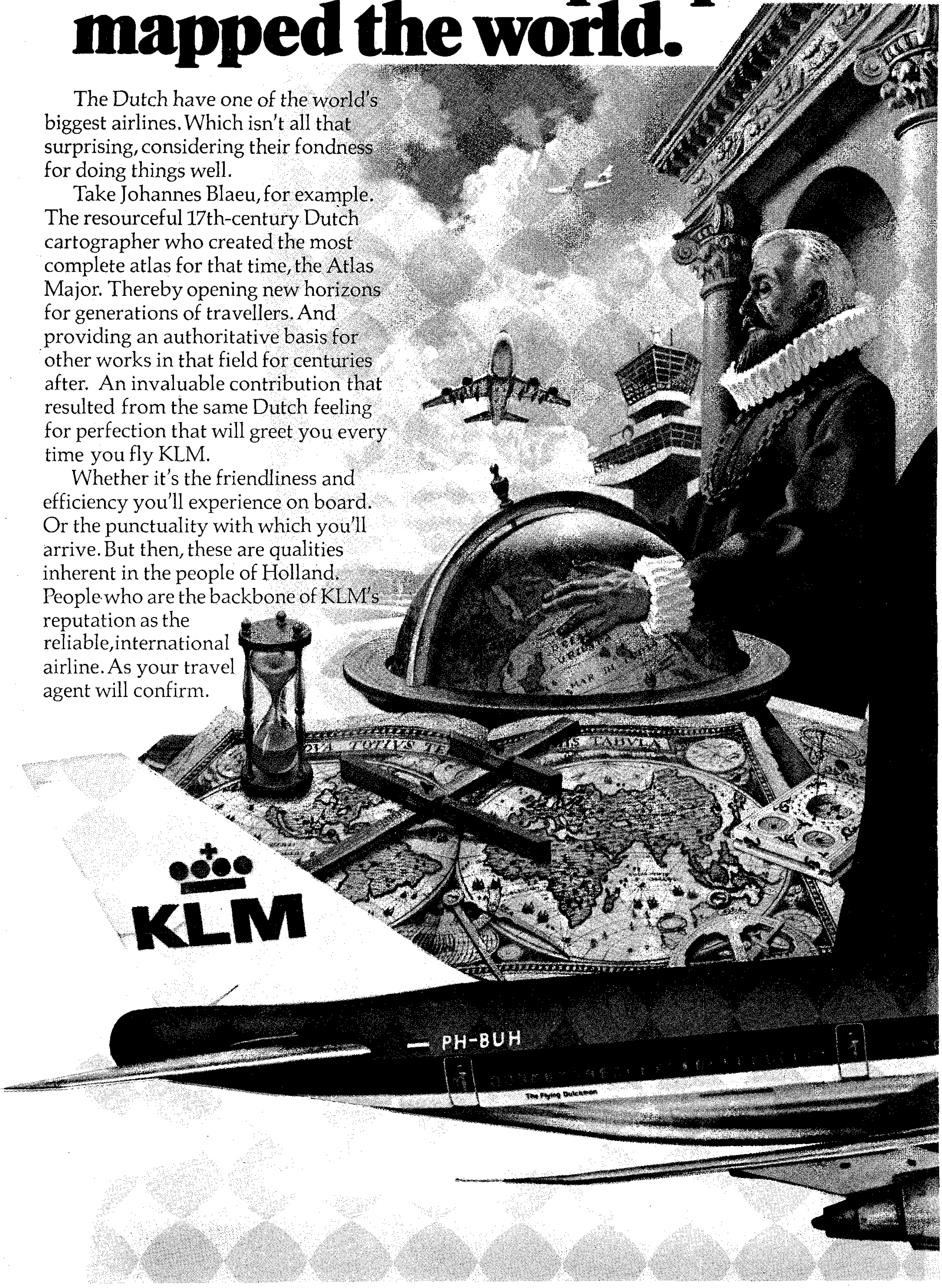

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the number of those who see Carter as a "big spender" has gone up since the first debate. The poll in today's Chicago *Tribune* says that Ford is leading Carter in Illinois, forty-five to forty-four, with eleven per cent undecided.

Joe Garagiola opens the television show tonight by introducing himself ("Hi, I'm Joe Garagiola, and for the next half hour you're in for a treat") and saying, "President Ford has been campaigning very hard today in Illinois, and it's been an exciting and it's been an interesting day, and I've been with him, and I can use one word to describe it: it's an *experience*." Then we are shown a videotape of Steve Ford on a horse in Kankakee and of Steve talking to a farmer about Carter and "all the federal programs he wants to introduce." The farmer is concerned, and says that if that happens we are "going to lose our freedom." Then we are shown pictures of Air Force One—the big blue-and-white plane with "UNITED STATES OF AMERICA" lettered on its side. Joe Garagiola says, "Imagine an old broken-down ex-Cub like me hitching a ride on Air Force One." Then we see pictures of Ford getting off Air Force One in Chicago and of Ford at a campaign appearance in Chicago this afternoon. Joe Garagiola remarks, "Not much question which candidate they were supporting for President." Then Garagiola turns to President Ford, seated with him in the studio, and says, "Mr. President, you really enjoy getting with the crowd and seeing the people one-on-one." The President says he does. The supporting cast tonight consists of James Thompson, the very popular Republican candidate for governor of Illinois; Charles Percy, the Republican senator from Illinois; and Edith Green, a former Democratic member of Congress from Oregon, who heads Citizens for Ford. Mrs. Green and Garagiola form Ford's travelling troupe. Garagiola asks Ford such questions as whether it makes any difference who is elected President, and says that he thought it was too bad that Ford couldn't always answer Carter during the debate, and that he wonders what Ford's response is to Carter's charge that he didn't do anything during his two years in office. On one hand, Garagiola plays a confused but awestruck Joe Sixpack to a President; on the other, he's a simple nice guy playing to a simple nice guy. A Presidential seal is on the wall behind where they are sitting. After observing that "Watergate really tore us up," Garagiola asks, "What is the difference between a Nixon Administration and a

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Ford Administration?" (Teeter's polls showed that while a certain unchanging percentage will not forgive Ford for Nixon, it is also true that one of Ford's greatest assets is that he contrasts well with Nixon.) The President responds, "Joe, there's one very, very fundamental difference. Under President Ford, there's not an imperial White House, which means there's no pomp, there's no ceremony, there's no dictatorial authority. We've tried to run the White House as the people's White House, where individuals have an opportunity to come in, individually or in groups, and express to me their views and recommendations." He gives the impression that any of us could drop around for a chat. Garagiola asks Charles Percy what he thinks of Ford, and Percy says that Ford is "a good man" who will "bring them prosperity, that will keep the peace." Garagiola asks Ford to tell "the true story" about the economy, and Ford explains how he wants to reduce taxes. He talks again about his proposal to raise the personal exemption from seven hundred and fifty dollars to a thousand, and—having been urged by aides to be explicit about what this would do—explains that this means that a family with three children would have one thousand two hundred and fifty more dollars in personal exemptions. What he doesn't explain is that his proposal would mean a greater benefit for those with higher incomes. Edith Green, who reminds one of a Latin teacher one was afraid of, attests to Ford's character. Garagiola gets Ford to explain his proposal to provide insurance against catastrophic health costs, and observes how hard it is to buy a home, because the prices are "almost out of sight"—which prompts the President to mention his housing program. Jim Thompson says the President is a strong leader, and Ford looks stern. Garagiola asks the President if he has "a final thought," and the President makes a little speech about "the tough day in August of 1974—and, believe me, it was a tough one," when he "put the ship of state on an even keel," and he talks again about the Fourth of July, mentioning the Tall Ships, as if he had had something to do with them, and about peace, and about how "there's a swelling pride in the fact that we're all Americans" and "America is on the move again." The show ends with the campaign theme song, "There's a Change That's Come Over America" ("I'm feeling good about America, and I'm feeling good about me"), and a shot of the Presidential seal, then Ford smiling, then the seal.

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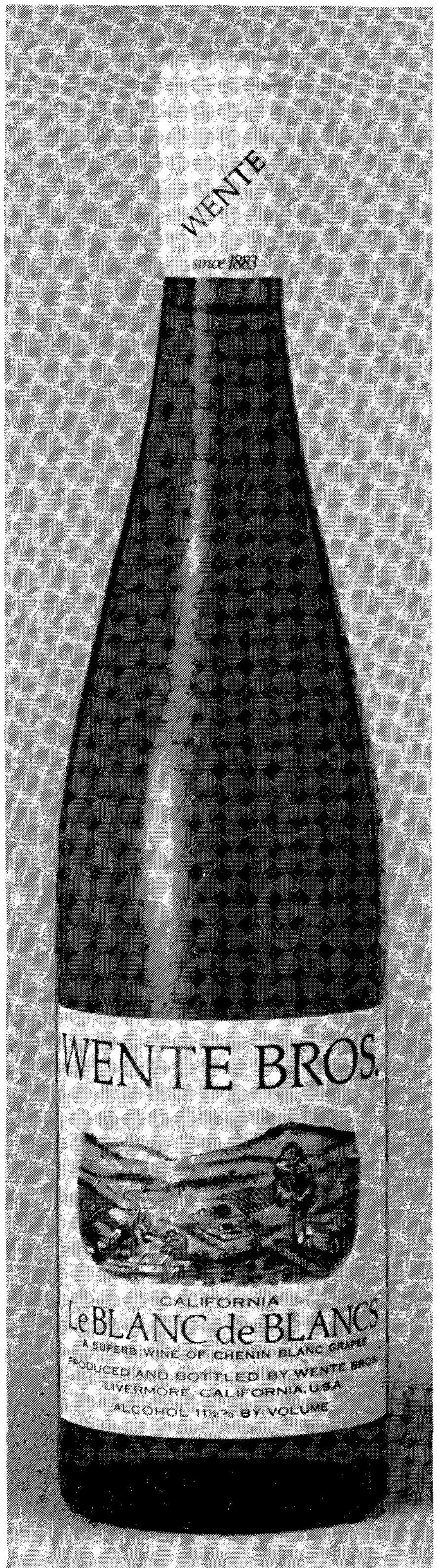
A HUGE crowd has turned out, or been turned out, for the rally at the Schaumburg shopping center. If Ford is to carry Illinois, he must do well in Chicago's suburbs. Mayor Daley is working on Chicago itself for Carter. Thompson is running so well that his presence on the ticket is expected to help Ford. Enclosed shopping centers, such as this one, are among the preferred settings for political rallies (so are gymnasiums), because noise resonates so well in them, amplifying the shouts of enthusiasm for the candidate. This is said to be the largest indoor shopping center in the country, and I can believe it. People are packed in along three levels of ramps which define the modernistic interior—in front of Jarman Shoes and Shirt Tales and Marshall Field. At the President's approach, the Conant High School Cougars band plays "Hail to the Chief," a magisterial, martial tune that bounds back from the walls. The shouts of the crowd are nearly earsplitting. A lot of children are here, and there is a great deal of excitement. They are seeing a President, after all. The President waves and smiles and clasps his hands over his head. Ford looks happy at the reception he is getting, and why wouldn't he be? Percy and Thompson are with him. The President stands under a huge banner that says "Chicagoland Welcomes President Ford." That will be good for the television news programs later tonight and early tomorrow, which are essentially the purpose of the rally. The Presidential seal is on the lectern. Both candidates will be all over tonight's and tomorrow's local news programs. Carter is only a few miles away, making an appearance tonight in a North Shore suburb. Today, he toured the state with Michael Howlett, the machine politician whom Daley selected as candidate for governor, and whom Thompson is expected to trounce.

As the cheers continue, the President waves his right arm over his head in a circling motion, like a cheerleader, or a cowboy about to fling a lasso. He invites the audience to come to Washington for his Inauguration—a variation on an old Carter ploy. He tells them, "I want each and every one of you to know where I stand"—a dig at Carter. "I stand on your side for limited government, for fiscal responsibility, for rising prosperity, for lower taxes, for military strength, for peace in the world." The vision at Vail—his sudden embrace last August of new programs in a number of areas—has virtually disappeared. He does shout, just as his aides fear. "Not a single young American is fighting or dying on foreign soil tonight," he says. Cheers. The fact that his impulse was to send more military aid to collapsing Vietnam and to Angola seems to have got lost in this campaign. "As your President, we will keep it that way for the next four years," he says. He cites his sixty-six vetoes, and says that they "saved you, the hard-pressed American taxpayers, more than nine billion dollars." That sounds good, and the audience cheers. The real cost of it—in unemployment, lack of hope—does not intrude. To the people in this suburban shopping center, Detroit may be as remote as Vietnam. Ford adds that his vetoes "saved each American family two hundred dollars in federal spending," and then he says, "We will submit a balanced budget for the federal government in 1978, and we will have another tax reduction." This seems impossible. There is already a fifty-billion-dollar deficit. "My idea of tax reform is tax reduction," he says, and he talks about his proposal to raise the personal exemption from seven hundred and fifty dollars to a thousand, explaining, just as he did on the Joe Garagiola show, how much it would help a family of five. This seems to be another example of misleading statistics that politicians can throw around without the public's catching on. He comes across here as "fighting Jerry," and what he says he is fighting for sounds good. Of course, the economy is in bad shape: unemployment is almost eight per cent, and the "recovery" that the Administration was bringing about is in what his economists call a "pause"—and growth has slowed to a mere four per cent. Ford does say tonight that "too many people are still out of work." He also asserts his pride in the fact that "this week America made a clean sweep of Nobel Prizes." He'll use anything. It's a simple speech, appropriate for a pep rally, which this is. "We're going to win,"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he says. He seems to believe this might be possible, and that seems to inspirit him. He could be correct. The arithmetic is hard, but the polls tell him he can do it. He is the man in the conservative suit giving a conservative little talk—the consolidator. This is a pleasant occasion, a sort of classic political scene: the politician, the band, American families out in the shopping center. The crowd's enthusiasm helps him. He is trying, he is giving it his all, and he seems to enjoy doing it. Watching Ford, I wonder what this campaign would be like if his looks were different. He has a healthy, uncomplicated look. His face, a plain face, but pleasant when he is relaxed, serves him well. Oddly, it is *his* smile that pays off; it seems more natural than Carter's. In fact, it is one of the ironies of this campaign that several of the qualities that Carter is seeking to establish as his are widely attributed to Ford: honesty, decency, trustworthiness. And Ford has even made off with the smile. He looks solid. Even his size is reassuring. The analogies with Eisenhower are startling. "I have no fear for the future of America," he says forcefully. "The future is our friend." He says something that it never used to occur to us that Presidents needed to say: "I promise you once more, as I promised you before, to uphold the Constitution."

October 27

WEDNESDAY. Station WPVI-TV, Philadelphia. This is the President's second stop in Pennsylvania in two days. Pennsylvania is one of the small group of states that the President needs to win, and the race here is, by all accounts, close. One of the President's tacticians calls this *the* key swing state in the election. The two candidates are fighting hard over it. The President got here today via New Jersey, which he is given a good chance of carrying, thanks in large part to back-yard political squabbles that are rending the Democratic Party there. (The Carter campaign's SWAT Squad was asked to leave by the Carter coordinator for the state.) The picture one gets is that this is not so much a person as a windup doll—a Presidential windup doll—who goes through his set routine as his managers watch anxiously. Of course, the President travels with an impressive entourage. There is the equipment—the airplane, the limousine. (There are two limousines, which are transported about the country on C-141s.) Among the staff members who travel on Air Force One with this candidate are his press secretary, Ron Nessen, and four press aides, plus four women who get out the schedules and the instantly reproduced transcripts of the President's public utterances, plus a man who handles advance work for the press; his military aide; his physician; two speech writers; Don Penny, a former comedy writer, who has been advising the President on his public appearances this year; Richard Cheney, his chief of staff; Terry O'Donnell, an aide who keeps track of the President's schedule and leads him to and from platforms; his photographer, David Kennerly; his secretary; several Secret Service agents; Ray Zook and Robert Manning, who have been handling White House press travel arrangements for as long as anyone can remember; and a National Security Council aide. A press aide was at pains to explain that the President Ford Committee pays for all these people's travel expenses, and that their salaries are covered by the overtime work they do in Washington. Two planeloads of reporters and camera crews fly ahead of Air Force One as it chases back and forth across the country carrying a President in search of votes.

Today's schedule for the President is actually more crowded than his managers had planned, reflecting, as it does, pressures by local officials to add just this one more stop, and then another one, and the receptivity on the part of the candidate to trying one more thing, and then another, that might make the difference. The extra efforts will be bent toward strengthening support for the President in Philadelphia's suburbs, to offset the vote for Carter that Mayor Rizzo is expected to produce in the city. Drew Lewis, the chairman of the Pennsylvania President Ford Committee, has explained to me that the suburbs all have their own small papers, which will feature a visit by the President on their front pages. Therefore, Ford made a speech at Villanova University, on the Main Line, this afternoon; and tonight he will tape another show with Joe Garagiola (I'm being allowed to sit in on the taping of this one). The speech at Villanova combined several campaign goals: a stop in a Philadelphia suburb; a speech to cheering students in a field house (resonant, like enclosed shopping centers); and a Catholic audience. ("We need suburbs and we need Catholics," said one of the President's advisers. "I look at those kids and I see rows and rows of Catholics.") In his speech, the President attacked Carter for suggesting—in an interview with *Liberty* magazine, a publication of the Seventh-day Adventist Church—that there should be taxes on church properties (other than the church buildings themselves), a suggestion that Carter later backed away from, and said that we must find a way to ease the tax burden on parents who send their children to nonpublic schools. He also said: "It is not enough for anyone to say 'Trust me.' Trust must be earned. . . . Trust is not being all things to all people but being the same thing to all people . . . not cleverly shading words so that each separate audience can hear what it wants to hear." After Villanova, a visit to the residence of John Cardinal Krol, of Philadelphia, past president of the United States Catholic Conference, was added to the schedule. The Cardinal obligingly escorted the President to his limousine after a twelve-minute visit, and the scene was duly recorded by the television cameras. (Today, in New York, Jimmy Carter paid a call on Terence Cardinal Cooke.)

At six-twenty-five, the President, as he did last evening in Chicago, drops in on the local news broadcast and takes a seat at the anchor table. (Larry, the anchorman, announces, "Our guest, live on Channel 6 tonight, is President Ford.") The President chats with Larry for a few minutes, and then goes down the hall to the studio where he is to tape the Joe Garagiola show. Garagiola, wearing glasses and reading a script, is practicing his running commentary and supposedly spontaneous remarks as a videotape of the President's day is shown on a monitor. What appeared last night on television to be a majestic Presidential seal on the wall turns out to be a piece of cardboard suspended by two wires. The President puts on a pair of glasses and watches. Edith Green is here, and so are former Pennsylvania Governor William Scranton, now Ambassador to the United Nations, and the President's son Jack. As Garagiola rehearses, John Deardourff shuffles cue cards the size of large posters on an easel near the center camera. One card says, "HI, I'M JOE GARAGIOLA. FOR THE NEXT HALF HOUR YOU'RE IN FOR A REAL TREAT, etc." The videotape for today shows the President in Atlantic City and at Villanova. Deardourff removes a poster that says "AGRICULTURE. LOTS OF FARMERS IN ILLINOIS—WHAT IS YOUR ADMINISTRATION DOING FOR THEM?" As they wait for the taping to begin, Garagiola relaxes the President by making little jokes. Then the show starts, and Garagiola, smiling, says, "Hi, I'm Joe Garagiola. For the next half hour I think you're in for a real treat." He talks about campaigning with the President, and remarks, just as he remarked last night in Illinois, "It is an *experience*." As the videotape of the President's campaigning in Pennsylvania is shown, Garagiola reads his script. We see Jack Ford visiting the Italian Market in Philadelphia. "My kind of neighborhood," Garagiola reads. Then we see the scene in Atlantic City earlier today where, at a rally on the Boardwalk, Miss America, Dorothy Benham, dressed in a prim, navy-blue coat, kissed the President. (The President was also presented with an honorary lifeguard certificate by the mayor of Atlantic City.) Garagiola reads, "I think Dorothy Benham, Miss America, loves Jerry, too." Villanova. "I mean, these young people at Villanova this afternoon are something else," Garagiola reads. "Not much question which candidate they're supporting." We hear the band there playing "Hail to the Chief." Then Garagiola, turning to the President and taking his cue from a card, says, "One-on-one really turns you on, doesn't it?" The President responds, "Politics is a one-on-one relationship, because if you don't feel some warmth and friendship with people, then you ought not to be in politics." The program continues in much the same vein that it did last night. Tonight, Ford takes a little more time stressing the difference between him and Nixon. It is almost as if he were running against Nixon. Maybe he should have thought of that before. Jack Ford says what a good fellow his father is. The card for Garagiola's question to Jack Ford reads, "WHEN YOU'RE ASKED ABOUT YOUR FATHER, WHAT DO YOU TELL 'EM?"

•

THE Valley Forge Music Fair, Devon, on the Main Line. The President will have done a good bit of travelling back and forth on the Schuylkill Expressway before this evening is over. By appearing—for about fifteen minutes—at a Party fund-raising dinner in Philadelphia, Ford repaid a favor from the two men in charge of the affair, William Meehan and William Devlin, who run what there is of the Philadelphia Republican organization, and who last summer resisted the importuning of John Sears, Reagan's campaign manager, to help him out. Richard Schweiker, Ronald Reagan's running mate, has been making the rounds with the President today and tonight. Schweiker says that he has not spoken with Reagan since the Conven-

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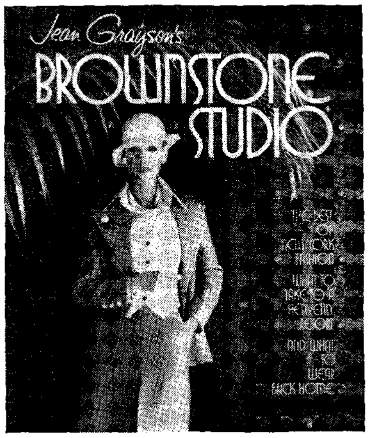

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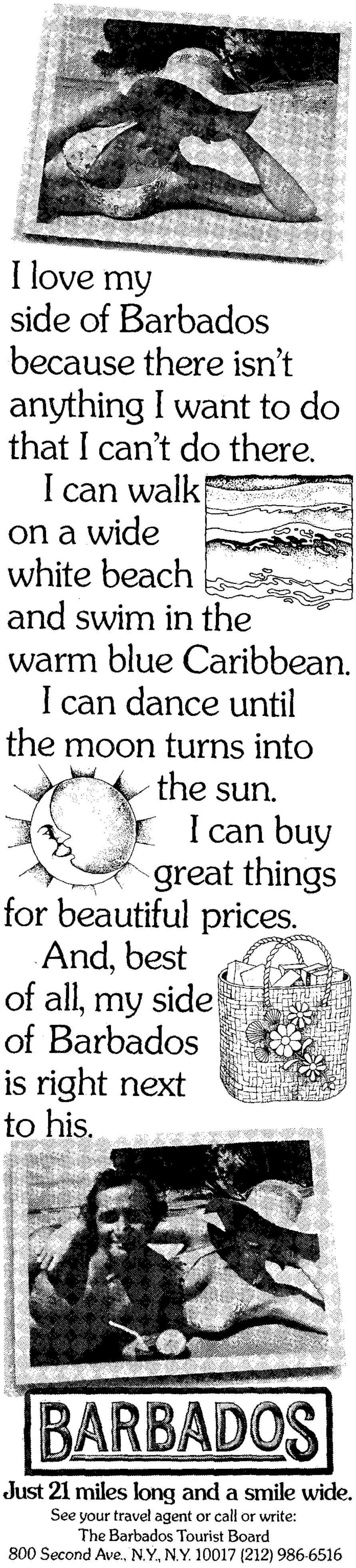

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tion. As the President travelled about today, he sometimes stood up, through an opening in the roof of his limousine, and talked into a microphone to the crowds who have come out to see him in the brisk fall weather. A rally at the Plymouth Meeting shopping mall, where he appeared just before this stop, will also give him a scene for tomorrow morning's news programs. "We have just six days left," the President told his audience, in what he called "this Bicentennial election." He's doing all he can, and he's beginning to look very tired. This would have been a gruelling day even for a young man. Tomorrow, he goes to Indiana and Ohio, and on Friday to Wisconsin, Missouri, and Texas. This may not be a brilliant campaign, but there is something reassuring about it. Our elections are open, free. We can make our own mistakes. The President of the United States has a lot of advantages, but still he has to go to shopping centers and campuses. "The Stars of the Lawrence Welk Show" are playing at the Valley Forge Music Fair, a theatre-in-the-round, where another fund-raiser is being held. (On the way out here, I heard Lillian Carter, who is in Philadelphia, being interviewed on the radio.) The orchestra plays "Hail to the Chief," and the President comes down an aisle and goes to the stage. For once, there is no lectern. No politicians stand beside him. He is all alone there, holding a hand microphone, like an entertainer. He starts turning in a little circle as he talks, and I am worried that he will get dizzy, or that he will trip over the microphone cord, which from time to time he has to remove from underfoot. "I've never been to a political meeting where I occupied this kind of podium before," he says, and he suggests an "experiment." He suggests that the audience remain silent—not cheer—while he talks. And then he launches into the most astonishing performance I have ever seen him give. He delivers essentially the same talk he has been delivering the last two days, but tonight he delivers it quietly and naturally. He gets the hang of turning and of handling the microphone cord, and delivers his talk to the hushed theatre as if he were a polished actor. The theatre is dark and a spotlight is on him—the solid-looking man with the athletic build in the dark-blue suit, holding the microphone. The talk sounds a great deal better when he delivers it this way. "So then we started to move," he says, "and you could feel the new spirit that was generating in America." I can't help thinking how much better off he would be right now if he had talked this way during the debates. He says, "Wasn't that a wonderful experience for all Americans that we could celebrate our two-hundredth birthday with a rejuvenation, a rebirth, the spirit that our forefathers developed when they put this country together two hundred years ago?" As he talks, a perplexed-looking White House aide is off to one side holding the Presidential seal—seeming to be trying to figure out where to put it. "I want the kind of a society where the free-enterprise system makes it possible for any American who wants to work to get a job," Ford says. He's a man of some grace when he relaxes. Why hasn't he had the sense to talk this way before? He's doing the best he can in his job. He has some personal humanity, but he lacks vision—and sensitivity. He talks of the importance of military strength. He says, "Pennsylvania is a key state in this election." He closes by saying—almost pleading with them—"What you do between now and November 2nd when the polls close will make a significant difference in the third century of America's future. I know you won't let America down and, as the next President, I won't let you down." As he leaves the stage and goes back up the aisle, the orchestra plays "America, the Beautiful."

OCTOBER 29

FRIDAY. The Philadelphia airport. Jimmy Carter will be arriving shortly, and Mayor Rizzo is here to greet him. On the latter fact could rest how Pennsylvania goes next Tuesday and who our next President will be. A crisis of some magnitude was set off with an announcement in yesterday's Philadelphia papers that Rizzo would not attend a rally that had been scheduled for Carter at noon here today. The rally actually was to be Carter's way of making up for declining to attend the Philadelphia Democratic City Committee dinner, starring Rizzo, on Wednesday night. When I was in Atlanta earlier this month, I was told that Rizzo was bringing pressure on Carter to appear but that the Carter people did not feel that Carter could afford to be seen in that sort of display with the controversial mayor. Mondale was sent instead. Among other things, Rizzo had been found to have a squad of thirty-three policemen operating out of City Hall, spying on his rivals, and his allies had shut down for six hours the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, with which Rizzo was in a court fight. Despite the efforts of the Carter camp to keep everyone happy, Pennsylvania's back-yard politics have tripped up the Carter campaign. (The Rizzo problem is not the only one. Rivals for future power in state politics are causing problems for the ticket in the western part of the state.) A few days ago, former Democratic Senator Joseph Clark and two other Philadelphians who, with Clark, had been leaders in the attempt to force the recall of Rizzo—the State Supreme Court ruled the recall off the ballot—held a press conference to announce that they had been invited to share the platform at today's rally. Rizzo, the authoritarian former police chief, would not hear of such a thing, and cancelled out. ("I wouldn't sit on a platform with their mother," one of Rizzo's allies said to me yesterday.) The trouble is that Carter needs to have Rizzo get out the vote for him on Tuesday, cannot afford for the Mayor to be miffed, and cannot afford for the Mayor's followers to think that he is miffed. Pennsylvania was crucial to Carter's winning the nomination, and now it is one of the states he needs in order to become President.

By spending yesterday in Philadelphia, I received some illuminating instruction in just why it is so important that the Mayor not be offended, and I learned some things I had never been taught in political-science courses in college. I recall vividly that when I was here in April, before the Pennsylvania primary, I attended a Carter press conference at which he held up a newspaper with a headline about a "stop-Carter" bloc that was being formed here—Rizzo and labor leaders were rallying around the candidacy of Henry Jackson—and said, proudly, that he was not the candidate of "the political bosses." It was one of many times when he said he was not predicating his campaign on political endorsements—which he was having trouble getting—and that evening he attended a dinner of the Americans for Democratic Action, where he was endorsed by Joseph Clark. Rizzo did deliver for Jackson, giving him the one county he carried in Pennsylvania. Rizzo, everyone agrees, can deliver. If he delivers two hundred and fifty thousand votes in Philadelphia to the Democratic ticket, it can carry the state. Not only is he popular in the white ethnic neighborhoods but he also controls most of the city's Democratic organization. That organization takes money raised at the annual dinner and passes it out to the ward leaders, who give it to the committeemen (there are two per "division," or precinct), who give it to "street workers" as "walking-around money" to get out the vote in each division. Some of the money gets pocketed along the way; some ward leaders raise and toss in extra money, to assure their successful delivery of the vote. My tutors in the niceties of Philadelphia politics tell me that about a hundred dollars goes to each division, with about two hundred dollars going to black divisions. (I am also told that such money can go, if need be, to *hold down* the vote.) Yesterday, I called on Henry J. (Buddy) Cianfrani, a ward leader who came to my attention during the primary, and whom I saw campaigning with Mondale. We talked at the offices of the Democratic County Executive Committee, the headquarters of the Philadelphia machine. Cianfrani, a friendly, partly bald man who talks like a tough guy right out of the movies, explained to me, "The two committee people are charged with responsibility under the direction of the ward leader to give people service and get close to them, so that when the election comes around the voter will show him some courtesy in what he thinks about what person would be best for the needs of the community. If he's done a good job, they won't be undecided." Cianfrani added, "We've *always* delivered. It won't matter if there's a storm." He and one of his aides, who came into the room while we were talking, expressed some annoyance that Mayor Daley's organization gets more publicity than theirs. Cianfrani told me that the organization would continue to support the Democratic ticket but that the news that the Mayor would not attend the rally "confuses a lot of people." He said, "The Mayor enjoys a tremendous amount of popularity here. This laundry should have been washed a long time ago." A number of people are blaming the Carter campaign's outside coördinator for Pennsylvania, Joseph Timilty, of Boston, for the mixup over today's event. I asked Cianfrani what sort of job he thought Timilty had done. He replied, "I think it would be hard for Albert Einstein to come to Philadelphia and know what he's doing in a situation like ours." When I left, Buddy Cianfrani gave me a button. It has an American flag on a blue background, and the inscription "RIZZO FOREVER."

And so yesterday, as Jimmy Carter was trying to become President of the United States, as the American people were trying to decide which leader was best suited to begin our third century

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with, the big question was whether Frank Rizzo would meet Carter at the airport. ("I'm going out of my mind," said a Carter advance man, whom I called to see what was happening.) Carter himself phoned Rizzo. And now Rizzo is here, as we await Carter's plane. He is a big, beefy man with slicked-down black hair parted just off center. His narrow eyes—they remind me of Spiro Agnew's eyes—look out over heavy jowls and a rounded, strangely soft-looking face. He strikes me as the sort of politician who should not be taken seriously but who builds a certain constituency and retains power by instilling fear. (Agnew was a similar type; some have ruled nations.) Reporters ask Rizzo about the dispute. He says, "He's coming, I'm here, I'm supporting the entire ticket." Actually, I think this is working out rather well for Carter. Rizzo is making it clear he is still for Carter, and Carter doesn't have to be seen in public with him. Rizzo adds, "I wouldn't be found dead on the same platform with the people that led that recall." And he says, in his fashion, "They've had their way for a long time. Frank Rizzo is going to stop them dead in their tracks. After this election, I'm going to move the moves to disenfranchise them." He does not elaborate. Shortly before eleven-thirty, Carter's plane arrives. Rizzo gets on the plane, spends about ten minutes talking with Carter, leaves the plane, and disappears.

It's no trick to get a crowd for a noontime rally at Fifteenth and Chestnut, one of the busiest intersections in Philadelphia. Moreover, Chestnut is a fairly narrow street, so in the scenes of this on television the crowd will look all the more packed in. Notices of this rally were stencilled on the streets, leaflets were passed out, and sound trucks went through Philadelphia announcing an opportunity to see "the next President of the United States." The tall buildings surrounding this intersection house the First Pennsylvania Bank and Brooks Brothers. A few blocks away are garment factories. To assure a crowd, the garment-workers' union made a deal with employers that the workers would be given time off to come to the rally. Milton Shapp, the long-forgotten candidate for President this year, introduces Carter. Carter tells the crowd he wants to talk to it in "a very quiet, a very sober, and a very important way." He says that this morning the Commerce Department released indicators showing that "the economic news is bad." He cites the indicators—a rise in the layoff rate, ris-

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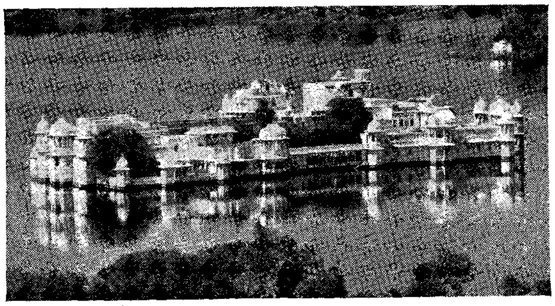

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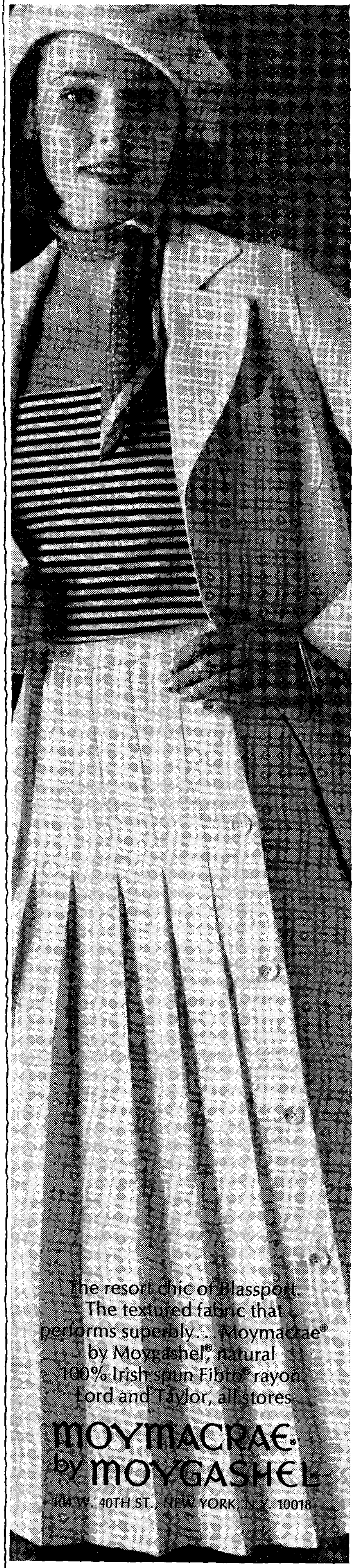
ing unemployment. His voice is loud and clear over the loudspeakers, but the crowd is largely silent. He says that he will "put Americans back to work if you help me next Tuesday." Finally, the crowd cheers. "It's not going to be easy," he says. He has been urged to say this, to avoid giving the impression that he is overpromising. "The problem has been," Carter tells the crowd, "that too often government officials who get in office forget who put them there." He tells them, "When I began my campaign, not many people thought I had a chance," which is true enough. He points out that he comes from a small town, didn't have political support. "I ran for President just like you would have if you had decided to," he says, which is an improbable thought. He talks about how he and his wife and family campaigned all over America. "Now we have a tough fight," he says, and his tone changes a bit, becomes harder. He is speaking the truth. "The polls that are coming in now are up and down. . . . That means that every vote counts." He points out how close it was in 1960, when Kennedy barely beat Nixon. He says that if one more person in every precinct had voted for Hubert Humphrey in 1968, Humphrey would have been elected over Nixon. He says, as he said way back in New Hampshire, "I don't claim to know all the answers. I'm just an average human being, just like you are." He says, "We have a spirit that began here in Philadelphia two hundred years ago, and it says, when the going gets tough, Americans get tough and get going"—thus wrapping together the Founding Fathers, Vince Lombardi, and Richard Nixon. He says, "I see a nation with a new vision," and he lists the visions of hope, unity, good education, families owning their own homes. "I see a government with balanced budgets," he says. He talks very fast now. It's sometimes hard to understand what he is saying. He says, as he has been saying all year, that "our system of government is the best on earth," that Watergate and other unpleasantnesses (C.I.A. activities, Chile, Vietnam, Bangladesh) haven't hurt it. He is still separating these problems from the people and even the government. It is as if they just happened. The crowd is not at all worked up. "I've been running for President for a long time," he says. "I don't intend to lose." He has been saying that all along, and people have long since ceased doubting him. He has simply been candid. He asks for the crowd's help in the next four days. That's all the time that's left. He, too, must give it his all.

◆

St. Louis. The Northwest Plaza Shopping Center. 7 P.M. Carter's second shopping-center rally today—the first was in Toledo, en route here from Philadelphia. (As Carter left Philadelphia, he was presented by a Rizzo supporter with a six-foot pizza shaped like a peanut.) Ford was at this same shopping center thirteen days ago, and he was in St. Louis today. Yesterday, both candidates were in Cleveland. The two men, now strangely interdependent, following the same poll data, are hopscotching the country, often landing in the same place. In Cincinnati yesterday, the President made a statement about nuclear proliferation—an issue on which Carter had grabbed the initiative. The President's proposals did not go as far as Carter's but did go further than might have been expected, given the Administration's prior positions and the resistance within the bureaucracy to changes in nuclear policy. The final report had undergone many drafts, and did represent some intra-governmental compromises. Whether either candidate's proposals would actually prevent nations from fulfilling their desire to acquire nuclear weapons remains to be seen. Ohio is said to be extremely close. Logically, the election should not be this close, but one of the things that make politics interesting is that it is not logical. A President who is presiding over eight-per-cent unemployment, six-per-cent inflation, a slow economy; who was handpicked by Richard Nixon and who then pardoned Nixon suddenly one Sunday morning; a once dim figure who, as far as can be told, never crossed anyone's mind, including his own, as a Presidential possibility—this man appears to be within an eyelash of election. The essential problem for Carter seems to be that he has become the issue—just as his pollster, Patrick Caddell, predicted to me last summer that he would. Caddell said then that if Ford was the candidate, Carter would be the issue, because Ford would be seen as familiar, safe, while Carter would be seen as complicated, different, a risk. Carter's fumbling campaign has not helped him, and now, at long last, Ford has begun to hit his stride. On the other hand, Americans tend to vote for change from time to time—seem to consider that that's what the option to vote is about: the option to change. Carter has been advised, according to



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aides in Atlanta, to be very "positive" this week, to talk about the need for change ("We can do better"), and also to stress that there are limits on what he can do. The approach, one aide said, is to be "a modified 1960." He said, "Kennedy was blatantly idealistic. Jimmy has to tone it down, because people are skeptical now." It seems that for Carter the election can't come too soon.

As Carter travels about, his campaign is, of course, proceeding on several levels. The field organization is at work. Phone banks have been established in the swing states. Labor and other groups are making their efforts to get out the vote. Caddell is studying his poll data and forwarding them to the plane. (Atlanta is said to be very tense about how close the polls are growing.) Carter himself must get on the phone and assuage egos. He was informed, for example, that Muhammad Ali might endorse President Ford today but that Ali would be willing to receive a call from Carter. There are the back-yard politics: a stop in New Jersey this morning was cancelled because of the intramural squabbles there, and because Governor Brendan Byrne is so unpopular, largely as a result of the recent enactment of a state income tax, that it was deemed the wiser course to avoid sharing the platform with him. (Still, Carter reached three media markets today, and New Jersey was reached from Philadelphia.) Both candidates give local-television interviews at most stops. When Carter landed at St. Louis today, he had a brief meeting with some black ministers. The members of Carter's issues staff who fly around with him make suggestions on how to handle certain questions: he is being advised on ways to make his talk about the economic indicators more dramatic; he was advised (the advice was ignored) to avoid praising his choice of Mondale as his running mate in the presence of John Glenn during stops in Ohio. (The possibility that I saw last summer of tensions between Carter and Mondale in the course of the campaign has not come to pass. Mondale has done well, and Carter seems to recognize and appreciate that. Carter's ads now emphasize Mondale. But if Carter is elected and if his Administration proves as controversial as many people expect, Mondale could still find himself in some difficult spots.) The issues staff also works up releases for the press, hoping to provide it with fresh leads while the candidate gives speeches that vary little. This evening's release is about Carter's pledge to reform the postal service. Carter received a big break today when Eugene McCarthy was ruled off the New York ballot for good. The Democratic National Committee raised more than thirty thousand dollars to bring that about, on the theory that if McCarthy was on the ballot, it might tip the state to Ford. And, aboard the plane, Jody Powell puts out favorable poll data.

Tonight, Carter delivers his talk—essentially the same talk he has made all day—with a bit more feeling. Carter, like Ford, is moving cautiously, almost by rote, being careful not to make a mistake. Both candidates have learned that one ill-considered statement, one slip of the tongue can be devastating. Two years of work could go crashing if one of them should trip in the next three days. Carter has to hold on tight now. Ford is gaining on him. It is an odd thought that what Lyndon Johnson used to refer to as "the leadership of the free world" could ride on a single gaffe this weekend. It is a difficult thought that our choice may be made that irrationally. Watching these men go through what they are going through, one thinks about the effects on them: the incredible pressures they are absorbing, the enormous stakes for which they are striving. They are aspiring to ultimate temporal power. The process is both gruelling and exhilarating. Crowds cheer them and aides flatter them and all manner of advisers give them contradictory advice. One is President, and the other may be, and people treat them accordingly. Carter talks tonight, as he has talked all day, of how he and his family campaigned in homes, labor halls, shopping centers, barbershops, beauty parlors, restaurants, stores, factory-shift lines, farmers' markets, livestock-sale barns, county courthouses. All year, he has offered his dogged campaigning as a qualification for the Presidency. Both Presidential candidates, as they jet around the country, surrounded by retinues, are endeavoring to convince the voters they are men "of the people." Carter does a little variation tonight on a theme he has been stressing since early fall—that "it doesn't matter when we came to this country, what matters is why we came to this country." In an effort to be graphic, he says, "It's more like a mosaic, a beautiful painting with different kinds of colored spots on it." He is drawing respectable crowds now—that took some time—which is a tribute as much to the advance work and the fact that the election is near as it is to excitement about him. His speeches are an assortment of themes he developed during the primaries and this fall, with no driving theme or memorable point coming through. He is applauded—it is as if the audience knew that it should applaud after certain lines—but his listeners do not get particularly worked up. (The one time they do, invariably, is when Carter says, "It's not right for the average American who makes a mistake to go to jail and the big-shot crooks go free.") Carter talks to his audiences, but he doesn't really connect with them. There are two approaches to political audiences: the thoughtful speech and the pep rally. Carter doesn't really accomplish either. His rhythms are off. And he seems lonely. He appears on the platform with other politicians, but he doesn't seem to connect with them, either. He rides in the front of the plane, curtained off, talking with almost no one except Jody Powell and Greg Schneiders—young personal aides. The Carter group really does seem to feel that it has done all this on its own—and may well behave that way if he takes office. When I asked one top Carter aide earlier this fall about all the help they were getting from labor, he replied, "We don't owe anybody anything." The political leaders who endorsed Carter in June, he said, "came in in the last of the ninth." Labor, for its part, seems to be going into this on a wing and a prayer. Ford's policies and his inaccessibility to labor could no longer be stomached, and so labor is giving Carter help and hoping that this means some commitments to it, and is also prepared to fight him if necessary. ("If he tries to merge the Commerce and Labor Departments," a labor official said recently—a frequently proposed reorganization—"we'll destroy him.") Anyway, labor's real strength is in the Congress. There is a line between being so bogged down in political obligations as to be paralyzed and feeling so free of them as not to be able to get anything done, either. Or feeling so free as to assume one can pretty much do as one likes. Governing does require collective action. It remains to be seen how good Carter—a loner—is at that.

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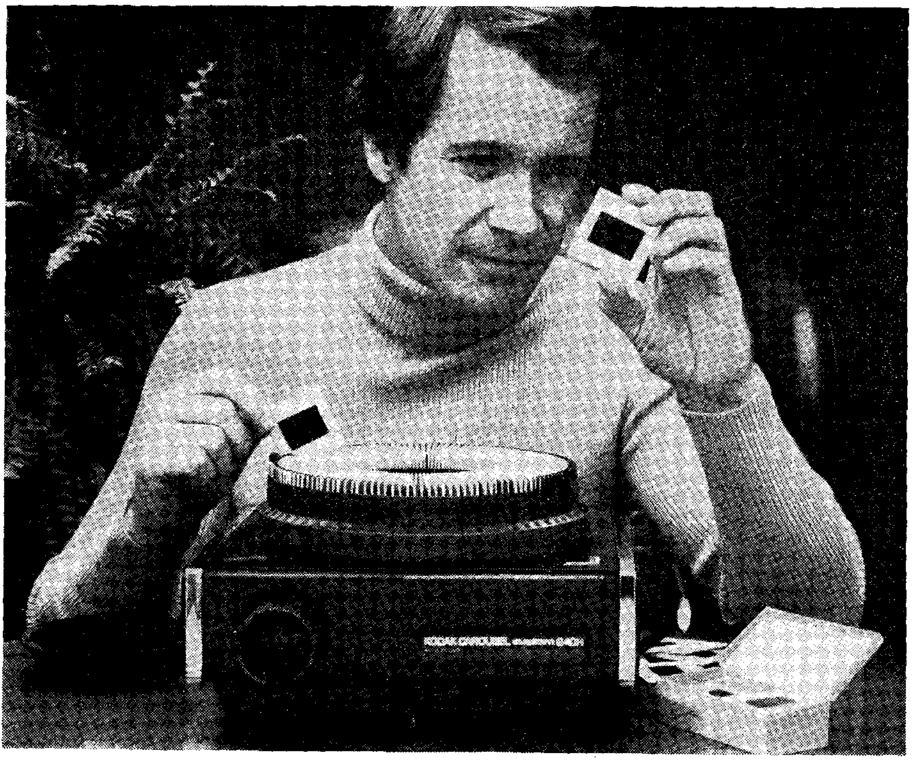

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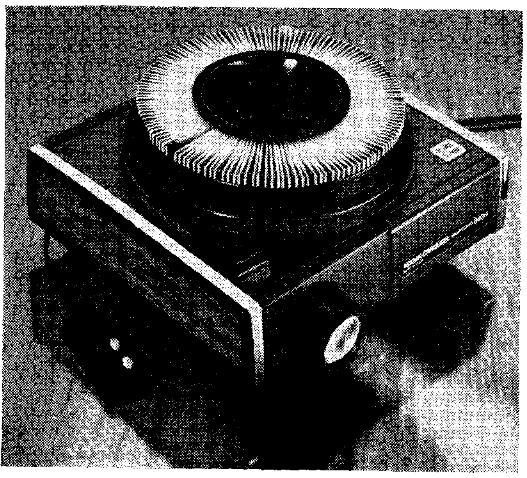

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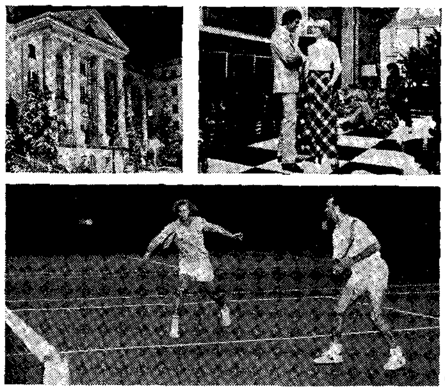

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what we in the press entourage observe, and how little of what comes over our television screens, is left to chance. It combines some of the classic advancing wisdom, distilled over the years, with King's particular insights. It includes such time-honored principles as "Never select an auditorium or meeting room larger than you can fill" and "Be wary of any hall seating more than two thousand." As a rule, it says, there should never be more than ten dignitaries on the platform with the candidate. Other strictures: Be careful to schedule filing time for the press. Arrange the candidate's TV tapings at the beginning of his stops, when he is "freshest." Allow time for the candidate to shake hands at the airport, thus giving the press time to board its buses; the Secret Service requires that the motorcade take off as soon as the candidate is in his car (a vulnerable spot). Don't organize a welcoming crowd at the airport: "You need those fans elsewhere." The candidate is to travel via a largely unpublished route (for security) and to be visible only for a few blocks (to build a crowd at the designated spot). The science of crowd-building is spelled out: leafleting (use high-school students), including where to leaflet and how to leaflet ("SMILE"); literature drops; telephone campaigns; posters; sound trucks; media (radio spots are recommended during certain times—prime or drive or housework on country-music stations, and in the late evening "on the teenybopper stations"); how to call in to a talk show and ask when the candidate is coming and then call in and answer; and so on. Further instructions include: Organize car caravans to bring people to the event. "Bend every effort in advance to assure a 'base crowd' through clubs and groups, groups making good cheering sections." Cook up stunts to catch the eye of the public and the local press (hold press conferences to introduce the entertainers who will precede the candidate; run pretty girls around town on an old fire engine). There are instructions for the bands ("School or union bands, please!"), which should play "bright, happy music" before the candidate arrives. Signs: "Homemade signs are best." Arrange at least one large "Welcome to . . ." sign in front of the crowd "to remind the candidate where he is." Decorations. Ticker tape. Even the applause and the cheering. The instructions on "organizing 'spontaneous' cheering" are: "Don't leave enthusiasm to chance. Plan in advance to sprinkle your crowd with cheerleaders and claques. They must start clapping, chants, cheers, and even songs when the candidate arrives and after appropriate lines during his moving through a crowd and/or during his speech. . . . Scatter your core supporters in clusters throughout the audience. Instruct them to cheer loudly and often; this will warm the rest of the audience to the occasion."

OCTOBER 30

SATURDAY. Today, the Carter campaign has been to Tulsa, Oklahoma (where Carter landed, addressed an airport rally, held a brief meeting with a newspaper editor and a state politician, and took off again); New Orleans (where he rode through the French Quarter in a parade, complete with jazz bands and doubloons struck specially for the occasion); and McAllen, Texas, near the Mexican border (where he addressed a rally of Mexican-Americans). The day's campaigning will finish tonight in front of the Alamo—seemingly as obligatory a stop for politicians as the Liberty Bell—and after this he will fly to Dallas. (Ford was in Houston today, where John Connally appeared with him. Connally seems to be giving Ford more help than is Ronald Reagan. Both appear to have their eye on the Republican Party, and odds are that neither would be heartbroken if Ford lost.) Carter should be able to carry Texas, but it is very close here. The turnout of Mexican-Americans could make the difference. As we left St. Louis this morning, Carter's staff issued a release that said that in 1973 Ford, in a letter to a historian, described the Truman Administration as "one which smacked of scandal and extreme partisanship." In New Orleans, the staff released a statement attacking Ford's tax proposals. In Tulsa, Carter gave a bit more stress than usual to his thought that "I believe the United States ought to be a working country, and not a welfare country." And, for what seemed like the first time, he made a fairly persuasive argument about the cost of unemployment to the middle class. I wonder why he doesn't do that more. He told his Tulsa audience (which was got out to the airport in the chill early morning with the help of the teachers', oil workers', and machinists' unions) that "we need to deregulate the price of natural gas." Elsewhere, he has said that only five per cent of it should be deregulated. In New Orleans, he said, "I got my education at the U.S. Naval Academy," and said, "I know the first responsibility of the United States President is to guarantee the security of our nation." He continued, "The Number One thing I am going to insist on is a strong defense. The South has always believed in strong patriotism."

In his efforts to cope with the pressure to avoid offending any particular constituency—to win one constituency but do it in a way that does not lose another—he has painted himself opaque. There is nothing wrong with a politician's shading what he says so that audiences in different parts of the country or representing different constituencies know that he understands what is on their minds. It is something else for a politician to say contradictory things (is Carter's Number One priority jobs, inflation, or defense?) or to drop little promises better left unheard elsewhere. In retrospect, one of the earliest stories we heard about Carter this year—about how he led different groups in Iowa, where he was to undergo his first political test, to believe that he had different views on abortion—is significant. At the time, it was hard to tell. The real question is, as it has been all along, what Carter's campaign means in terms of governing. Clearly, he intends to try to do some fresh things, and he has led us to believe that his policies would be more compassionate than those of his predecessor. There is every indication that he means it when he expresses his determination to try to reorganize government, to bring more openness to it, to try to break up the "sweetheart arrangements" and "revolving doors" between the regulatory agencies and the regulated, to pardon draft resisters. What we still don't know about—and won't until (if he is elected) he has tried to govern for a while—are his vision, his impulses, his sense of proportion, and his reaction to frustration and opposition, of which there will be quite a bit. The indications are that he is a stubborn man and does not take opposition very well.

Carter reminded his New Orleans audience—gathered in Andrew Jackson Square, near the St. Louis Cathedral, and standing on wrought-iron balustrades along the surrounding streets, on a pleasant, sunny Saturday afternoon—that he would be the first Southerner elected President since Zachary Taylor, in 1848. He talked about his determination to have a balanced budget by the end of his first term. (He said that his family and business budgets were balanced, which makes him sound quite Republican.) In New Orleans, he was introduced by his wife, an obviously strong, determined woman, who made the case for

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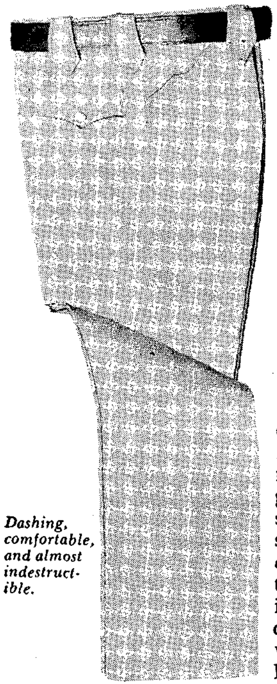

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him. Formerly a very shy woman, she has worked up an effective little speech about her husband—praising his virtues ("He is a good, honest human being capable of leading our country"), decrying waste in government ("simply unbelievable"), and saying why we need him ("Our country is leaderless, we need a leader")—which she delivers with spunk and polish. Carter does try to reach for idealism, saying, "I see ahead of us a nation with a new spirit," and talking of "a country with your help that can live up to the dignity of the Constitution." (Other times, he talks about "the majesty of our Constitution and the simple decency of the American people.") Afterward, Carter was presented with a pumpkin on which a likeness of his face was carved.

•

I TALKED with Jody Powell on the plane between Tulsa and New Orleans. (Carter, as is now his wont, had slipped on a gray cardigan sweater and was taking a nap on the couch, around which a curtain was drawn.) Carter often seems tense and tightly coiled; the appearance of relaxation seems an act of will. What human being would not be tense in the situation he is in? He has bent his all for years now toward one prize; whether or not he wins it will be decided very shortly. The policy of no appearances after 7 P.M., which Greg Schneiders tried to establish earlier this fall, never went into effect, but its enunciation did have the effect of cutting down Carter's schedule. Now Carter gets more sleep than he used to, and keeps to a more closely controlled schedule. When he gets to his hotel room, he makes phone calls (invariably, one is to his wife), eats lightly, reads the memorandums that have been given him. According to his aides, he still reads a chapter of the Bible, in Spanish, every night. My guess is that he really does; that it is a way of finding peace and continuity amid all the tension and chaos of a campaign—a process in which serenity is almost impossible. A certain tension remains between Carter and the press—beyond that of a candidate who must be on guard and a press corps that must watch carefully. He has never really worked out relations with the press, though this was something that could have been done. The press is wooable and winnable (Mondale has wooed and won it), especially by a candidate who may well succeed. Carter and Powell have complained about the press coverage, saying that it tends to stress the *faux pas* rather than the substance, and they have a point, but they had better get accustomed to a certain amount of that. If Carter is elected, will he and his aides understand that the magnification process is certain to continue, and that churlishness on their part could be very damaging? What the press sees as its role is to be on the lookout for inconsistencies and misleading statements, and why shouldn't it be? Carter's circle is critical of reporters who criticize the candidate, and this suggests that it may not really understand the role of the press—suggests something beyond the normal paranoia of politicians.

I asked Powell why he thought the election had got so close—what he thought Carter's essential problem was. He was fairly candid in his response.

"The problem all the way through the general election is that we never really did and still haven't set up a unifying theme for the general election," he said. "Without that, everything we did seemed to be a discrete event. It contributed to the diffuse nature of this campaign."

I asked him how that had happened.

"Partly because I didn't do my job right," he replied. "We thought we had a unifying theme in this leadership thing—that Ford is not a leader. In fact, we should have seen ahead of time that that was too narrow. It didn't cut. Also, we missed a lesson we should have learned from Jerry Brown—the thing about overpromising and skepticism. We've started to deal with that, but it's so late it might not have an effect on the election. We're including it in our final television spots." (Another aide says, "The partisan theme is one that has to be used subtly, and we didn't use it subtly. We beat people over the head with it. Saying 'Vote for me because I belong to the same party as Roosevelt' was unsalable." Some aides think one problem is that the summer months were not used sufficiently to plan for the fall. "We fumbled the national presentation," one says. "What you saw was one of the most elegant primary campaigns and one of the most inept fall ones.")

I asked Powell how Carter had got himself in the position of overpromising.

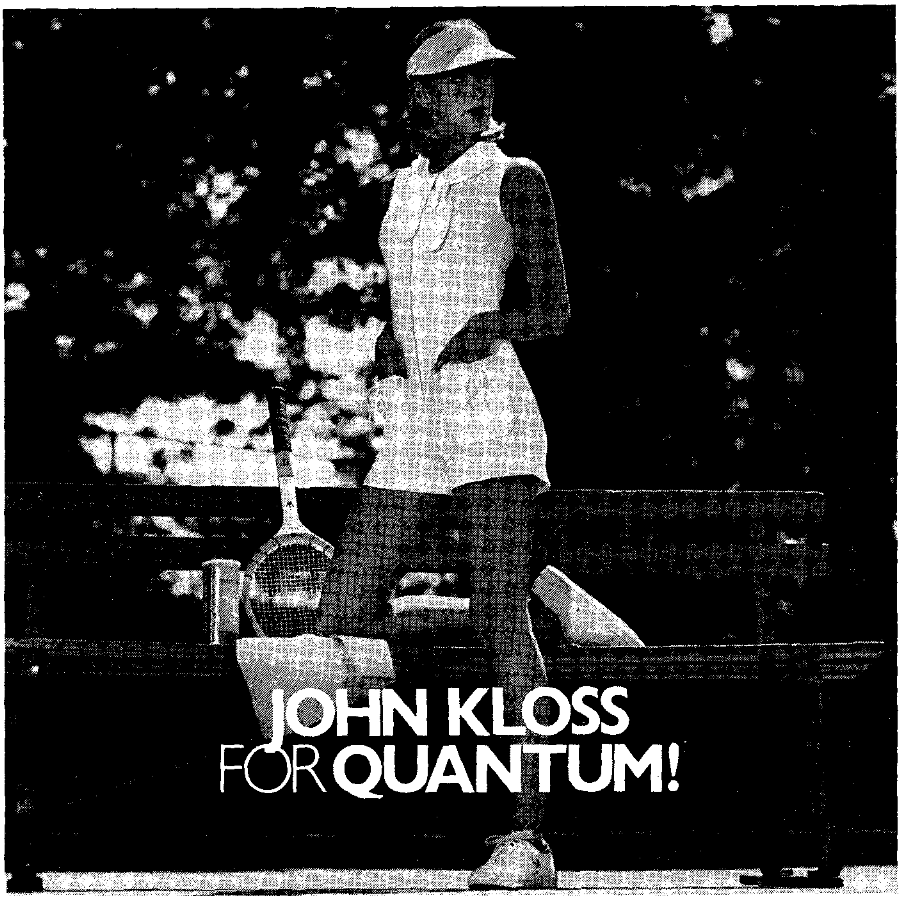
"I don't know," he said. "Part of it was responding to the cries to be specific and programmatic. Part of it was some things we said in the primaries—reorganization, welfare reform, and all that. It helped us in the primaries that people thought Jackson overpromised and Jimmy didn't."

Powell continued, "It's taken us a long time to figure out how to handle Ford—how Jimmy Carter should handle Ford, which is more complex. We kicked him a little bit, we patted him a little bit—none of it seemed to work. Maybe the way to do it was humor, but Jimmy has a tendency to deliver a line that should be funny in a way that sounds serious."

Then Powell talked about another problem that candidates encounter: a lot of conflicting advice from well-meaning aides and advisers. "He was getting political advice from the issues people; issues advice from the political people; press advice from the organizing people; organizing advice from the press people. Everyone thinks he's an expert on press relations. Jimmy sort of got overloaded."

•

HUBERT HUMPHREY's last trip to Texas in 1968 included a stop in McAllen, and Democrats felt that that turned Texas around for him. Robert Strauss had urged Humphrey to make that stop, and he urged a similar one on Carter this year. And so Jimmy Carter went there today. A record number of Mexican-Americans are registered in Texas this year, and their votes could determine the outcome in the state. A long line of mayors of the little towns of the Rio Grande Valley were at the airport to greet him, as were Robert Strauss and his wife, and Luci Johnson Nugent. Carter hugged Mrs. Nugent, who stood stiffly. About fifty people were on the platform at the rally in McAllen's Archer Park, Jim King's strictures notwithstanding, and State Senator Raul Longoria went through an interminable list of introductions while, in front of the stand, the advance man for the event was in agony and kept motioning for Longoria to get on with it. All sorts of Texas V.I.P.s were there, several having arrived in their own planes. Strauss, who worked hard to get the Johnson family to show forgiveness to Carter for his insult to Lyndon Johnson, read a telegram from Lady Bird Johnson, who managed to be out of the state. Then Luci Johnson Nugent made a pointed and moving little speech, in which she endorsed the Democratic ticket headed by a man who, in the *Playboy* interview, had called her father a liar and a cheater. (She said that her father, "despite disappointments, stood steadfast to the Party to the day that he died," and that "my husband and I are voting, as Daddy did, Democratic.") She didn't endorse Carter, but he seemed grateful for what he could get—that she had permitted herself to be used even to that



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extent. As the other speeches went on, Mrs. Nugent seemed to be fighting tears. Strauss, for his part, was mopping his brow in the midday south Texas sun. The advance man muttered, "I'm not sure I can take three more days." Carter managed a look of amusement. What else could he do? He was stuck. He does not seem to smile the broad smile as much as before—it's as if he were trying to contain it, knowing it has been caricatured. Carter has one big smile and two little ones. There is the little one that appears and then gets turned off suddenly. It does not seem real. Real smiles fade. Carter has another little smile, a sort of half smile, that suggests genuine amusement or pleasure. One does not see it very often.

Finally, Carter got a chance to talk. He said many of the things he had been saying elsewhere, and when he talked about a balanced budget the Mexican-Americans cheered, as if on cue. I wonder how important a balanced budget is to them. Carter also said, "Lyndon Johnson was a man with a big heart. He gave our people human rights, he gave our people civil rights. He gave our people good Medicare, good Medicaid; he gave our people better education." (Asked at the San Antonio airport by the waiting press what he thought was the most serious mistake of his campaign, Carter replied without hesitation, "I think the most serious mistake was making a statement that distorted completely my feeling about President Johnson.") It appeared that to that particular audience Carter was a Kennedyesque sort of figure, and they cheered him with more emotion than I'd heard any other crowd cheer him. At the end of his speech, he was given a great black-and-silver Mexican hat and a colorful sarape. I went with the pool reporters, who stayed close to Carter this afternoon, and as he worked the crowd I watched people grab at him, pushing, shoving, eager to touch him, and Carter and the Secret Service working to free his arms and enable him to keep moving. In the plane on the way to San Antonio, Luci Johnson Nugent was seated with Carter, who talked to her animatedly.

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TODAY, the Harris poll puts the race at forty-five per cent Carter and forty-four per cent Ford.

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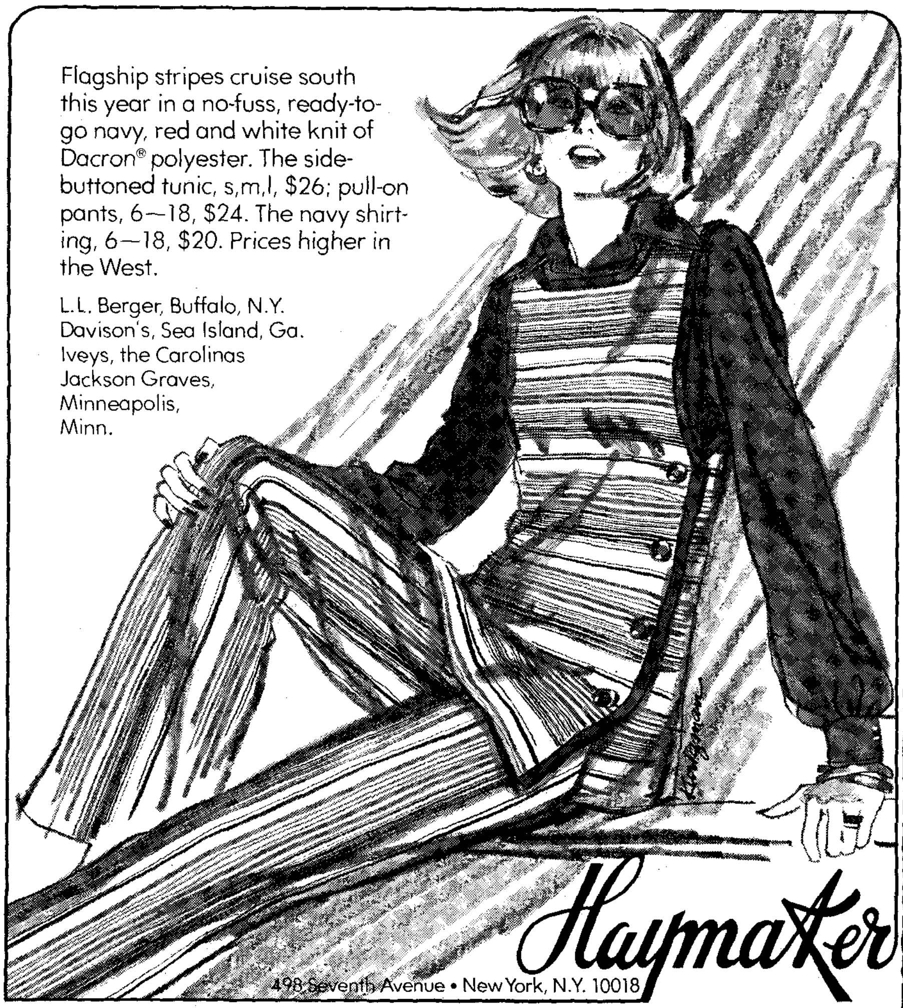
THE Alamo, San Antonio, Texas, Saturday evening. To my astonishment, the Alamo is smack in downtown San Antonio, hard by the Nation-



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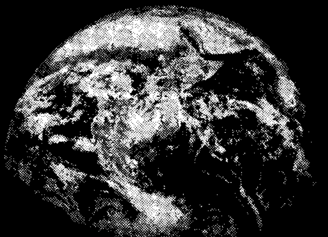

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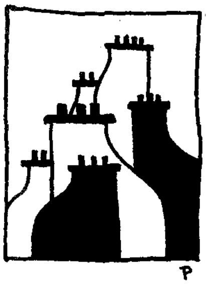
al Shirt Shop. (One of my closest friends is from San Antonio, and I can't imagine why she never told me this.) I had always pictured it as out in a field, with plenty of room for people on horses to gallop around. It's a rather odd national shrine, actually, symbolizing one of the more imperial streaks in our history. Tonight, Carter waited to go onstage ("held," in political jargon) in "the long barrack"—the low outer building of the Alamo, where most of the fortress's defenders died. It was dark by the time we reached here; the sun set in the big Texas sky as our motorcade came in from the airport. (The advance man told me he was up till two this morning lighting the Alamo.) A mariachi band is playing. Again, people grab at the candidate as he makes his way among the crowd and up to the platform. Again, Luci Johnson Nugent makes her speech, not seeming quite so defiant this time, and Robert Strauss looks pleased with his work. It is a cool evening. A half-moon has risen over the Alamo. It is a rather small stone building, with a crescent-shaped façade. Still, Carter looks small as he stands in front of it to make his speech. "As we stand here tonight in front of this historic shrine, which demonstrates bravery," he begins, and then he says much of what he has said before. About how it doesn't matter when we came to this country. About how our system of government is the best on earth. There was some thought given to his making a special speech tonight, but Carter is sticking to what he has tested and is used to. He doesn't seem to like to make formal speeches. He talks fast again, and the response is rather flat. He talks about Lyndon Johnson again. "It's time for a change in the White House," he says. Maybe we've run out of new rhetoric. Again, he adapts to where he is. "There is no reason for our nation to be mediocre or weak," he says. "There is no reason for us to have a defense capability second to any on earth." (Ford, in April, running then against Reagan, came here and said much the same thing.) In following the campaign for the Presidency, I don't think I have heard anything about reconversion of parts of the economy from military to civilian purposes. A paper from the Carter campaign on the subject came across my desk, but I have never heard the candidate mention it, or read that he had mentioned it. I have even less indication that Ford has gone near the subject. Neither man has talked about those young blacks in Detroit—or anywhere. That would have been impolitic. Neither has talked about the Third World (at least, that I heard). That would have been impolitic, too. Both candidates have ultimately engaged in majoritarian politics, the goal being to win. One candidate may have been submerging these subjects in order to win; the other hasn't seemed to have any thoughts on them to submerge. These people are asking for enormous power. It is fashionable now to say that Presidents can't do much, because of the checks on them and because of the conflicting interest groups. They may be limited in what they can accomplish on the hard questions—social issues, changing the economy, urban organization—and on cutting through the selfish nature of just about all of us, on getting beyond immediate interests and their own political futures. But still they have enormous power. They can affect the civility of our discourse, affect our domestic harmony. They can start a war. I think that people are getting a little hesitant to entrust this power to Presidents. It has been—in recent, vivid memory—abused, internationally and domestically. We were lied into a war, which it was all too hard to get out of, and our Constitutional system was treated as a mere plaything. The terms—"Vietnam" and "Watergate"—don't get across the depth and impact of that experience. People are correct to be skeptical about conferring great power. They are supposed to be skeptical. That's what the framers of the Constitution had in mind. We may, indeed, as a result of recent history, be getting closer to what they had in mind.



The candidates are virtually automatic men now, somnambulistic, going through rituals. What they see must be a blur and what they say is largely programmed. Two fallible mortals—very fallible—at the end of a long, long process that seems to be somewhat beyond them. It is beyond almost anyone. No one is prepared for it. Trying to stay afloat amid conflicting constituencies, a staff that is full of contradictory advice, the confusions of local politics, a press corps that is ready to fall on a single slip—I doubt if they could stand it much longer.

Carter does his "I see a nation" litany, and talks, as he has lately, about how the results of the 1960 and 1968 elections might have been different. "If

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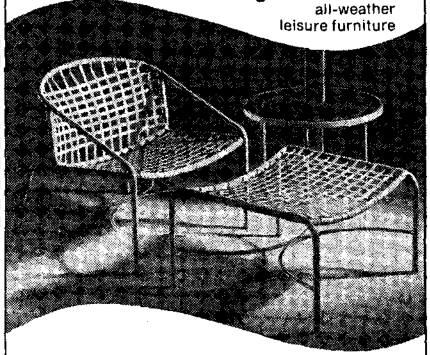

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just one person in every precinct had voted who didn't go to the polls for Hubert Humphrey, we would never have had Richard Nixon as President," he says, "we would have had a good President to carry on the tradition of Lyndon Johnson." He says, "The next three days—Sunday and Monday and Tuesday—might be the most important days in your life." They are in his. "I love every one of you," he concludes.

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AT the Dallas airport tonight, Carter stands—as is his wont—holding his own suit bag (a common touch), and talks to a minicam that is reporting live. Another chance at television exposure. His face looks thin and tired. He is asked what he thinks has brought him this far. He replies, "I think I have a natural and accurate sense of the hopes and aspirations of the American people. I think I understand their deepest concerns, and I have a closeness with them, I think, that will stand me in good stead Tuesday and make me a good President if I'm elected." He is asked if he is tired. "No, not much," he replies. "I feel better now than I did when I began the campaign. It's become a routine for me. I've been campaigning every day for twenty-two months."

NOVEMBER 1

WASHINGTON. The election, at long last, is tomorrow. Good weather is predicted around the country, which is good news for Carter. The Gallup poll puts the percentage at forty-seven for Ford, forty-six for Carter and, like the Harris poll, says that the election is "too close to call." But pollsters also say that most of the undecideds are Democrats. Tonight, Carter appeared in Flint, Michigan, with Mondale, and Ford appeared in Grand Rapids, without Dole.

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IN Detroit, General Motors posted a notice on a bulletin board that some jobs might become available, and more than five thousand people showed up. Not nearly that many jobs were available.

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THE *Times* reports today from Paris that at least a third of the world's industrialized nations are in financial trouble, and that "an air of gloom is spreading over prospects for the world economy." It says that the poor nations of the developing world are also in bad financial shape, with some hundred and thirty-five billion in debts. The dialogue between the rich and poor nations is still going on in Paris after ten months, with little progress. Britain, like Italy, is facing a severe economic crisis. "Virtually everyone is living on credit," the *Times* reports, and it adds that "some bankers, businessmen and government officials in Europe are worried that the whole system may crack."

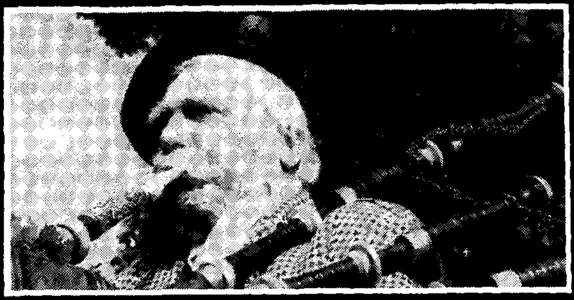
Similarly, little progress has been made since the World Food Conference meeting in Rome in 1974 set the goal of abolishing hunger within a decade. Lester Brown, president of Worldwatch Institute and an expert on food problems, recently wrote, "A moderately successful grain harvest this fall may lull world leaders into a false sense of security over the world food situation." A goal of the conference, the establishment of world food reserves in case of famine, has not been carried out. The recent world harvest is about what it was in 1974, but at the same time the world population has increased by about a quarter of a billion people. Our Department of Agriculture has resisted setting up the food reserves.

•

THE Carter campaign made a number of last-minute moves to try to nail down a victory. Yesterday, Carter himself called Rizzo, Daley, and New York's Mayor Abraham Beame. (Last week, he called a number of other political leaders around the country.) Hamilton Jordan had called some of the political leaders over the weekend, and also some of his own troops. There was a morale problem building, what with the narrow, and even negative, polls coming in. But while the people in Atlanta were busy bucking people up, they were themselves getting very nervous, having that sinking feeling that the election might indeed be slipping from them. They asked whether Hubert Humphrey, just out of the hospital after a cancer operation, could make appearances for them in Pennsylvania. He was unable to, but before leaving the hospital he had made some radio tapes, which were rushed into the state. Tapes were made by black leaders to counteract the church incident. (A squabble had arisen over an attempt to integrate Carter's church in Plains, and several blacks rallied to Carter's aid, as they had at crucial points all year.) Carter did reach Muhammad Ali, who even offered to fly to California on Carter's behalf. The news about the Gallup poll was broken to Carter carefully. Jordan reached Powell just as Carter and his entourage arrived at their Sacramento hotel Sunday night, after an appearance in San Francisco with Jerry Brown, and suggested that Carter not be told about it until the morning. Campaign aides were sent from West Virginia to western Pennsylvania, and from Tennessee to southern Illinois. Labor is hard at work—especially in Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Connecticut. It may be working harder for Carter this year than it did for its friend Humphrey in 1968. The Democratic National Committee sent "street money" into Maryland, and money into Florida, Virginia, Louisiana, Ohio, New Jersey, and California.

•

TONIGHT, the campaign struggle was transferred to a contest between the two camps' image-makers, in half-hour shows presented back to back on all three networks, at staggered hours. Carter's is called "Ask Jimmy Carter." Carter looks very Presidential sitting in a gray suit behind a desk in his book-lined study in Plains, and he gets at the heart of what he thinks has been his problem by explaining, in his characteristic manner, that during the primaries "I had a close, personal, individual, direct relationship with the people of this country" but that during the fall campaign "that's the kind of relationship that was disturbed"—by the crowds, the press, the Secret Service. What does he think it's going to be like if he's President? And so, he says, the show tonight—he calls it a "show"—will demonstrate individual people "in a direct person-to-person relationship with me." After a little talk—effectively presented—in which he says some of the things he has been saying in his campaign ("The problem is not that people have lost confidence in the government, the problem is that public officials, once they got in office, lost confidence and trust in the people who put them there"), we see what are supposed to be just folks stopped in the street, asking Carter questions. The footage is edited in a way to suggest that Carter is answering them from his book-lined study. One of the questioners is the girlfriend of one of Carter's television advisers. Some of the questioners look down as they talk, as if they were reading. Carter is asked about jobs, about welfare, about taxes. It's very slick. He addresses his questioners by name, and looks folksy and accessible and responsive; and, of course, his answers can't be challenged. He is asked



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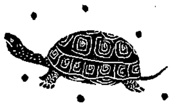
by an elderly person what he would do for the elderly (appoint "a full-time counsellor just speaking up for elderly people"); what he would do about foreign aid (he says, as he said in New Hampshire living rooms, "I'm tired of seeing the poor people in this rich country taxed and the money sent to the rich people in the poor countries"); by a man in Houston how much he would cut the defense budget ("I'm trying to cut out waste and he's [Ford's] defending waste"). A farmer asks about farm policy, and a woman asks what he would do if his wife were offered a job (he talks about how much his wife and family have campaigned, and says that it has made them closer and that "in bringing our family together with a mutual understanding of what our country is, I hope we can bring the country together in the next four years"). And then he gets up and walks around to the front of his desk and leans against it and reiterates some more of his campaign themes: about how the American people have been "turned off" in recent years (he offers himself as the healer); about the need for "tough, competent management of government" (he seems to understand that if he was to get anything done as President, people would need to believe that competence was being applied to government, and that some reorganization is necessary, but he may have underestimated how resistant the problems, the bureaucracy, and the interest groups would be); about how "we need to have someone going to Washington who is not a part of that establishment, who hasn't been there for the last twenty-five or thirty years, to root out unnecessary programs." He says, "The promises that I've made have been very cautious"—he knows this is not true, but it is part of the last campaign thrust—"and I'm going to keep them." We'll see. And he ends as he has ended countless times all year—by saying that we can "prove once again that we still live in the most wonderful country on earth."



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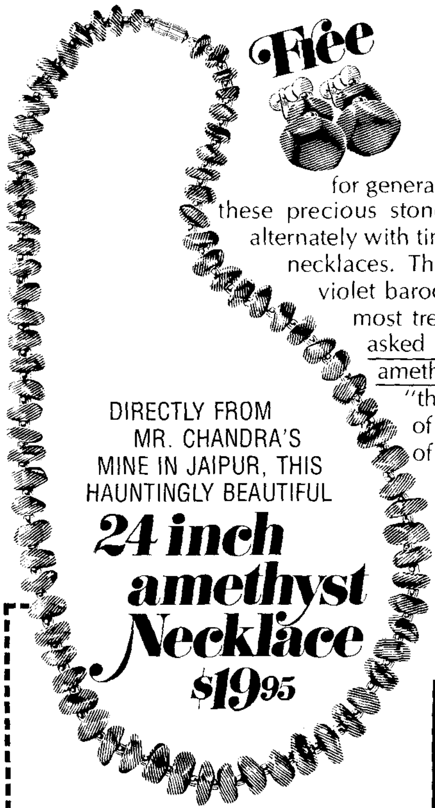
THE President Ford show begins with Joe Garagiola and pictures of Air Force One. This might be the first election that was won by an airplane. Then Pearl Bailey endorses Ford ("Oh, he's made some mistakes, honey, you better believe he has"). Then we see another shot of Air Force One, and see Ford accepting the Party nomination ("Hail to the Chief" plays in the background), followed by scenes from the Fourth of July, including the Tall Ships, and the President ringing the bell on the flight deck of the U.S.S. Forrestal. The President has tried to appropriate the Fourth of July after all. Why couldn't he have left well enough alone? There are other scenes that have been appearing in the ads—the childhood pictures, the Eagle Scout badge, the football team, Yale ("Gaudeamus Igitur" playing in the background). The Voice out of "March of Time" tells us about these things. It gives the documentary—the commercial—a strangely old-fashioned flavor. The Second World War scenes. Vietnam-war scenes, and scenes of anti-war demonstrators—as if we were to think he opposed the war. Pictures of the Ervin hearings! Voice: "In those troubled times, a distressed nation was stirred by a new and candid voice." The President being sworn in and saying, "Our long national nightmare is over." The aides telling us how nice he is. Pictures of him working hard. Voice: "America started back to work." Unemployment is substantially higher than it was when Ford took office. Scenes of plenty: potatoes bouncing, grain being poured from an elevator. This is very slick propaganda indeed. Pictures of Air Force One banking into a turn. The President meeting foreign leaders. *Kissinger* getting off a plane after the Mideast settlement. Films of weapons firing. Voice: "The America of Gerald Ford is secure, idealistic, and mature." The America of Gerald Ford? Family scenes. Voice: "Gerald and Betty Ford are a love story." There is even material about Betty Ford's mastectomy. Anything goes. The White House heralds, blowing their horns, on the White House veranda. I somehow thought they had disappeared with Richard Nixon. Edith Green vouches for Ford, and then his son Jack does. Brass bands. Marines marching. A lot of militarism in this ad. The theme song: "There's a Change That's Come Over America." Voice: "Gerald Ford—a man of strength, a decent man, a man America can trust." Ford, for the second time in this film, telling the Convention, "You are the people who pay the taxes and obey the laws." More Air Force One. And then the President, dressed in shirt and vest, sitting on Air Force One—the new throne, the flying throne—gives a little talk. "Tonight, America's strong, America's free, America's on the move," he says. He seems a bit hoarse, and it's hard to hear him over the sound of the plane. "I pledge to you that the United States will remain Number One," he says. "The best tax reform is tax reduction," he says. Air Force One is shown banking again. The chorus swells: "I'm feeling good about America." Pictures of fields, rivers, mountains.

NOVEMBER 2

ELECTION DAY. A beautiful, clear day. There seems to be an unexpected upbeat feel to it, and it invites unexpected thoughts. We *are* free. We did get rid of a crooked, dangerous President, and we ended a wrongheaded war. Both took all too long to do, but, acting as a free people, we did it. Election Day is something we share—it's the one communal act we have. All over the nation tonight, people, many of them gathered in parties, will watch the same television reports. And, as this election ends, it is anything but dull. Even now, it is not clear who will be our next President. (Four years ago, at noon, an ashen-faced Washington lawyer stood in the doorway of the Federal City Club and said, to no one in particular, "Is everyone ready for the disaster?") And this year, as we look back on it, was anything but dull: the unknown political figure emerging from Georgia; the down-to-the-wire race for the Republican nomination, capped by a tumultuous Convention; a horse-race finish to the final election. We have become accustomed in recent years to living, in our civic lives, at high intensity. Any time we choose a President, it isn't boring. The campaign wasn't uplifting, but I have a feeling that that is a more relative statement than our memories tell us, or than we care to admit.

There are predictions that it will be a long night. Four years ago, John Chancellor called Nixon the winner a few minutes after seven. The networks have become cautious as a result of the experience with the Wisconsin primary this year, when ABC and NBC called Udall the winner of a primary that Carter won. Whoever wins tonight won't have much of a mandate—not just because the victory may be narrow (Kennedy's was narrow, and so was Jerry Brown's in California) but because the public does not seem to be in a mandate mood. It is more skeptical and questioning. I think either President—and especially Carter—will be watched carefully. Too many people—including politicians—have been burned by giving loyalty and credence to Presidents. Carter has no deep ties with many of those with whom he will have to work if he is to govern. Whoever wins will



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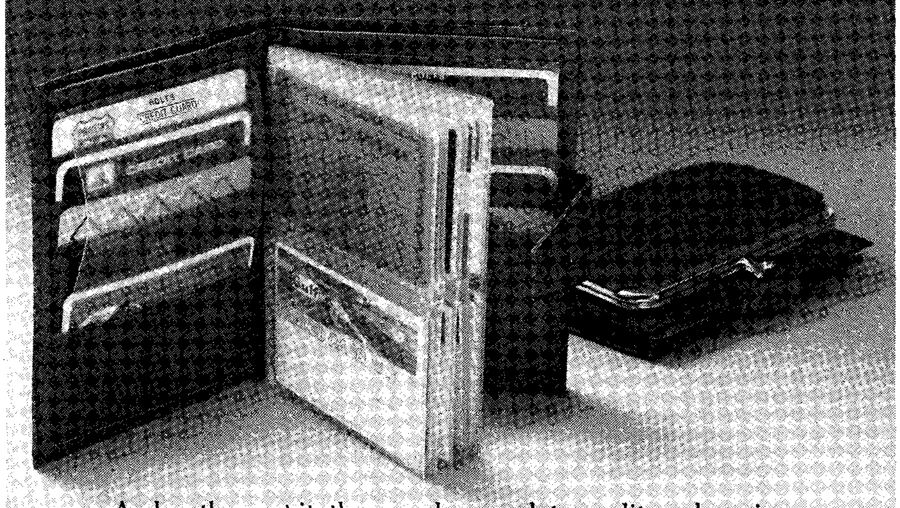

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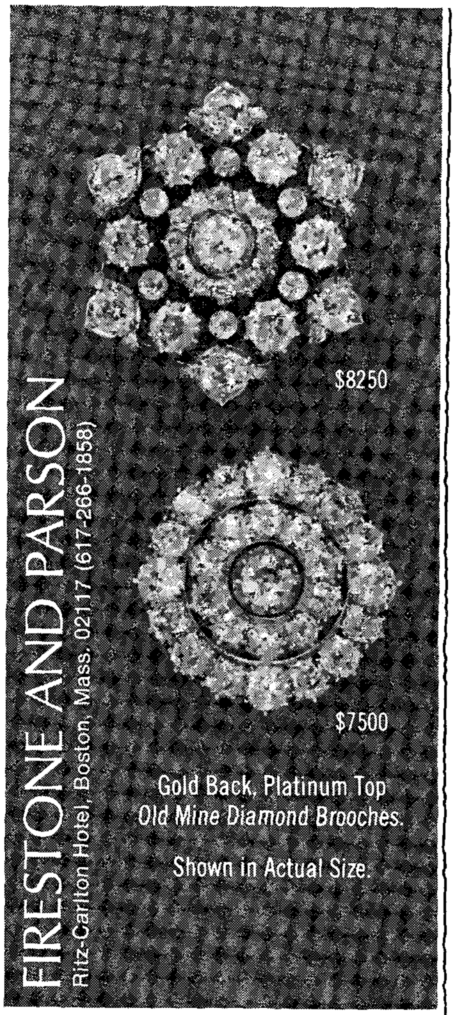
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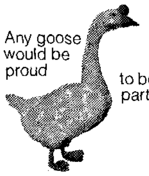
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be facing very hard—almost intractable—problems. The sorts of problems they didn't talk about much. But the problems—the collapsing cities, the continuing racial tensions, the increasing claims on diminishing resources, the rising demands of the developing nations, the spread of arms and nuclear capabilities—are all there, and are getting harder.

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BY six-thirty tonight, CBS, NBC, and ABC have all awarded Kentucky to Carter and Indiana to Ford. No surprises there. When I travelled with Carter earlier this fall, he stood at the Indianapolis airport with Vance Hartke. Hartke is losing badly and is already counted out. There were reports today that the turnout may have been very large after all. There is nothing that the candidates can do now. They have to sit there, like the rest of us, and wait. A lot of other people have a great deal at stake tonight—especially the investors in power, whose careers and fortunes ride on whether their candidate wins. James Thompson is winning big in Illinois, and is already being set up as a Presidential candidate. So was his predecessor, Daniel Walker, a Democrat who didn't even survive this year's primary. About eight-thirty, John Chancellor gives Florida to Carter. Carter has also won West Virginia and South Carolina. So far, the South is sticking. Florida is where Carter, in accordance with long-nurtured plans, scored his first big win over George Wallace. At eight-thirty-three, Walter Cronkite gives Texas to Carter. His trip there was worthwhile. Now, at eight-fifty on ABC, Lou Harris says that the turnout wasn't much higher today than it was in 1972 (when it was fifty-five per cent, the lowest since 1948). Paul Sarbanes has won the Senate seat in Maryland. Ford has won Kansas and Connecticut. Edward M. Kennedy wins reëlection to the Senate from Massachusetts, of course. He might have been elected President—and he knows it. Even if Carter wins, other power centers within the Democratic Party will remain intact. The interest groups that made their contributions to Carter will ask for their due—and if they don't get it, they will fight him, and they will have very strong allies in Congress. Edmund Muskie is reëlected to the Senate. He actually thought the nomination might come to him this year. Within a few hours, Carter could be the President-elect.

Nine-thirty. The big states are com-

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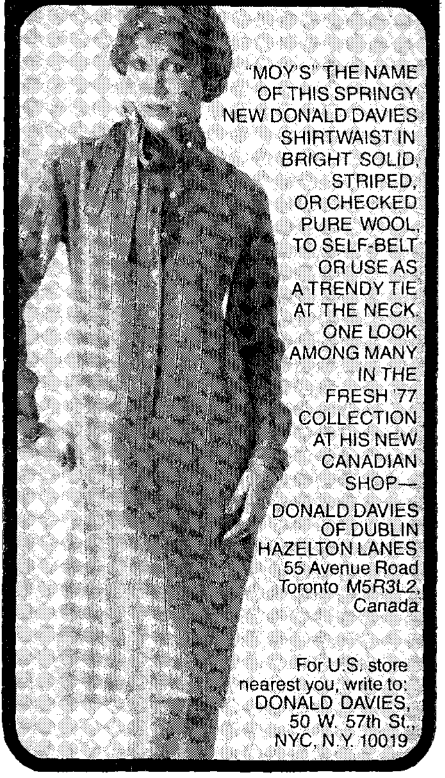
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ing in. Ford is ahead in New York and New Jersey; Carter is ahead in Pennsylvania, Illinois, Michigan. It's too early to call them. We aren't told what parts of the states these returns are from. At ten-thirty, Carter gets Missouri. Both candidates were there last Friday. Carter has also won Louisiana. It now appears that this election will indeed be very close. Murray Chotiner, an adviser to Nixon from the early days of his career, used to say that if you lose an election, you should lose big—that that's far preferable to sitting around afterward thinking of all the things you should have done differently. The TV analysts say Carter isn't doing as well as he should—as a Democrat should—with Catholics or Jews, but that he is way ahead with blacks. Ford has won Oklahoma; Carter's stop in Tulsa on Saturday morning didn't win it for him.

Midnight: The calculations are becoming complicated. If Ford wins New York and California, and two out of three of Michigan, Illinois, and Ohio, he wins the election. But then if he loses Iowa he loses—unless, that is, he wins Oregon. And then, again, if he wins Texas and Ohio and loses New York, he still wins. A telephone report from Atlanta: The Carter camp is very tense. A few minutes later, the networks are saying that New York is fifty-fifty. Hubert Humphrey, Henry Jackson, and Lloyd Bentsen—all of whom wanted to be elected President this year—have been reëlected to the Senate. Marilyn Berger, of NBC, reports from the White House that the President has lost his voice completely. At twelve-fourteen, NBC gives New Jersey to Ford. Carter did not survive the state's back-yard politics. It is very odd to sit here still not knowing who our next President is going to be. Jody Powell is on television, looking subdued. "We feel cautiously optimistic at this point," he says.

At twelve-thirty, NBC gives New York to Carter. That would seem to do it. Still, according to NBC, Carter has only two hundred and eight of the necessary two hundred and seventy electoral votes. NBC gives Michigan to Ford, and Illinois is 50–49 Ford-Carter. Ohio is 49–49. Maine is 49–49. The Democratic-Republican ratio in the House will be virtually unchanged, and the Senate ratio is not changing—both will be heavily Democratic. Ford is clearly carrying the Western states, and he and Carter are battling over the industrial states and some Southern ones. Ford gets Virginia. Rizzo delivered a margin of two hundred and fifty thousand votes for Carter in Philadelphia. The money to the ward leaders did go out. According to a telephone report, Daley has told Robert Strauss and Atlanta not to worry—Carter will carry Illinois. It's nearly 2 A.M., and in state after state the vote is either tied or within one point. It's not absolutely out of the question that both candidates will fail to obtain a majority of the Electoral College votes and it will go to the House of Representatives. Ohio and Illinois, stubborn Midwestern states, are still out. NBC says that in the twenty-two months of his overt race for the Presidency Carter made 1,495 speeches in 1,029 cities, that he travelled 461,240 miles. Ford has won Iowa—where Carter, coming in second, after "Uncommitted," with the vote of ten per cent of the state's Democrats, began it all. South Dakota, where Carter toured Hans Sieverding's farm, is still up in the air. So is Oregon. Oregon just doesn't seem to be Carter's state.

At 3 A.M., Walter Cronkite says that U.P.I. has put Carter over the top. But the networks are holding out. NBC gives Hawaii to Carter. That gives him two hundred and sixty-five electoral votes. Ford is ahead in Illinois by one point, Ohio is dead even, and Carter is ahead in Mississippi by one point. Mississippi—over which Ford fought Reagan and then Carter. Ford campaigned there in September, and Carter arranged to get James Eastland and John Stennis and Aaron Henry together on a platform there. Now only Mississippi, Illinois, Ohio, or California has enough electoral votes to end it. At three-thirty, John Chancellor gives Mississippi to Carter and says that he has been elected. All that campaigning in Ohio and Illinois is now moot. One minute later, ABC elects Carter. At three-forty-six, CBS joins in. At the World Congress Center, an exhibition hall in Atlanta next door to Carter's hotel, a country band plays "Happy Days Are Here Again." Carter did it. He'll be our thirty-ninth President.

Robert Schieffer, of CBS, reports that Ford has gone to bed—that he did so before the last projections. That gives him time. And then Jimmy Carter, the President-elect, makes his way to the stage. He is wearing the familiar navy-blue suit. There are lines under his eyes. His family and his campaign

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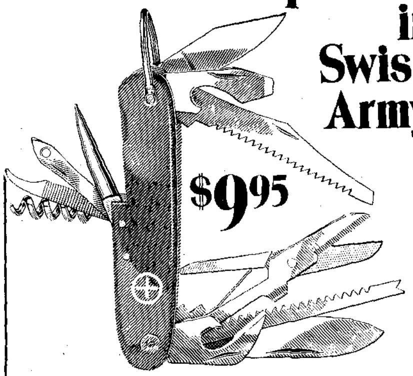

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aides are on the platform with him. At shortly after 4 A.M., he starts talking to the crowd and those of us who are still awake. He calls Ford, as he did toward the end of the campaign, "a good and decent man." He says, "I pray that I can live up to your confidence and never disappoint you." The shift from foot to foot. The slight drawing in of breath. "Sometimes in the past we've been disappointed in our government," he says. "But I think it's time to tap the tremendous strength and vitality and idealism and hope and patriotism and a sense of brotherhood and sisterhood in this country to unify our nation, to make it great once again." He says, as he has said all year, "I don't claim to know all the answers," and he adds, "I'm not afraid to take on the responsibilities of President." He looks genuinely happy, as well he might. He had said that he wanted the Presidency more than he had ever wanted anything else in his life, and there was no reason to doubt that. He drove himself without mercy. And then he got it—barely. He said countless times that he did not intend to lose, and he did not, but he had to have had some very anxious moments. And he concludes, "I love everybody here." And then, after a moment, he returns to the microphone with an afterthought. "It's been a good campaign," he says. "It's going to be a good Administration."

NOVEMBER 3

I AWOKE (late morning) to hear over the radio that the President is in his office discussing with his aides what to do, and that there is some thought that he should not yet concede. We waited for Nixon, too, in 1960. I also remember that when, on that morning after, one of Nixon's aides was asked what Nixon was doing, we were told that he was upstairs explaining the Constitution to his daughters. Carter has won Ohio, by only a few hundred votes thus far. Ohio went Democratic, after all. Ford has carried Illinois, California, Oregon. Daley didn't deliver. (Rizzo did.) Carter is leading in New York by two hundred thousand votes. It appears that Eugene McCarthy cost Carter Oklahoma, Maine, Iowa, and Oregon. If he had been a little stronger, he might have cost Carter the election.

Shortly after noon, on television, the President comes into the pressroom to concede. His family, who, like Carter's, were an important part of the campaign, are with him. The familiar Presidential seal, which travelled all over the country with him, is on the lectern.

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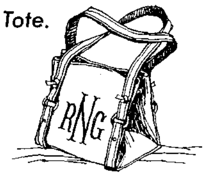

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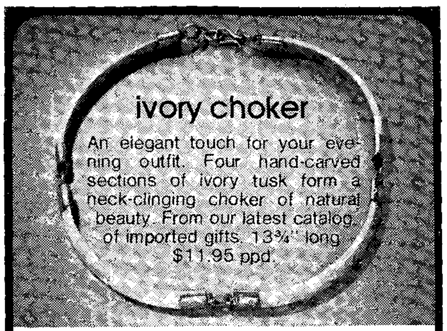

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The President, barely able to speak, says that he has called Carter, and then asks his wife to read a telegram he has sent him. And so Betty Ford reads slowly, with what seems to be a gritted-teeth smile; this is obviously hard on her. The telegram says, "Dear Jimmy: It is apparent now that you have won our long and intense struggle for the Presidency." All those people standing there tried so hard. Ford's face seems to show his own struggle now to hold back tears. The long strain, the fatigue, capped by the disappointment, are almost too much. One can't help feeling for him. It's a graceful telegram. "As one who has been honored to serve the people of this great land . . . I believe that we must now put the divisions of the campaign behind us and unite the country once again in the common pursuit of peace and prosperity." Then Ford goes down from the platform to shake the hands of the press. His daughter, Susan, is in tears. It ends for Ford where it began—in the White House. I remember his doing the same thing—going down to shake hands with the press in the pressroom—after he was sworn into office under those very bizarre circumstances. It can be said for him that he tried—that he did the best he could within his limits. Incumbency almost saved him. But now Ford is suddenly a two-year interim President.

On returning to Plains early this morning, Jimmy Carter, also exhausted, and overcome by the sight of his loyal townsfolk waiting for him, broke down in tears, as did his equally disciplined wife. Tonight, the scene is on television, and they look more human than we have ever before seen them. At last, they could let go. Carter says, "I came all the way through, through twenty-two months, and I didn't get choked up, until I . . ." And then he bites his lip and reaches for his wife. "Until I turned the corner and saw you standing here, and I said, people that are that foolish— we couldn't get beat." And then we see a second scene in Plains, where Carter responds to Ford's concession. We're very good at transferring power. "I deeply appreciate the President's call and his gracious expression of congratulations and coöperation," he says. "I look forward to working with President Ford and others like him, who, even though divided by partisan affiliation, are united by common devotion to this country and the well-being of our people."

—ELIZABETH DREW

*(This is the second part of a two-part article.)*

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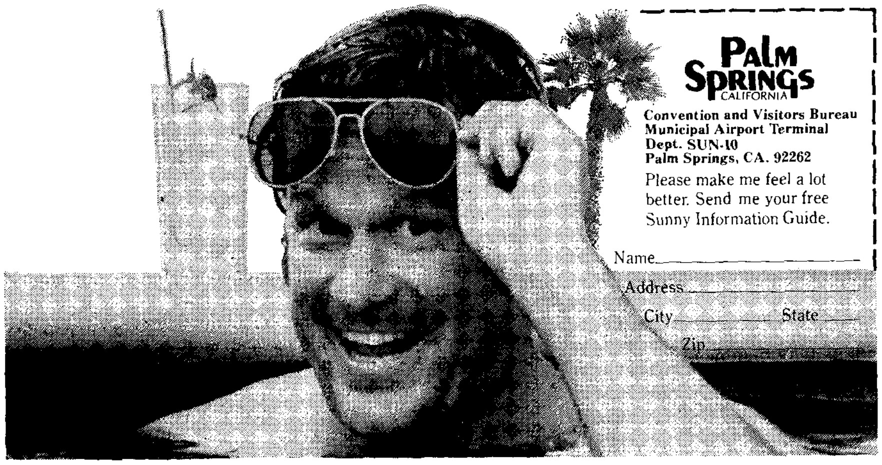

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# DANCING

## *Baryshnikov's "Nutcracker"*

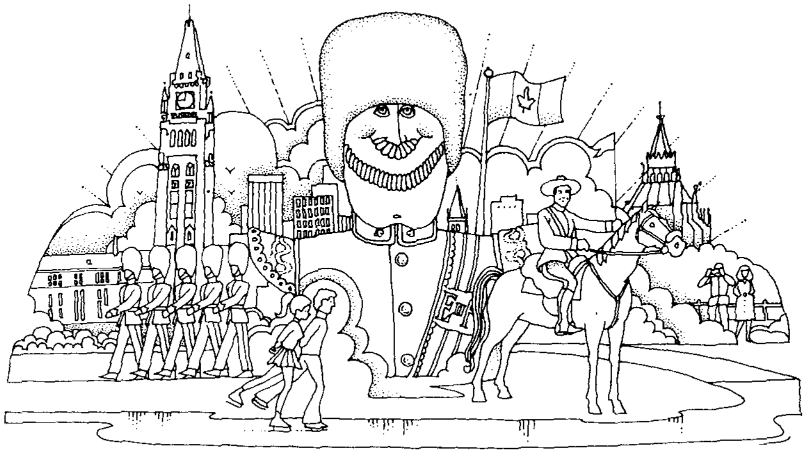
ONE of the drawbacks to staging "The Nutcracker" without children is that the dancers who take the children's parts look too old to be playing with toys. One of the advantages is that the "children" can then take over the adult roles—growing up into the Sugar Plum Fairy and her Cavalier. Although this gives the ballet a unity it doesn't have when it is cast with children, there is a danger that the dancers, by extending their roles, will stretch the ballet's story beyond its limits. Growing up in "The Nutcracker" means changing a fantasy of childhood into an adolescent romance. And while that change can perhaps be justified in terms of the story's source, it can't be justified in terms of the score. Tchaikovsky's "Nutcracker" is his vision of childhood—of small, orderly, and unstained lives that can be touched by magic. He commonly announced the principal emotions and concerns of his ballets in the overtures: "Swan Lake" begins with a plaintive utterance rising to anguish; "The Sleeping Beauty" brings Carabosse into immediate conflict with the Lilac Fairy; the *ouverture miniature* to "The Nutcracker" is a hovering bubble filled with small scurrying creatures and tingling ice. The lone outburst of passion in "The Nutcracker" occurs in the Sugar Plum adagio. Petipa had asked for "colossal effects," and Tchaikovsky leaves us in no doubt that here, for once, are big people, grand emotions. The young hero and heroine of the ballet may step into these climactic roles, but they have to do so without preparation. Tchaikovsky provides no accompaniment to their growing-up process.

Tchaikovsky wrote his score to fit a scenario fashioned by Petipa, who ended the narrative portion of the plot with the end of Act I. In Act II, the children enter the Kingdom of Sweets and become spectators at a divertissement. American Ballet Theatre's new "Nutcracker," which had its première at the Kennedy Center, in Washington, is like most productions that dispense with children—which is to say most productions. The choreography, by Mikhail Baryshnikov, tries to keep the story going in the second act. The sections of the Sugar Plum pas de deux—which is, of course, danced by the two young lovers—are rearranged so that the adagio comes last and is converted into a pas d'action: Drosselmeyer, the impresario of Clara's dream and the architect of all the transformations in Act I, returns to claim her; a struggle of wills ensues, with Clara and her Nutcracker Prince winning out over Drosselmeyer. The victory is celebrated in another transposed dance (Buffoons), and the happy couple lead the company in the final waltz. But at Tchaikovsky's transition to the Apotheosis the scene becomes phantasmagoric, with background figures from both acts appearing and scattering in the dark. The Prince vanishes behind Drosselmeyer's cloak, and Clara is left alone facing the streaming sunlight of dawn.

Since neither the manufactured crises nor the rational "mature" ending is supported by the music, the production leaves an impression of musical insensitivity. But when Baryshnikov isn't forcing his story effects, his choreography is musically sound—simple in construction, sometimes to the point of humility, yet not unconfident. He has less success with ensembles than with solos and duets, but in a first attempt at choreography that is nothing to be ashamed of, and his directing and coaching of the dancers are on the highest level. Several of the duets in the suite section (the Spanish and Shepherds' Dances, and the Russian Dance, which is really a double solo) are good to look at and good for the dancers who perform them, and there are one or two effective solo passages for Clara. Choreographing for himself as the Prince, Baryshnikov shows us nothing about his gifts that he hasn't already revealed (in, say, "La Bayadère"); though his own performance galvanizes the entire production, the choreography is well within the limits of the Soviet "hero" style, and his duets with Marianna Tcherkassky as Clara are models of Stakhanovite vigor in the lift-leap-and-lift-again tradition. (Says the horse Boxer in "Animal Farm," "I will work harder.") This is the tradition that Baryshnikov has grown up in, and it is the classic Soviet "Nutcracker" that he gives us, with all its sentimental vitality, its tribute to noble youth, and its insistent drawing out and rationalizing of psychological meanings in the libretto—meanings that are better left latent. Baryshnikov occasionally tries to draw out metaphoric meanings. His duet with Tcherkassky in the Fir Forest, to the "journey" music that precedes the snow scene, includes a progression of lifts in which she does fishtail beats and dives—a reminder that in the original story Clara and the Prince travelled to the Kingdom of Sweets in a seashell drawn by dolphins. The only trouble with the image is that Tchaikovsky disagrees with its placing. His "water" music opens the second act.

Like Nureyev's production, which has been performed here by the Royal Ballet, Baryshnikov's appears to have based its story elements on the standard Kirov version, produced by Vassily Vainonen in 1934. Nureyev retained one Vainonen number by way of homage, and Baryshnikov does the same, in a Snowflakes Waltz whose chief charm is the mechanical efficiency with which it uses thirty-two girls to cover the stage and beat time like so many chorines. They do a zoom-on entrance like airplanes, a shuffle-off exit up a ramp, and very little in between. (If this is Baryshnikov's model for ensemble choreography, he's lost.) The original 1892 choreography, by Ivanov, had been abandoned, and it was apparently Vainonen who shoved the most influential wedge between the seams that bonded Petipa's scenario to Tchaikovsky's score. Petipa had drawn upon portions of "Histoire d'un Casse-Noisette," the version of E.T.A. Hoffmann's "Nussnacker und Mausekönig" which the elder Dumas had written for French schoolchildren. As W. H. Auden noted in his essay on "The Nutcracker," Hoffmann was "haunted by nostalgic visions of a childhood Eden" but also by "terrors and visions of evil." "Nutcracker and Mouse King" may be understood on one level as a study of sexual hysteria in puberty, and though Hoffmann's principals do grow up, after a fashion, and get married, choreographers looking for material to flesh out a story of tender adolescent love had best look elsewhere. In Dumas, Hoffmann's tale is relieved of much of its cackling horror, but the true author of the "Nutcracker" ballet is neither Hoffmann nor Dumas but Petipa. There is no question that the ballet softens and dilutes the story almost past recognition. Nureyev's has been the most clinical "Nutcracker" to date, and the most horrifying. His mice were rats who tore off the heroine's skirt. Baryshnikov's mice are somewhere between Balanchine's skittering zanies and Nureyev's monsters—they're mice studying to be rats. The Nutcracker doll is broken not by the heroine's naughty brother Fritz but by a tipsy adult guest at the party.

Later, this guest returns as the Mouse King, and the other male guests return as the mouse army to be defeated in battle by the Nutcracker, grown to life size and capering about on a wooden horse much as Fritz had capered about at the party. And the Nutcracker's army is composed of soldiers who recall the little-boy guests who had played soldier at the party. During that party, Drosselmeyer had staged in a puppet show a kind of preview of the duel between the Prince and the Mouse King, and Fritz had reacted by leaping up with a toy sabre and looking for someone to fight. But in the transformation scene after the battle the Nutcracker doesn't turn out to be Fritz (Warren Conover); he's a completely new boy, who leads the heroine to the Kingdom of Sweets. In its doubling of real and dream images, Baryshnikov's staging is very much like Nureyev's, and a puppet show occurs in both productions (as it does also in "Don Quixote," with the Don reacting much like Baryshnikov's Fritz). Although the standard view of the Nutcracker Prince is that he's a projection of Drosselmeyer, Nureyev may have effected one transformation too many when he had Drosselmeyer actually turn into the Prince, taking both parts himself. Baryshnikov's suggestion that the Prince is a sublimation of Fritz is not quite as queasy. However, it does leave him with the problem of solving just who Drosselmeyer is and what he wants. In the climactic pas d'action, does Drosselmeyer (Alexander Minz) want to return Clara to reality or keep her for himself? Since this production is one that explains the inexplicable, we look up and are not fed. But then the confusing Drosselmeyer doesn't really fit into the picture that Baryshnikov is trying to produce. The keynote to the Vainonen production was struck by one of its mentors, the composer and musicologist Boris Asafiev, when he wrote that the music depicted "the ripening soul of a little girl, at first playing with dolls, and then arriving at the dawn of love through dreams of a brave and manly hero—in other words, the process of the 'education of sentiments.' " Sweet, dull, and forced—Baryshnikov's ballet comes out looking just the way those words sound. Vainonen's idea was that Clara should change into a ballerina and dance the Sugar Plum adagio, and Asafiev seems to be looking for a reason to have that happen. Baryshnikov doesn't follow Vainonen's plan (he does refer, elsewhere in his choreography, to Vainonen's adagio, when Tcherkassky is thrown upward by a line of men), but he accepts Asa-



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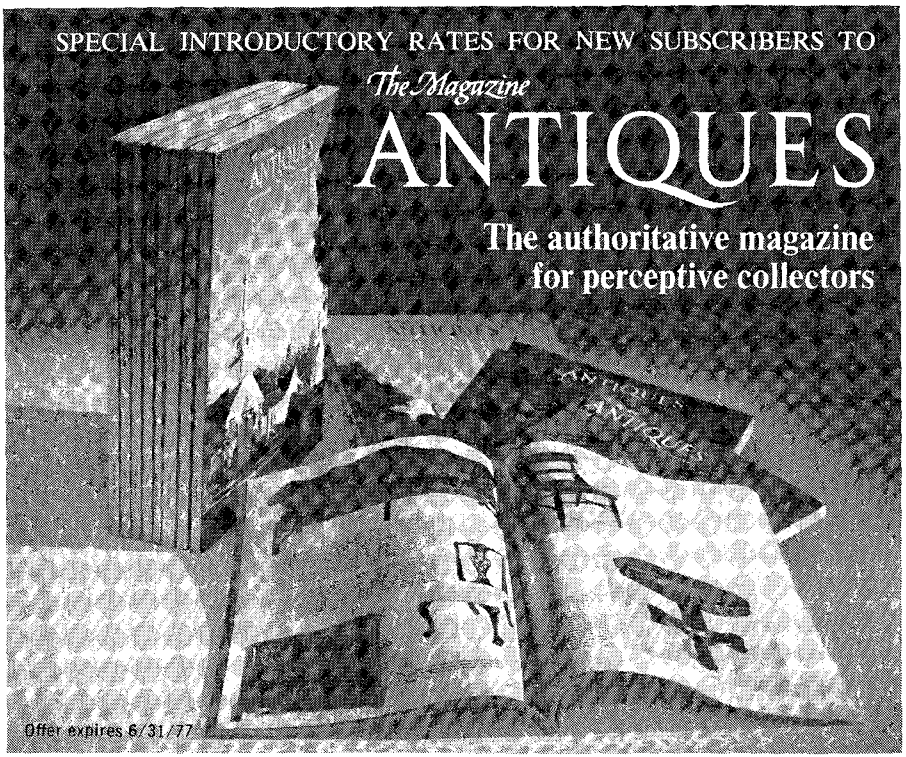

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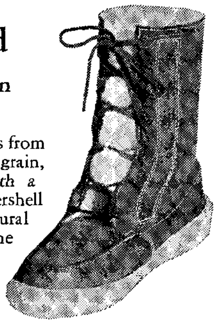

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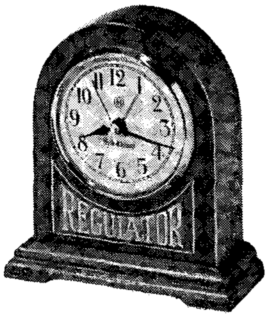

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fiev's thesis, possibly because it's the only one that would have allowed him to fit himself into the ballet. And he *had* to fit *himself* into it. "The Nutcracker" plus Baryshnikov is the A.B.T. formula for a superhit. Playing superman in a superhit is probably not the best way to start out as a choreographer, but Baryshnikov has managed everything honorably and with a generosity of spirit that carries one along. Of the several Soviet or Soviet-style "Nutcracker"s that we have seen, this one is the best.

The mechanical side of the production is undistinguished. Boris Aronson's Christmas tree is an affair of interlocking parts, and it grows without astonishing us. His second-act set is in sour colors laid on as if by smudged block prints or bubble-gum transfers. Frank Thompson's operetta-ish costumes are relatively fresh; they aren't all successful, but they bear out the cloying visual taste that the Kirov seems to reserve for Tchaikovsky ballets.

A FEW days before the "Nutcracker" première came performances of "The Sleeping Beauty." The production, new last summer, has been touched up by the addition of scenic elements that were missing then, and has been overhauled here and there by Robert Helpmann. In the Prologue, the fairies carried on one by one in shoulder lifts are an improvement on their egg-on-face entrances of last summer, and their variations have been heightened. The Lilac Fairy's variation is now closer to the beautiful version used by the Royal Ballet. Her initial mocking rejoinder to Carabosse—the prim bow in first position—has been restored. Act I: The Garland Waltzers have been given flower baskets as well as garlands. Nothing has been done to improve the choreography. In a prelude to this act, Carabosse appears with her attendants at a spinning wheel, busily preparing the spindle that will prick Aurora's finger. Obviously a counterpart to the witches'-brew scene in "La Sylphide," and just as foolish, this episode is less unforgiveable than what happens at the climax of the act, in the middle of Aurora's coda: a blackout, with Aurora running distractedly offstage followed by the entire court, then dancing down the forestage in front of a scrim, where the spinning wheel has been set up again, with Carabosse evilly beckoning. The court puffs on—too late, of course. When the Lilac Fairy appears, it is *behind* the scrim, and we're back in the garden. Help-

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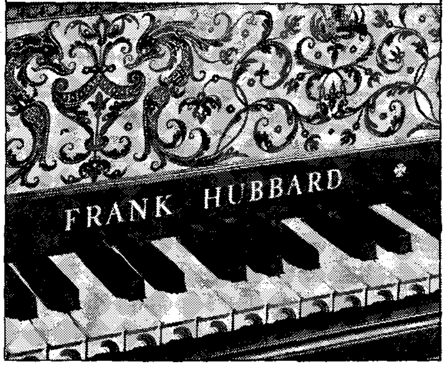

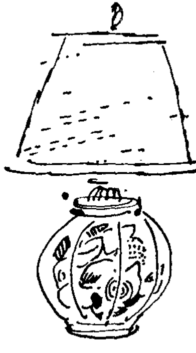

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mann must have been thinking of the hidden-away room in the castle where in the fairy tale Aurora goes to prick her finger. But there are better ways to stage this bit of action. After she faints into her hundred years' sleep, Aurora is still left lying unattended; then she's carried up the palace stairs high above her bearers' heads, just as if she were dead. The act ends with a new bit of Oliver Messel scenery enclosing the front part of the stage. A vine is lowered and, after the Lilac Fairy mounts it, rises as she sprinkles glitter dust. Well, all right, but all the poor girl needs is a wand and some space to bourrée around in.

In the second act, the Prince has lost his charming eighteenth-century-style solo and now does an uncharming twentieth-century-style one to the Sarabande. The Panorama is staged with yards of Messel landscape unrolling behind the Lilac Fairy's boat—a simple effect that does not, like most Panoramas, promise more than it can deliver. But the decision to break the act following the Awakening is not a good one for this production. Messel's scenery is designed for a direct transition from the Awakening to the Wedding. This is (or used to be) exciting to see, and, the way Ballet Theatre dances the third-act divertissement, we need all the excitement we can get. As it is now, there's nothing to return to after the intermission but the ballerina, and she had better be a good one. Cynthia Gregory, after a year's retirement, is very good indeed—softer and less chiselled but no less precise. In Aurora she has a role that exactly suits her technique. The role itself is now complete, the Three Ivans having been cut and their music restored to Aurora and the Prince. In another performance, Helpmann made a most gratifying appearance, or set of appearances, as Carabosse (she pops up again in the Awakening)—a role he used to do in the old days, sometimes doubling it with that of the Prince. His Carabosse is feminine, an insulted dowager empress. When A.B.T.'s mime, Marcos Paredes, takes the role, he plays the same ugly hag he plays in "La Sylphide." Behind that spinning wheel, he looked right at home.

—Arlene Croce

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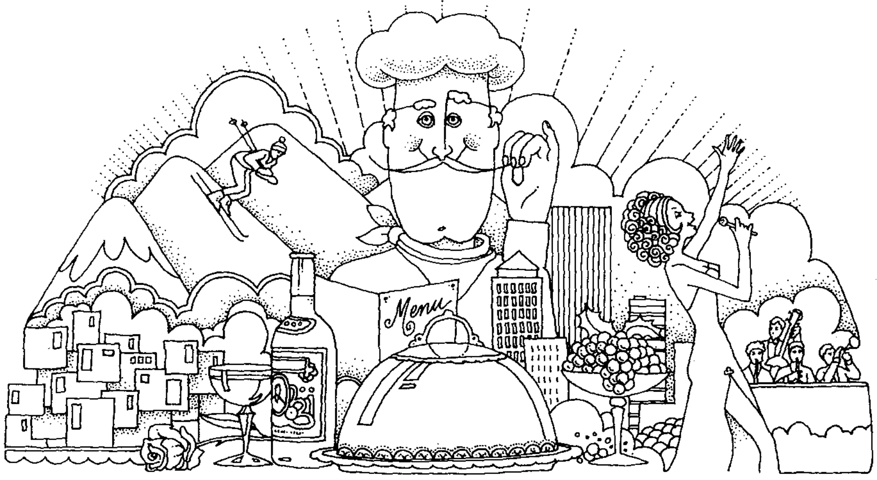

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# THE CURRENT CINEMA

## *Processing Sludge*

HOW can you enjoy a movie if every joke is told twice, and the audience only laughs the second time? There are funny things in "The Pink Panther Strikes Again," but after a while I was gripping the arms of my chair to stay awake. I can't believe people don't get the joke *the first time*: it must be that they're so eager to laugh that they're softened and give in on the repeat. Peter Sellers, the star of this picture, once said, "Write any character you have in mind and I'll shape myself to what you have written. But don't write a part for me." Yet that's what the director, Blake Edwards, and his co-writer, Frank Waldman, have done. They've written a part derived from Sellers' last Police Inspector Clouseau—in "The Return of the Pink Panther," of 1975, his third tour of duty—so he is required to imitate himself, and his fish-eyed deadpan is joyless as he flogs the same old plummy-vowel sounds. Clouseau's clenched-jaws politesse is a joke that has run its course.

The first time around, early in 1964, in "The Pink Panther," Clouseau was so unbearably frustrated, both sexually and professionally, that he kept falling all over himself. He couldn't catch the jewel thief he was tracking, because the thief's accomplice—and mistress—was his own wife (Capucine). "The Pink Panther" was a bedroom farce, an amusingly engineered slapstick chaos with the deceived Clouseau trying to preserve his brave jauntiness. At the end, when the thieves pinned the robberies on him, he even tried to make the best of being the patsy. That first film was a sophisticated comedy that also worked at a slaphappy cartoon level; the new one operates only at a cartoon level, and animated cartoons are usually seven minutes long. By now, Clouseau is simply a man who is oblivious of the fact that he cannot do anything right. Sellers has mastered the stiffness of officialdom; he has the rigidity of a cartoon bureaucrat as he walks into a gym, hoists himself manfully on the parallel bars, jumps off down an unnoticed stairwell, and then, scrambling to his feet, affects suave control. But he has already almost exhausted the possibilities in Clouseau. When Peter Sellers has a character to create, the precision of his satiric intonations is a weirdo's poetry, as in such films as "I'm All Right, Jack," "Only Two Can Play," "Lolita," and "The Naked Truth" (also known as "Your Past Is Showing!"). And in a film such as the unsuccessful "The Bobo" he has a relaxed, pleasant melancholy about him that he doesn't push too far.

Everything here is pushed. Was the production schedule too fast for the routines to find their rhythm? Edwards sets up promising situations and then the payoffs are out of step, so after the first half hour or so the film loses momentum. Dreyfus (Herbert Lom), Clouseau's former boss—the Chief Inspector of the Sûreté, whom he drove to nervous collapse in both "A Shot in the Dark" (mid-1964) and "The Return of the Pink Panther," and has now replaced—turns into a Bondian villain. He's a criminal mastermind who threatens to destroy the world if the major powers don't turn Clouseau over to him. This plot could be used to provide suspense, but Edwards seems to be flipping through the pages of the script. He skims over the kidnapping of a scientist who has a Doomsday Machine, and the centerpiece sequence, in which twelve nations send their top assassins to dispatch Clouseau at the Munich Oktoberfest, is so offhand it's a fizzle. And the wide-screen images look crowded and gummy. When a film draws upon some of the broadest, earliest movie gags, such as Clouseau's opening a washing machine that floods over, or sitting on a pneumatic cushion, or exiting into a closet, it desperately needs a visual style. A picture that aims for Tom-and-Jerry effects has to be graphically clean; the jokes require sharper detail. I'm not wild about these slipping-on-banana-skins Keystone Cops routines even when the Keystone Cops do them (have the people who like to describe them as balletic ever really looked at them?), yet they sometimes work for Edwards, because, tossed together with spoofs and verbal gags, they seem to be quotations from the movie past. I like the *idea* of his throwing these comic styles together, yet Edwards loses the parody edge that makes his addiction to frantic buffoonery funny. In his best films, he loses it only momentarily; in "The Pink Panther Strikes Again" he loses it for so long that the film is tone deaf.

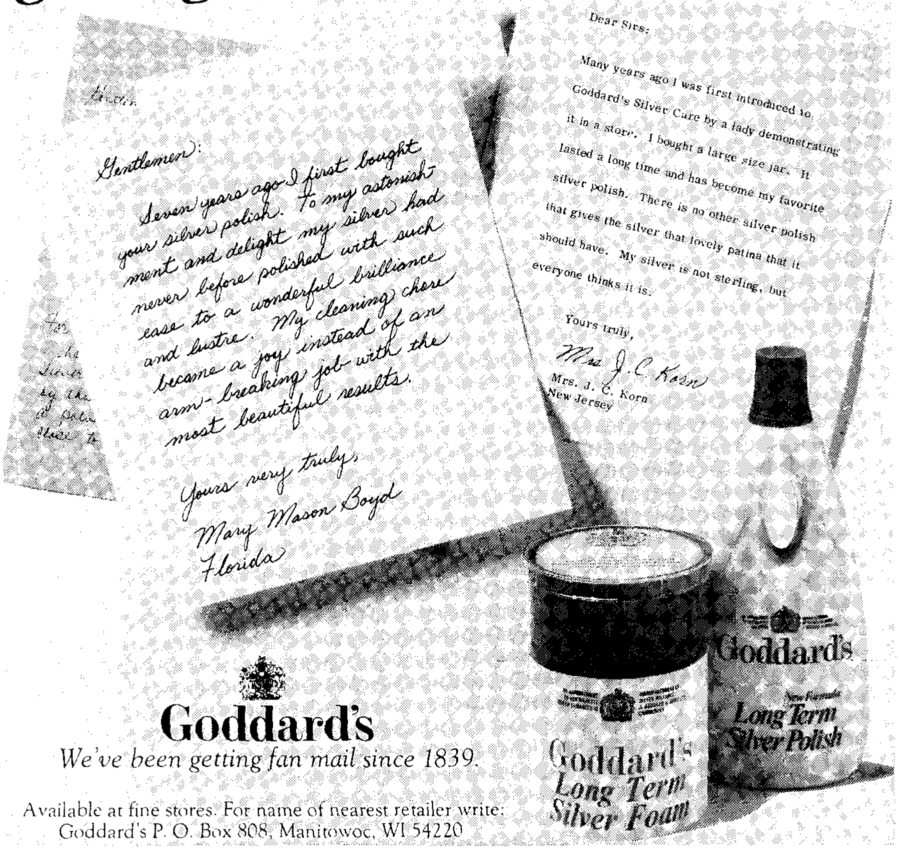
Omar Sharif turns up for a gag—playing an assassin, whom a competing woman assassin (Lesley-Anne Down) mistakes for Clouseau—and there are times when the aura of a guest appearance does something for a star. Burt Reynolds was the comic high point of "Silent Movie," and here Sharif, looking spectacularly leonine, with his great bloodshot eyes shining, has a touch of fierceness. One could take him for a wild, fiery actor.

WHEN Richard Pryor appears on a TV talk show and he's asked questions, sometimes you can see that his squirming isn't simple contempt for the host, it's more like boredom and frustration—creative impatience. He knows he is trapped and isn't using the best part of himself: he's being forced to speak in his own voice, and he needs to take off into a character in order to be funny. We're not after the real Richard Pryor (whoever that might be), any more than we were ever eager for the real Peter Sellers to stand up. Pryor's demons are what make people laugh. If he had played the sheriff in "Blazing Saddles," he'd have made him *crazy*—threatening and funny, both. Pryor shouldn't be cast at all—he should be realized. He has desperate, mad characters coming out his pores, and we want to see how far he can go with them.

Pryor's comedy isn't based on suspiciousness about whites, or on anger, either; he's gone way past that. Whites are *unbelievable* to him. Playing a thief in the new mystery comedy "Silver Streak," he's stupefied at the ignorance of the hero (Gene Wilder), and he can't believe the way this white man moves. For about fifteen minutes, Pryor gives the picture some of his craziness. Not much of it, but some—enough to make you realize how lethargic it was without him. This movie not only casts him, though—it casts him as a friend to good-guy whites. We're supposed to be touched when he returns Wilder's wallet to him and affectionately advises him to "stay loose." But when he's soft-hearted about his buddy Gene Wilder, he's a bad actor. These moments come at the tag ends of scenes and could easily have been cut. Are they the moviemakers' unconscious revenge on Pryor's craziness? He saves their picture for a few minutes—he gives it some potency and turns it into the comedy they hoped for—and they emasculate him, turn him into a lovable black man whose craziness is only a put-on. Interracial brotherly love is probably the one thing that Richard Pryor should never be required to express. It violates his demonic, frazzled blackness. The suspense built into watching him is that we don't know what's coming out of him next, or where it's coming from. Those deep-set, somewhere-else eyes and that private giggle don't tell us much, but they do tell us this: his comedy doesn't come from love-thy-white-neighbor.

Most of "Silver Streak" is set on board a train from Los Angeles to Chicago, and the picture is so apologetic that it starts with a mess of exposition, explaining why each of the principal characters didn't take a plane. Wilder plays a Los Angeles publisher of how-to-do-it books, with a specialty in gardening, and the heroine, Jill Clayburgh, is the secretary of an art historian. After much badinage about the publisher's how-to-do-it expertise in the tending of flowers (i.e., sex), they go to bed, he lies back with his arms under his head, and she proceeds to do everything. This discrepancy isn't meant to be funny. The scriptwriter, Colin Higgins, and the director, Arthur Hiller, are merely showing us how liberated she is—liberation here meaning eagerness to perform oral sex. Besides, they need to have the man lying back and the secretary bent down over him, so that he can get a clear view of what happens outside the window: a murdered man falls from the top of the train and is caught on a hook, hanging upside down for a few seconds before dropping from sight. The next morning, the hero sees the new book the secretary's boss has written, and from the jacket photograph recognizes that the art historian is the dead man. "Silver Streak" is so helplessly unslick that it doesn't even have the wit to show Wilder looking at the book upside down.

"NICKELODEON," a slapstick homage to early fly-by-night moviemaking, begins in 1910 and ends in 1915, when the director hero (Ryan O'Neal) attends the Los Angeles première of "The Birth of a Nation," discovers what movies can be, and realizes the inadequacy of the pictures he's been churning out. But Peter Bogdanovich has known "The Birth of a Nation" from the start of his career, yet has made "Nickelodeon." Bogdanovich has once again—and catastrophically—misunderstood his talent, and attempted an exercise in style instead of trusting to his gift for telling popular stories with feeling. The result is sustained clutter: "Once in a Lifetime" played at the wrong speed—a movie with a large cast, and everyone



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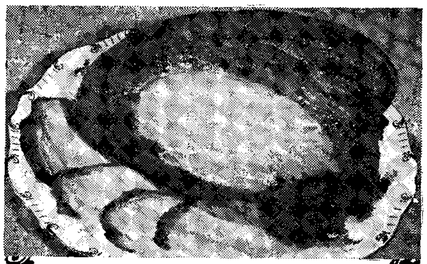

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on his own. Bogdanovich seemed to know just what to do with Tatum O'Neal in "Paper Moon," but here he tries the stunt of having this little girl play a role that requires her to age from girlhood to young womanhood. The miscasting is worse than in the Michael Ritchie film "The Bad News Bears;" there nothing could conceal the fact that she didn't have the lean, muscular body of a girl athlete, but, at least, she gave a performance. Here she's lost in her deadpan, and as ageless at the end as at the beginning. And seeing her paired with her father adds to the viewer's discomfiture. Ryan O'Neal does a flustered variation of the bespectacled priss he played in "What's Up, Doc?" His face shows the honest desperation of a performer who isn't sure what he should be registering, and his voice becomes high and light out of sheer nervousness. Playing a young Southern roustabout turned movie hero, Burt Reynolds looks a little mature for boyish fighting and strutting. He works professionally hard, trying to stay in character even though there is no character. His teammate, the very pretty new ingénue Jane Hitchcock (she resembles Stella Stevens, who's also in the picture), is so carefully made up, lighted, and posed to be romantic that the first shot of her gives you everything you ever get. No one comes out of "Nickelodeon" with his reputation enhanced. The Laszlo Kovacs cinematography is handsome but offputting; the characters are outlined against the backgrounds, like cardboard cutouts. The whole movie suggests process shots. (Was Kovacs thinking of possible ways to shoot "Ragtime"?) The effect is totally without sensuousness, and the various couples match up by rote. This picture makes you feel terrible, because you realize how deeply involved the director must have been to go so blindly wrong. —PAULINE KAEL

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They nodded eagerly without speaking, eight brown faces, sixteen black eyes, forty-eight arms and legs who would become the heads of an army division within a week.—*"Over the Wall," by Duncan Thorp.*

And scare the daylights out of the enemy.

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## HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the Orleans* (*Mass.*) *Oracle*]

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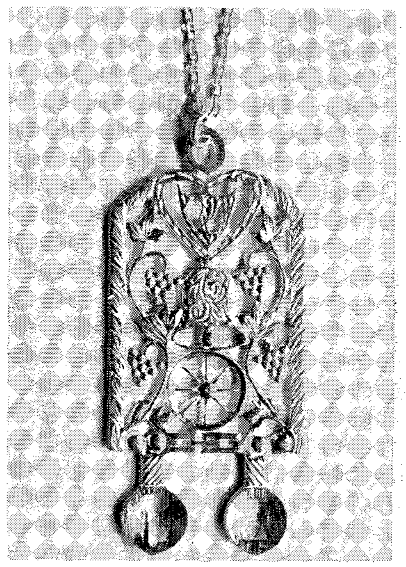

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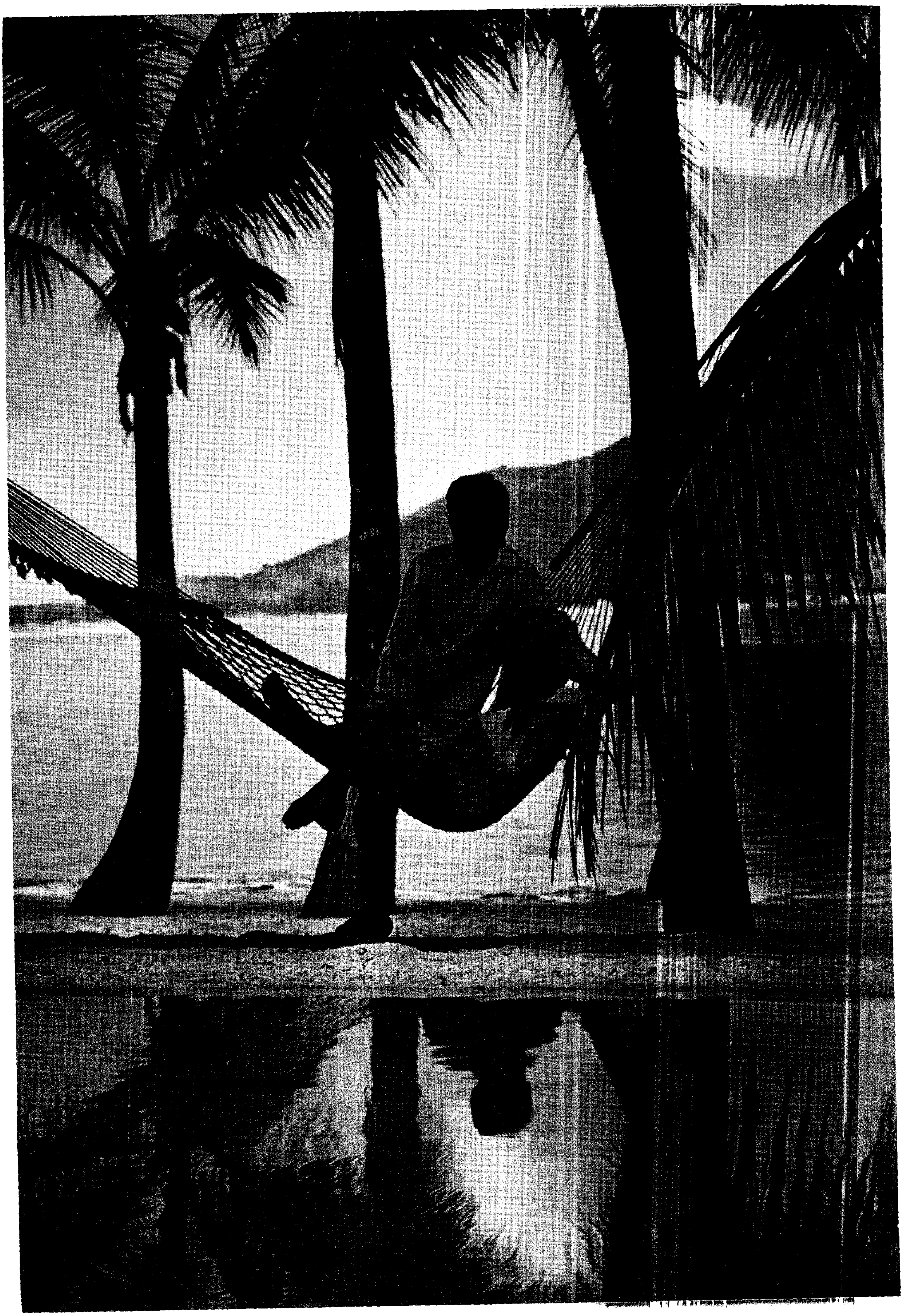

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Tahitians – and French Polynesians in general – are people who actually believe that the purpose of life is to be happy. And they drive themselves unmercifully in pursuance of that noble aim. Sometimes they don't even bother to show up for work if they're having too much fun doing something else. And everyone – except a few rigid Westerners – finds that perfectly acceptable.

And for a few days, you become Tahitian. You fish with them, sing with them and drink with them. They'll teach you a toast – *manuia* – that means luck, love, life, happiness and all the good things you can think of. They'll tell you stories and you'll never stop telling them what it's like where you come from. No matter how you try to explain, they still find it incredible that somewhere across the sea lives a strange breed of men who devote their lives to never-ending toil.

### Rangiroa. A little O lost in an infinite sea.

You first see this little atoll from the air. A little O lost in an infinite sea. A thin strip of land stretching out in both directions to form an almost perfect circle. A life preserver of solid earth in a completely watery world.

Walk in either direction around this ring and always – always – you end right back where you began. Suddenly you become aware of something you always knew – yet didn't know – that you can't ever be anywhere but where you are. And you experience what *here* means.

Here, on Rangiroa, you live in a Kia Ora village. You sleep in a little thatched hut (faré) and see by lantern light. Yet you experience an epicurean phenomenon that no gourmet worth his palate could pass within two hundred miles and not drop by for a bite to eat. Imagine sitting by the sounding sea, under a thatched roof, being served French haute cuisine on linen by beautiful brown-skinned girls in pareus.

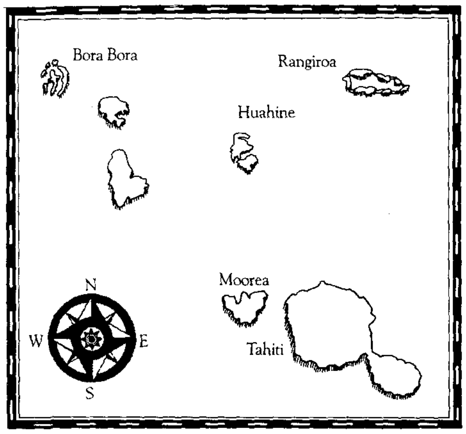
### Les belles filles sans merci.

Kia Ora, Rangiroa is a unity of extremes. The civilized and primitive at once. La plus elegante and au naturale. It's fishing from an outrigger canoe while munching on a millefeuille napoleon. It's a shaggy dog named Caesar who wanders in and out of your room at will, a supercilious Maitre d'Hotel named Andre who makes you eat all your haricots verts, and a blonde Tahitian goddess named Elke who drags you out on the reef at night to look for sea shells. It's fresh flowers in your room, a bottle of Romanee-Conti, 1959, les belles filles sans merci lying bare-breasted in the sun and a sign in the lobby that says: "When you go to the village, be sure and cover up. Because the natives are quite modest."

### Moorea. A sanctuary for kings.

Moorea – you remember it from the film, *South Pacific* – is as it always was. A place you come to to be rejuvenated. In ancient days vanquished Tahitian warriors came to Moorea to find sanctuary. And it was here that King Pomare came to hide when things got too hot for him on Tahiti.

Like the island itself, the Kia Ora village on Moorea was designed to ease the spirit of its burdens. All you have to do is be there and they begin to disappear. Everything was planned to make that happen. Even the view of Tahiti off on the horizon you get from your faré. Each evening as the sun is setting, a kaleidoscopic Monet appears before your eyes.



### No clocks or watches wanted.

Moorea is a timeless place. A place that has no need of maps or clocks. A place where you can't be late because there's nothing to be late to. A place where you do whatever you're doing and are content.

And Kia Ora, Moorea is also timeless. Great care was taken to weave the past into the present. They even pick you up in a horse and carriage. And then there's the famous trading schooner, *Vaitere*, which, under 17 different skippers, made its rounds between the islands carrying copra. Today it's permanently moored off Kia Ora as one of the world's most unique discotheques.

Something happens to you in this magic, timeless spot. A spell is woven. Like the *Vaitere* you become part of where you are now. And like it, you're no longer the same as you once were.

Suddenly your past is gone. Suddenly everything you thought vital to your existence, everything you thought made you you, is gone. Hopes and ambitions, debts and possessions, gone. The noonday brilliance of your life and all its midnight horrors, gone. Everything you left behind, gone. And you're left with only one thing. *Now.*

And when you're riding the surf in an outrigger, you're there with the waves, the wind and a thousand shades of blue. And when you're snorkeling on the reef, you're there playing tag with the fish, darting in and out of castles of coral. And when you're dancing on the *Vaitere*, you're there with the fun and the music.

### It doesn't stop when you get back home.

All things that begin must end. And the time comes when you strap your watch back on and fly back home. For the first time in a long time you let your mind slip back into the past. Back to Rangiroa and Moorea. Back still further to other vacations you've experienced. Remember how all those nagging problems you left behind came crashing in on you when you got back?

"This time, whatever you do," you say to yourself as you step off the plane, "you're not going to get caught up in it again." Then that little voice speaks up – you know, that nasty little fellow that keeps chattering at you all the time about all the things you've got to do. "Quit kidding yourself, pal," it says, "you're caught up in it already."

It's been almost a year since I got back. And I know that little voice was lying. I didn't get caught up in it. Not entirely. I know I didn't because every so often I find myself being right where I am, doing whatever I happen to be doing. Like I am *now* as I write of my experiences. Just as I was *then* as I was living them.

I can't prove it but I still believe it's true: Once you experience things as you do on a tour like this, you'll go on experiencing them that way – every once in a while – for the rest of your life. Like it or not.

Manuia,
*Jack Raymond.*

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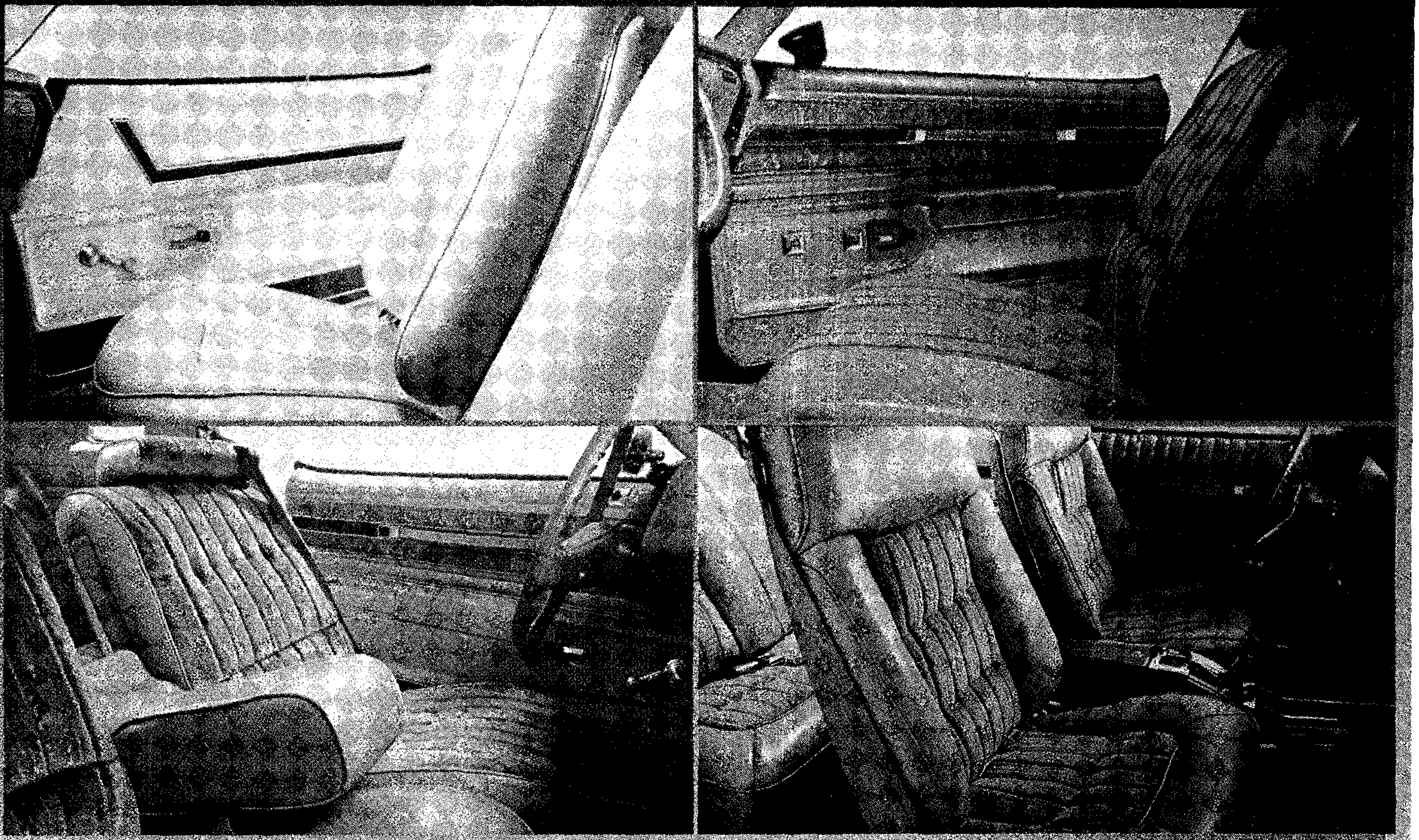

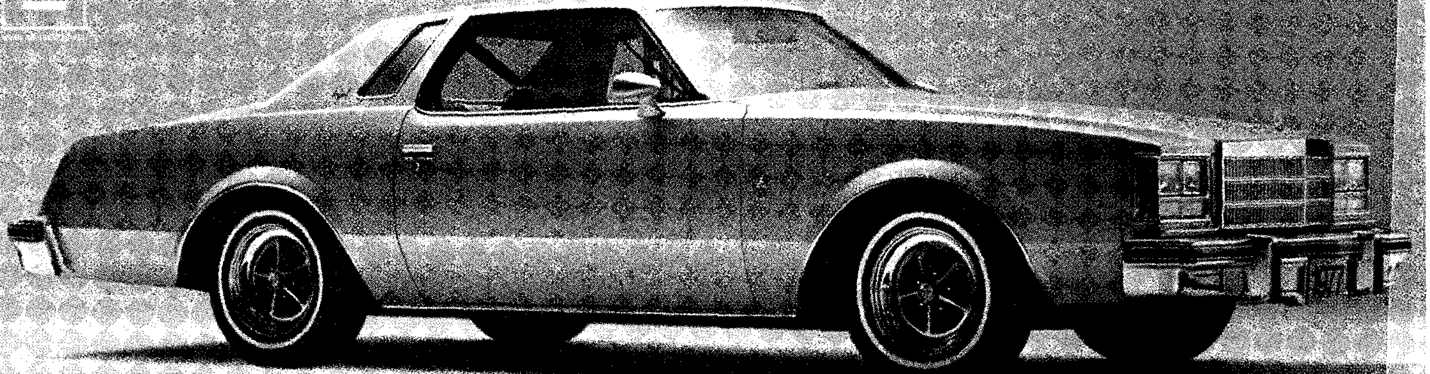

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Don't be surprised if you end up buying it by the seat of your pants.

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# THE RACE TRACK

## *Rough Going*

WRONG HORSE HARRY, my outside man, can't recall a colder opening than that of the N.Y.R.A.'s three-hundred-and-five-day season at Aqueduct last week. With the temperature in the twenties, it was winter racing at its roughest. The closed-circuit-television sets indoors showing what was happening outside got the biggest play of the afternoon from the crowd of 15,105. The tote handled only $2,290,628. All the races were run over the new all-weather track in the snow-covered infield, and all were lively; the finishes of four of the nine were close. An exception was the Rosetown Stakes, which Jacques Wimpheimer's Ring o' Bells, a three-year-old filly by Grey Dawn II, ridden by Cordero, won by nearly three lengths from Like Ducks. Sweet Alliance, the favorite, was third. Seven ran, and they actually kicked up dust as they went round the track in 1:11⅗ for the six furlongs.

Ground crews worked round the clock at the Big A to clear away the snow that closed it—along with four other tracks—last Friday, and they had it ready for the sixty-seventh running of the Paumonok Handicap and the eight other races on the card on Saturday, which 19,217 race trackers came out to see. Only six ran in the race that used to open the season at the old Jamaica track, and it was won by Whatsyourpleasure, who came from behind in the stretch to beat Bright Discovery by three-quarters of a length. Due Diligence, ridden by Cordero, was third. The other tracks hit by the storm were Bowie, where Mr. Cornerstone, ridden by McCarron, won the E. Palmer Heagerty Stakes; Keystone; Suffolk Downs; and Waterford, a miler in West Virginia.

BOWIE opened in the snow the same afternoon as Aqueduct, with the Southern Maryland Handicap. Art Rooney's Christopher R. went to the post the favorite, but the big bay did not do as well as his owner's Steelers football team. He finished ninth, beating one horse.

Gulfstream Park is opening this week, but it won't usher in the Florida season, as Hialeah used to do; Calder has been running for months. By the way, for the first time in years the Phipps horses will winter not in Florida but in Aiken, South Carolina. The present plan of John Russell, who trains them, is to ship the runners—carrying the colors of Ogden Phipps, his son Ogden Mills Phipps, and his daughter Cynthia Phipps—that have stakes engagements at Santa Anita or Gulfstream Park directly to those tracks and then back to Aiken.

SANTA ANITA opened three days after Christmas with a crowd of 41,943, who bet $4,429,628. (Sounds like a Saturday at Aqueduct before the coming of OTB.) For the record, the Palos Verdes Handicap, which, as usual, headed the card, went to Maheras, who won by half a length—under a well-judged hand ride by Pincay—from Sure Fire, with Ancient Title third. Next day, in the California Breeders' Champion Stakes Current Comment led all the way to win by five and a half lengths in the snappy time of 1:21⅘ for the seven furlongs. Horse-watchers say he could have done it by a wider margin if Shoemaker, who rode him, hadn't been content with a rocking-chair ride. They add that Fred Sahadi, who gave $55,000 for the colt (by Exalted Rullah), got a real bargain. First money in the race was $39,400, and if Mr. Sahadi bet on his horse—Current Comment paid a $20 mutuel—he probably won him out. On New Year's Day, My Juliet, winner of the Eclipse Award for sprinters, celebrated her birthday with a victory in the $44,750 Las Flores Handicap, giving seven pounds to Just a Kick and fifteen to Juliana F., who was third. Riot in Paris, warming up for the Santa Anita Handicap on March 6th, gave his backers a few thrills in the $56,500 San Gabriel Handicap the following day, getting up in the last strides to beat Distant Land by a nose. Of course, Santa Anita will have the most important winter racing again this year. There are so many of the better horses on the grounds that a trainer remarked the other day that it would be harder to get enough runners for a cheap training race than for a $50,000 handicap. Well, Jimmy Kilroe, the director of racing, has always believed that "money makes the mares go round." An example is the Santa Anita Handicap, which will be a $250,000 race, for which 137 nominations have been made. The only notable absentee is Forego, who is wintering in Camden, South Carolina.

—AUDAX MINOR

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# MUSICAL EVENTS

## *The Memory of Byron*

VIRGIL THOMSON was eighty last November. As one of the birthday tributes of the season, WNYC broadcast last month a recording of Thomson's third opera, "Lord Byron," which was first performed at the Juilliard School in April, 1972 (a climax to the composer's seventy-fifth-birthday celebrations), and has not been performed since. The recording, made at one of the three Juilliard performances, was of poor quality—dry and hard in timbre, cramped, narrow in range—yet clear enough, all the same, to provide a welcome rehearing of an opera that I felt was generally underrated at the time of its première. "Lord Byron" must inevitably disappoint anyone expecting a redly romantic, heart-on-sleeve, conventionally "Byronic" opera; it has nothing in common with Berlioz's "Le Corsaire" or "Harold en Italie," Verdi's "Il Corsaro" or "I Due Foscari," Schumann's or Tchaikovsky's "Manfred," or any of the other numerous nineteenth-century compositions that Byron's poetry inspired. Thomson and his librettist, Jack Larson, have not dramatized the poet as the poet dramatized himself. Their opera, an elegant and cultivated piece, affords pleasures kin to those of witty, lively, precise, shapely conversation on an interesting subject. Thomas Hardy's "A Refusal" could have been set as an epigraph to the piece:

Said the grave Dean of Westminster:
Mine is the best minster
Seen in Great Britain,
As many have written:
So therefore I cannot
Rule here if I ban not
Such liberty-taking
As movements for making
Its greyness environ
The memory of Byron,
Which some are demanding. . . .
And passed is my patience
That such a creed-scorner
(Not mentioning horner)
Should claim Poets' Corner.

Dean Ireland's refusal to allow Byron an Abbey burial provides the framework for the opera. Instead of an overture, there is an elegiac chorus sung by the people of London, mourning the poet-hero whose body has just been returned from Greece; then, in Poets' Corner, the shades of Spenser, Milton, Dryden, Thomson, Johnson, and Gray prepare to welcome their colleague. But more than Byron's body has come to London: also the Thorwaldsen statue of him; his last attachment, Teresa Guiccioli; and, more embarrassing still, his memoirs. In life, a council of six gathered in the office of John Murray, the publisher, to decide what to do with the memoirs, and the fireplace in which they were burned is still to be seen. (The present John Murray regrets that his great-great-great-grandfather did not first take a secret copy.) In the opera, John Hobhouse calls a similar conference in Poets' Corner: Tom Moore, Murray, Lady Byron, and Byron's sister Augusta Leigh join him to discuss what must be done, and the texture builds skillfully from duet to quintet. The Thorwaldsen statue, crated, is wheeled in by sailors, accompanied by the Countess Guiccioli, her brother Count Gamba, and an eager crowd. When the statue is revealed, the people fall silent—and the shade of Byron strolls on to sing a mocking apostrophe to London and its society.

That forms Act I. In Acts II and III, the discussion continues, before and after five "memory scenes." The first three are social gatherings: at Lady Melbourne's, Byron meets Annabella Milbanke; at a Waterloo victory ball, he proposes to her; in a divided scene, he spends the wedding eve drinking with his cronies and Miss Milbanke spends it with Augusta and Lady Melbourne. The next scene contains the only dramatic confrontation of the opera: Lady Byron surprises her husband and his sister embracing. The final "memory scene" is a dance divertissement that whisks through the last eight years of Byron's life. Back in the Abbey, the memoirs are thrust, unread, into a brazier—Moore, as he did in Murray's office, demurring at but not preventing their destruction. The Dean catches the company at the task, and declares that a man whose life is unfit to print can never be honored in his precincts; the statue (it's now in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge) is wheeled out. In the darkling Abbey, the semichorus of poets grieve—but the shade of Shelley leads on the shade of Byron, and as the curtain falls to a C-major fortissimo the poets welcome Byron to their midst. (In the last strophe of Hardy's poem, the grave Dean says:

'Twill next be expected
That I get erected
To Shelley a tablet
In some niche or gablet.

In fact, a tablet shared by Shelley and Keats was added to Poets' Corner in 1952; one to Byron followed in 1969.)

Clearly, this is not a work of fiery romanticism. Thomson and Larson play it cool. The piece is a series of urbane, intelligent comments—none of them particularly surprising or searching—on Byron's character and reputation. There is none of the identification with artistic genius and its struggles which marks Pfitzner's "Palestrina," Hindemith's "Mathis der Maler," or even Henze's "Elegy for Young Lovers." There is no passion in the piece. It is not that kind of opera. Most of the text is polished conversation, not emotional declaration. Byron's own verses drift in and out of the libretto, but Larson has used mainly playful lines—jingles from letters to friends:

My boat is on the shore,
  And my bark is on the sea;
But, before I go, Tom Moore,
  Here's a double health to thee!

And a few things more bitter, like the quatrain to Lady Byron that accompanied the deed of separation:

A year ago you swore fond she!
  "To love, to honour," and so forth.
Such was the vow you pledged to me.
  And here's exactly what 'tis worth.

"She walks in beauty" is adapted and paraphrased as a duet for Byron and Augusta. Annabella, declaring that "the soul is worth saving that writes of love and death so nobly," begins to quote one of the Thyrza elegies, and Byron brings her down to earth brutally with "Fool! . . . Those lines were to a boy." (Larson then has him identify the boy as his page Rushton, rather than the chorister Edleston.) Lady Byron's response represents Larson's worst lapse from literary discretion: "Oh God!" she sings. "You *are* mad, bad, and dangerous to know."

Thomson's score limns sentiments with sure, easy strokes and does not aim to stir emotion in the listeners. The music is distinguished, above all, by the peculiar justness of word setting found also in "Four Saints in Three Acts" and "The Mother of Us All," his earlier operas. Like Purcell and Britten, Thomson has the gift to declaim English lines in melodies that not merely are fitting in rhythm and pitch inflections but make a music in which words and musical contour seem indissolubly joined. Yet "Lord Byron" is not just the mixture as before: the rhythmic interplay between the delicately paced, free-flowing conversation and regular musical metres is more intricate and even subtler than in those earlier works. Many of the other devices are familiar—the clear, spare orchestration in unmixed colors, the citation of well-known ditties, the fondness for Scotch-snap cadences. No matter: by new combination, known materials make a new whole, and "Lord Byron" is a new combination of Thomson's previous operatic manners with robust elements found in his choral and orchestral music. The harmonies are much of the time less limpidly diatonic than in "Four Saints" and "Mother": a little tertonal canon on "O, du lieber Augustin" is a piquant microcosm of harmonic effects used elsewhere. Act II closes with another canon, on "Auld Lang Syne," accompanied by "O, du lieber Augustin." Tom Moore, coming before the curtain to cover a scene change, sings the Irish melody to which he in real life added the text "Believe me if all those endearing young charms," but not to those words (nor as "Fair Harvard! thy sons to thy jubilee throng"), and the flowing 6/8 of the eighteenth-century tune is provided with a harp accompaniment in 3/4. The simple device, while teasing and pleasing the ear, gives cunning expression to Moore's anxiety about the disposal of the memoirs. His words are confident ("What those thousands would give to read of his life"); the harmony is a stable I-IV-V-I over a ground bass; and in the second verse a warm counter-subject from solo cello flows out as if from Moore's generous, affectionate spirit. But the 3/4 cross-accents add a dash of uncertainty and uneasiness. What might have been too bland and sweet an episode makes a dramatic point.

Thomson has the gift to be simple; his notes come down where they ought to be, in the place just right. But his simplicity is that of a master, not a naïf. The music is not artless but careful, refined and purified by a process that has not destroyed its zest. "Lord Byron," while decorous and controlled, is also lively; Thomson's evident joy in setting down a witty musical idea as neatly as possible proves infectious. The opera may lack the fresh, free lyric inspiration of "The Mother of Us All," his masterpiece, and it is certainly a less moving work. It is hard to perform, for two reasons: voices are kept cruelly long in their upper ranges; and the act-

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ing has to be very polished. A plain, realistic manner is not enough. (The Juilliard cast managed the notes with accomplishment, the style less securely.) But it does not deserve neglect.

Any company wishing to mount it, however, must look beyond the vocal score that was published, by Southern, in 1975. As done at the Juilliard, "Lord Byron" was a fairly long opera. For publication, the composer cut it. Overinfluenced, perhaps, by the largely unfriendly reception of his piece, he cut it far too severely, snipping and snicking on page after page, removing much that ought to remain; and in the process he stunted his work. Reading the score, I thought this was probably so; after rehearing the full Juilliard performance, I am sure of it. The only cut that seems justified is the large, clean one of the whole danced scene. To the opera that scene was an afterthought, and its music does not really belong, being an orchestrated version of Thomson's Second String Quartet, of 1932. In orchestral dress, the music has now been published as his Third Symphony. The New York première was given in Carnegie Hall by the American Symphony Orchestra on St. Stephen's Day. —Andrew Porter

•

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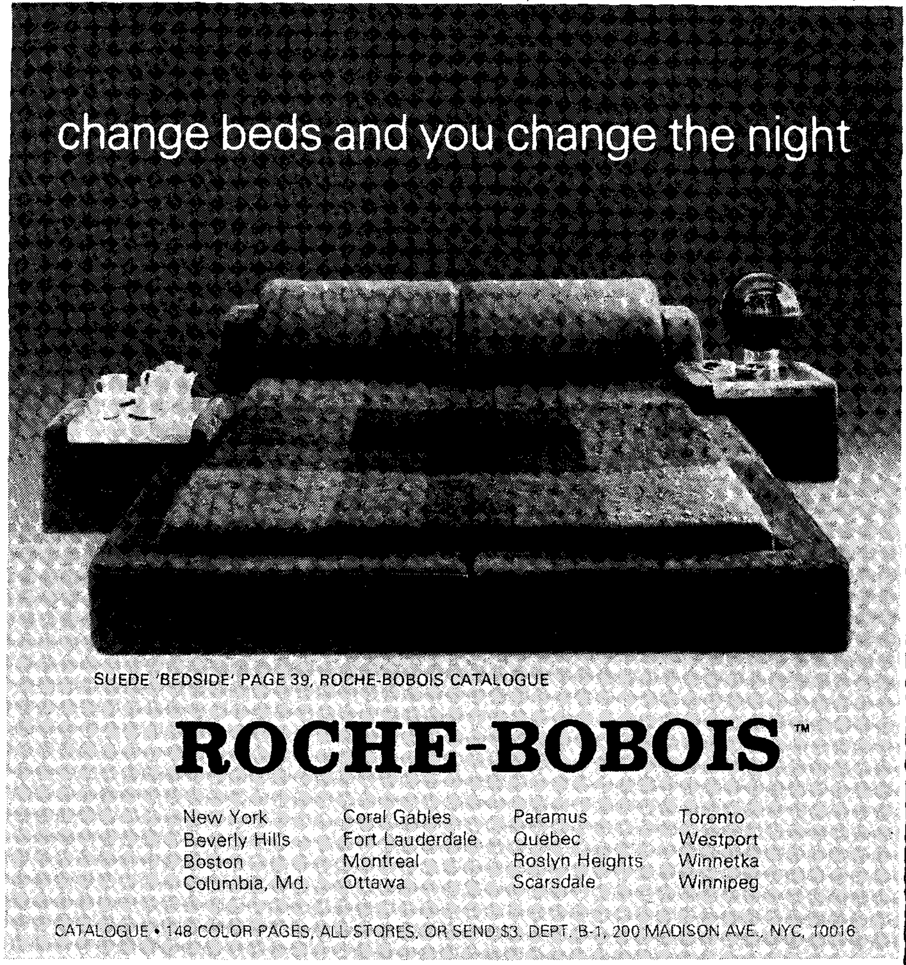
A millennium of thaw, flowering ice,
the mastodon stirs, a worm uncoils
along with skeletons and reborn fish,
lovers released—all rising
from the swamp of history,
the stench of officialdom.
And now the lost, dreaded singer,
lyre upheld and still strung—
Lazarus, weak but grinning—
straddles the Siberian tundra
where they left him for decades,
glowing within the imprisoning ice,
alive, the spore of poetry.

Dead is the master theoretician,
dead the madman disciple;
the wars gave way to utopian wheat,
great dams and cities rose—
but under the stones lay Mandelstam,
pressed to the earth, his mouth
caught in the grimace of love!
How he was hunted, harried
by the brotherhood; he slept in wind.
Not one room in the holy house
for a hunchbacked singer!
His companion, woman of exile,
had kept his syllables memorized
in her blood, her blind treasure:
poems of his sainthood, his sorrow,
released to the air at last.

—Norman Rosten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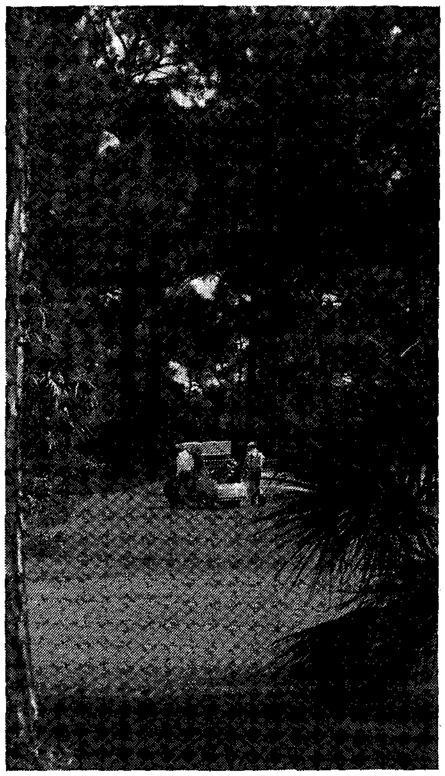
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# BOOKS

## *Picnic on Vesuvius*

"Your Obedient Servant: A Selection of the Most Witty, Amusing, and Memorable Letters to the 'Times' of London 1900-1975," chosen and introduced by Kenneth Gregory (Methuen-Two Continents), is one man's lighthearted guided tour of the famous forum on the paper's center page, next to the editorials. Writing to the *Times* is a sort of national sport in England, and getting a letter in the *Times* is an Olympic gold medal, worn for one day only but conferring reflected lustre for longer. The correspondence columns have been conducted over the years with scrupulous regard to rules that have not changed under changing proprietors. A letter selected in Printing House Square may, and often does, run clean contrary to the editorial views; no overlengthy letter is cut without a telephone call to ask its writer's permission for the operation. There is a fairly widespread idea that, however timely the subject, however succinct the style, the clinching argument for publication is an establishment address such as All Souls, the Athenaeum, or Lambeth Palace. This is a myth, Mr. Gregory tells us, probably consoling to a disgruntled correspondent hailing from Jonquil Cottage, Little-Barset-in-the-Wold, who has received the Editor's polite rejection note assuring him that his views have been read with interest. The chosen correspondents here include no establishment father figures, but a host of famous names and an army of lively, argumentative unknowns. Mr. Gregory explains his decision to skim cheerily, for the most part, over the century's shaking events when the debates in the *Times* were running hot and strong by quoting T. S. Eliot: "Human kind cannot bear very much reality." Readability, not reality, was his yardstick for selection. If the reader wants to know what the British were talking about and writing to the *Times* about with passion at all the climactic moments of the last seventy-five years, there are plenty of books, he points out, that will tell him. Anyone looking, for instance, for a hint of the national anguish over the Abdication will find nothing in either of the two 1936 letters included, for the very good reason, in this case, that there were none on the subject to choose from: the Editor decided not to print any of "the vast mass of correspondence that poured into Printing House Square—the largest ever received" (*vide* "The History of the *Times*"). Under the equally traumatic dateline of May, 1940, however, when the clamor for Churchill as Prime Minister was swelling through the land, the only inclusion is a letter from a Mr. Branson advocating the consumption of grass mowings as a supplement to the wartime diet. ("The sample I am eating at present comes off a golf green on Mitcham Common.") Parliament and the *Times'* readers were torn with unfraternal strife over the Anglo-French action at Suez in November, 1956, but Mr. Gregory merely refers to it briefly in his brisk report of topics and events that impelled readers to pick up their pens. In January, 1974, the winter when London's lights were snuffed out to save power and the British were bitterly arguing the issues of an imminent general election that would unseat Edward Heath and put Harold Wilson back in with a minority Government, we have a Mr. Leaver writing—as he had done for the past twenty-seven years, it seems—to offer his scorecard of the most popular Christian names for the infants whose births had been announced in the *Times* the previous year. (James won for the boys, as in 1972, and Jane again headed the girls, so in this election it was "no change.") There are serious letters, too, presumably chosen to represent "the most memorable" of the last seventy-five years, but cheerfulness resolutely keeps breaking in. Dr. Arnold Toynbee writes in 1936 to warn Europeans of the dire results of looking the other way from the Italian aggression in Abyssinia. Following this sombre prophet, P. G. Wodehouse puts another correspondent of the *Times* right on the history of the Wooster family's receding chin: "Froissart, speaking of the Sieur de Wooster who did so well in the Crusades . . . mentions that, if he had not had the fore-

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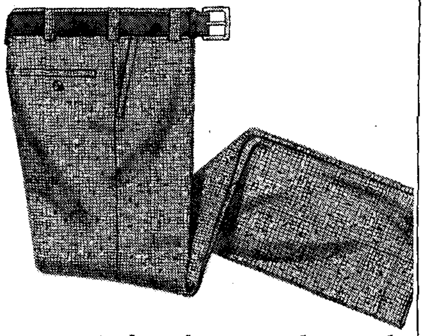

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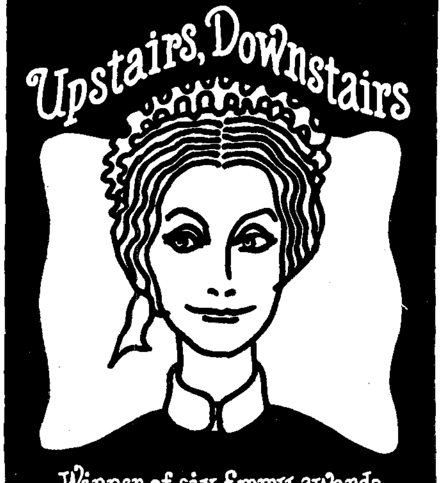
thought to conceal himself behind a beard like a burst horsehair sofa, more than one of King Richard's men—who, like all of us, were fond of a good laugh—would have offered him an ant's egg." As we work through the decades, reflecting on the strangely compounded frivolity and stolidity of the British character, the good laughs undoubtedly have it.

The anthology was published in England under the title "The First Cuckoo," perhaps thought to be too puzzling for American readers. The cuckoo in question, an embarrassing bird, turns up in a letter in February, 1913. A Fellow of the Royal Society wrote with plausible scientific excitement to say that he had been astonished to hear the returned migrant calling clearly that afternoon in Hertfordshire, since previously recorded early-arrival dates even in March had been "treated with suspicion, if not with incredulity" by ornithologists. They were dead right, as the *Times* discovered a few days later, when the same correspondent wrote again, explaining blandly that the bird had turned out to be a bricklayer at work on a neighboring house, whose remarkable talent for imitating cuckoos had been known to fool the real thing. Whatever their address, the *Times*' readers appear to keep an observant countryman's eye open for behavior in the bird world. Neville Chamberlain, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, writes in January, 1933, to record that he noticed a gray wagtail, a rare visitor to London, as he walked beside the lake in St. James's Park. No spoof bird there, but Mr. Gregory observes that six days after this pensive stroll Hitler became Chancellor of Germany. Some years earlier, the former Controller of H.M. Stationery Office started a weird correspondence about a pair of luminous owls reliably reported in North Norfolk—elegant Edward Lear-y fowls who appeared to exude a yellowish light, so strong that witnesses mistook them for bicycle lamps as they hunted mice in the hedgerows. We are given no followup to his letter, disappointingly. In the sixties, Mr. Spike Hughes declares, "All thrushes . . . sing the tune of the first subject of Mozart's G Minor Symphony (K.550)—and, what's more, phrase it a sight better than most conductors. The tempo is always dead right and there is no suggestion of an unauthorized accent on the ninth note of the phrase." British dogs are musical, too, according to a letter from Sir John Squire describing a visit to old Thomas Hardy at Max Gate. Mr. Hardy's



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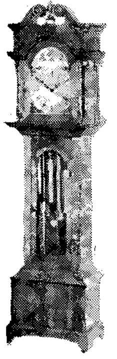

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fox terrier insisted (to the extent of nipping his owner's trouser leg if his passion was neglected) on listening to five minutes or so of music on the wireless every day. "Mind you, he doesn't like the talks," the host explained fondly.

Most of the letters are single shots, of course, so we cannot follow the answering cannonade that provides the real fun and fury when a good correspondence gets going in the *Times.* The writers generally appear, give us their indignant or impish or reminiscent views, and vanish from sight, along with their preoccupations. In the first decade, some of the English who hatched letters to Printing House Square are worrying over the dangerous motorcar—would it slow down the reckless speed of the thing if garden hedges were left shaggy, so that drivers could not see round a corner?—and wondering whether, if an airplane passes over your property, you can sue the pilot for trespass. In the fifties, readers are alarmed about supersonic bangs perhaps taking the roof off, and regretting the reported crushing remark of the new Astronomer Royal that "the prospect of interplanetary travel is 'utter bilge.'" From time to time, they direct anxious glances toward the modern boy, for whom an ex-headmaster (circa 1905) bracingly recommends a cold bath at six-thirty every morning, plain wholesome food, plain wholesome thoughts about duty to the Empire, and bed by nine-thirty. (Mr. Gregory slips in here a quote from a BBC publication stating that in 1973 it was estimated that almost a fifth of English twelve-year-old boys were watching television at 11 P.M.) Doubts creep in as the landscape of social behavior in England broadens. Are English manners still good, or are they declining, especially among tourists abroad? Should the use of "Esquire" in addressing envelopes be junked, as a bit of snobbery that belongs more happily, perhaps, to the days of the Sieur de Wooster? Miss Marie Tempest, an ornament of the Victorian musical-comedy stage, answers the Bishop of London's strictures on increasing nudity by recalling how, when she first wore tights, "showing about as much leg as a lift girl at Selfridges," she insisted on wearing a large cloak "to hide my shame," which quickly evaporated, so what is all the fuss about? And, by the same token, but nearly thirty years later, Mr. Ben Vincent, who says he is a Quaker elder, stoutly criticizes authority's attitude toward 1974's crop of streakers, observing that "in the seventeenth cen-

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tury young Friends [who] were often moved to parade naked 'as a sign' (I'm not sure of what, except high spirits)" were similarly haled before the justices, but ought not modern governments to be less interfering?

In the recent letters, the writers concern themselves more and more with England's economic troubles and with variations on the theme of what ought to be done. The tone of Mr. Gregory's selections still veers resolutely toward brightness in the inflationary gloom, however. A woman invites readers to muse on the alarming fact that seven years ago her medical-student son paid ten pounds for half a human skeleton, but that her daughter, starting to train as a physiotherapist, finds she cannot buy one today for under forty or fifty pounds. Another correspondent, writing in 1975, deplores the decision of Rolls-Royce, "supported as it is by British taxpayers' money, in a time when British prestige is at its lowest ebb since the Hundred Years War," to christen its latest model after a French marsh—the Camargue, forsooth. Has Britain, floundering in her present quagmire, no bogs of her own to commemorate, such as the appropriately melancholy-sounding Dun Fell, Baldersdale, or Wastwater? In the very last letter, the *Times* itself gets a gentle swipe from a reader, Mr. George Christ, who admires the editorial writer's grave warning that, with catastrophe approaching, Britain is "picnicking on Vesuvius" and has "pitched our tents on thin ice": "Surely any nation able to perform such a remarkable feat is capable of anything."

Inflation has caused casualties in the ranks of the Top People who (according to its advertisement slogan) Take the *Times*. I asked a friend of mine who had reluctantly given it up what he missed most now that he did not see it, and he said instantly, "The letters." Though this selection cannot give an absolutely accurate idea of their importance as an airing ground for discussion and opinion, it makes you see what he meant.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

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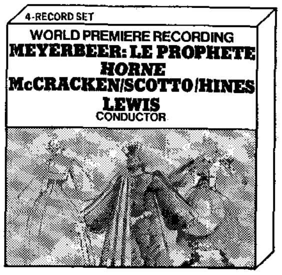
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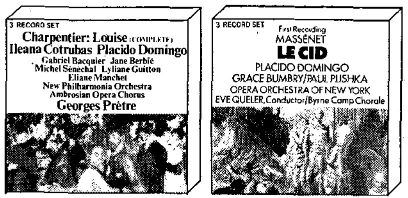
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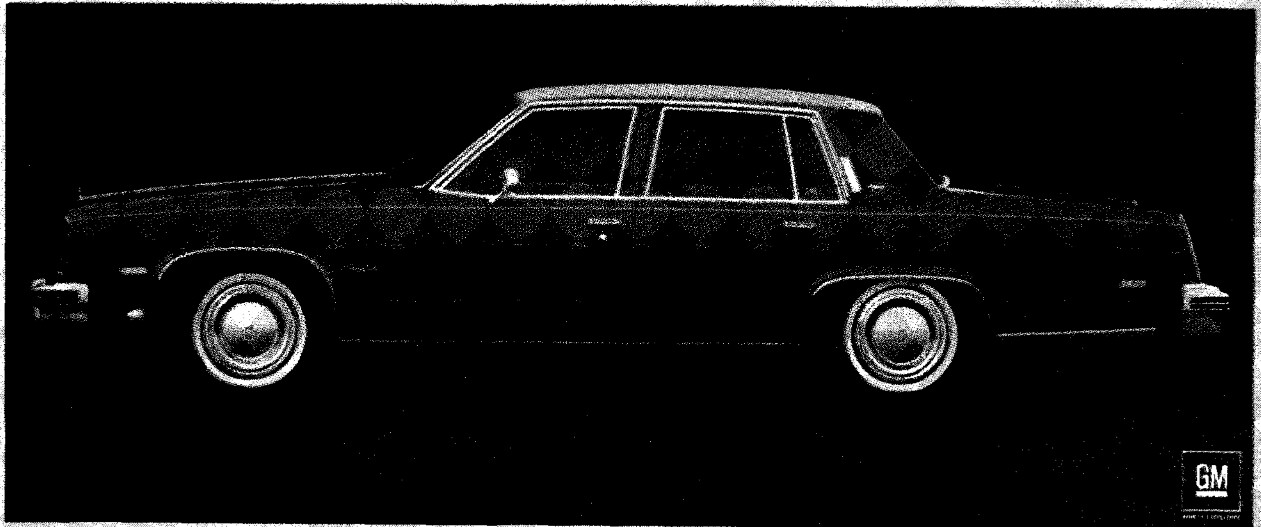

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